

July 7, 1965

Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.
Registered in Australia for trans-
mission by post as a newspaper.

The Australian

H 76

Over 800,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

1320

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE
1/-

**Ballet de Kanga
with French star**

SEE PAGE 2

Find out what
YOU are really like

PAGE 7

**MOD COLLAR AND CUFFS
TO CROCHET . . . PAGE 15**

**16-PAGE LIFT-OUT
68 HOME PLANS**

FIRST
UNDER
27'11



TRUE-STRETCH LYCRA BRA



19'11



... and it's by St. Mark,
so perfect fit is guaranteed!

It stretches everywhere you want
a bra to stretch... it gives
perfect support without feeling
restrictive... it fits better,
looks better. We don't
have wallpapered fitting
rooms, but that's why
we can offer you the
best bra buy in town.
A and B in 32, 34, 36.

FOR THE LOOK YOU LOVE... ASK FOR ST. MARK

THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA AT

WOOLWORTHS

Variety Stores and Supermarkets

Also at ASHLEYS (N.S.W.)
EDWARDS & LAMB (QLD.)
ROCKMANS (VIC. & QLD.)

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

JULY 7, 1965

Vol. 33, No. 6

Special Features

YOU: Do-it-yourself Analysis . . . 7
Around the World with 11
Children . . . 10, 11
68 Home Plans . . . Centre lift-out

Fiction

A Place for Jimmy (serial, part 1),
Theodore Strauss . . . 29
The Wanderer, Eileen Herbert Jordan . . . 31
The Goodnight Kiss,
David K. Wheatley . . . 33
An Occasion for a Beaded Dress,
Catherine Nugent . . . 35

Family Affairs

Happy Marriages ARE Possible . . . 37
At Home with Margaret Sydney . . . 39
Collectors' Corner, Transfer . . . 41
Gardening: Backyard Gardens . . . 45
Cookery: Oysters . . . 53
Prize Recipe, Home Hints . . . 55

CONTENTS

Regular Features

Social . . . 12, 13
Letter Box, Ross Campbell,
Dorothy Drain . . . 17
Beautiful Australia . . . 18
TV Parade . . . 19
Stars . . . 69
Teenagers' Weekly . . . 75-78
Mandrake, Crossword . . . 79

Fashion

Dashing Pre-spring Coats from Paris
Designers . . . 26, 27
Fashion Frocks . . . 61
Needlework Notions . . . 74
Butterick Patterns . . . 79

WORTH REPORTING

NOEL HARRISON,
Son of actor Rex
Harrison (see story page
5), is glad that he has a
famous father. He admits
that it has helped his
career as a singer.

However, it means there
are some folk songs he just
cannot sing.

"Like this one," he said
with a grin, "Oh, my daddy
is an engineer . . . That is
a ludicrous statement."

ENGLISH men's-wear is
very popular in Italy —
"molto snob," as they say.
But one Italian shop
specialising in Harris tweeds
and tartans sported a sign
calculated to horrify any
wandering Scot: "Real Eng-
lish Tartan."

OUR COVER

• French ballerina Liane Dayde, leading
dancer of the Grand Ballet Classique de
France, who was entranced by the tame
kangaroos at Humbug Scrub, a private wild-
life sanctuary near Adelaide. For fun she
donned a tutu and tried to make them dance.
Photographer Vic Grimmert took the picture.

AFTER nearly two
weeks of touring Aus-
tralia, Liane Dayde and
her husband, Claude
Giraud, manager of the
company, had seen little
more than theatres and
hotel rooms.

To show them the
countryside, South Aus-
tralia's French Consul,
Mr. Frank Buttfield, drove
them to Humbug Scrub
and his nearby property.

WHEN a Chicago house-
wife decided to cure her
husband of smoking his
usual 100 cigarettes a day,
she took strong measures.

He came down to break-
fast one morning and faced
ten cigarettes neatly placed
on his plate—nothing else,
no food.

He grabbed his lunch-box,
and off. But at lunch, what
did he find? Three packets
of his favorite brand.

And for dinner: cigarettes.
This went on for days,
until he agreed resignedly
that food was preferable to
smoking.

THE National Rose Society
of New South Wales
will hold rose pruning demon-
strations on July 11.

The demonstrations will
be given at the home of Mr.
and Mrs. E. G. Best, 6 Toni
Crescent, Ryde, N.S.W.,
from 10 a.m. until 4.30 p.m.
continuously.

The roses will be pruned
by experts who are all top
exhibitors. Since Mr. and
Mrs. Best grow all types of
roses, visitors will be able to
see pruned the particular
variety which interests them.



PRINCE HIRO, five-year-
old son of Japanese Crown
Prince Akihito feeds two
sea lions during an outing
to Enoshima Marine Land.
He was holidaying nearby
with his parents.

"Is it true they keep
the children in the
pocket?" asked Liane be-
fore she saw the kan-
garoos. When she did she
was enthralled.

"Ah," she murmured,
gazing at the tiny joey,
"comme c'est merveil-
leux!"

Mlle Dayde, who has
been a prima ballerina
since she was 16, has
been married for four
years and has a son,
Alain, aged two.

("Mon bebe," said a sad
little voice at mention of
his name.)

"Yes," said M. Giraud,
"we miss him very much.
He is at home in Paris.
I have promised Liane
to take him to Moscow
for our season there."

"I have been in the
ballet business since 1942
and swore I'd never marry
a ballerina."

He looked fondly at his
tiny, exquisite wife. "But,"
he shrugged happily,
"things happen."

Liane weighs less than
six stone.

"You mightn't think
she eats much," said her
husband, "but she has a
huge appetite and is a
very good cook."

When they leave Aus-
tralia, Liane Dayde will
have a toy koala and
kangaroo to add to her
collection of stuffed toy
animals. She's also taking
home a kangaroo coat
with mink collar, made
for her in Sydney.

As for Australia, they
agree it is "so big, so open,
so wonderful."

She had her hair set first!

**American girl's
nice swim
up the harbor
from Manly
to Domain in
3 hr. 55 min.**



WELCOMED at the Domain, Mary Margaret waves her mascot koala: LEFT: Swimming beside the official boat. Aboard are Val Taylor (right), her brother, Bill Heighes, and reporter Jude Ainsworth.

Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg

UNDER the flying spray all I could see were three shiny black bottoms and one yellow one, three colored snorkels, and one white bathing cap.

The yellow bottom and white cap belonged to Californian Mary Margaret Revell, who was swimming Sydney Harbor from Manly to Mrs. Macquarie's Chair. The others were skindivers on "shark duty."

Mary Margaret is believed to be the first woman to swim this course under international regulations.

My job in the official "team" effort was to feed her during the swim.

After a solid breakfast of toast and scrambled eggs, plus two cups of a special hot chocolate mixture sipped while we huddled in the car before the early morning start, neither of us had any idea of what she would want or when. But we adhered to the schedule of hourly feedings practised by most international swimmers.

That is, every hour I'd get ready and hold up a sign with FOOD lettered on it. Then she'd come nearer the boat, or shake her head "no" and carry on.

Because, by international long-distance swimming rules, Mary Margaret would have been disqualified if she touched the boat or any of us, I had to be very careful not to touch her hand at all as I passed her the cups of nourishing liquid "fudge" she drinks during her swims.

"I've been trying for seven years to find the right thing that would stay down during a swim. The only thing I've ever found is my fudge," she told me before she set

three other Sydney skindivers, Peter Harper, Bob Delander, and John Harding, volunteered to take turns swimming alongside armed with a powerhead.

Keith Hancox, a New Zealander with the record for the Cook Strait swim, paced Mary Margaret during part of the Sydney swim.

"The thing that makes this swim different from the rest of my 30 or so long swims is all the stories about sharks," Mary Margaret commented

nasal drip and swallowing gulps of dirty harbor water, she wasn't in much of an eating mood.

She refused her first-hour feed and stopped about 20 minutes later for some "fudge." Treading water near our rowboat, with Press and spectator launches right behind, she looked back and saw a tanker coming straight for us.

"Ron, is that big tanker going to run us down?" she asked, and off went a speedboat to warn the skipper to change course.

The Manly ferries cooperated brilliantly during the whole morning.

They passed on opposite sides of her, as far away as possible, to minimise the effects of their wakes. And they tooted to cheer her on, as did the Navy vessels when she passed Garden Island.

Because of Mary Margaret's swollen sinuses, her goggles didn't fit properly, and several short stops were necessary while she fiddled to adjust them.

"The damn goggles just won't work," she said in exasperation, after trying to make them watertight by packing the straps with squares of gauze.

Continued on page 4

By staff reporter JUDE AINSWORTH, who was a member of the official team for Mary Margaret Revell's recent swim.

out. "It is a Royal Navy formula, a concentrate, flavored with rum and fudge — but there's neither rum nor fudge in it!"

The other "team" members were skindivers Ron and Val Taylor, who were also with Mary Margaret during her recent attempt to swim New Zealand's Cook Strait. Val organised this eight-mile Sydney swim, and Ron filmed and photographed it for the sponsors.

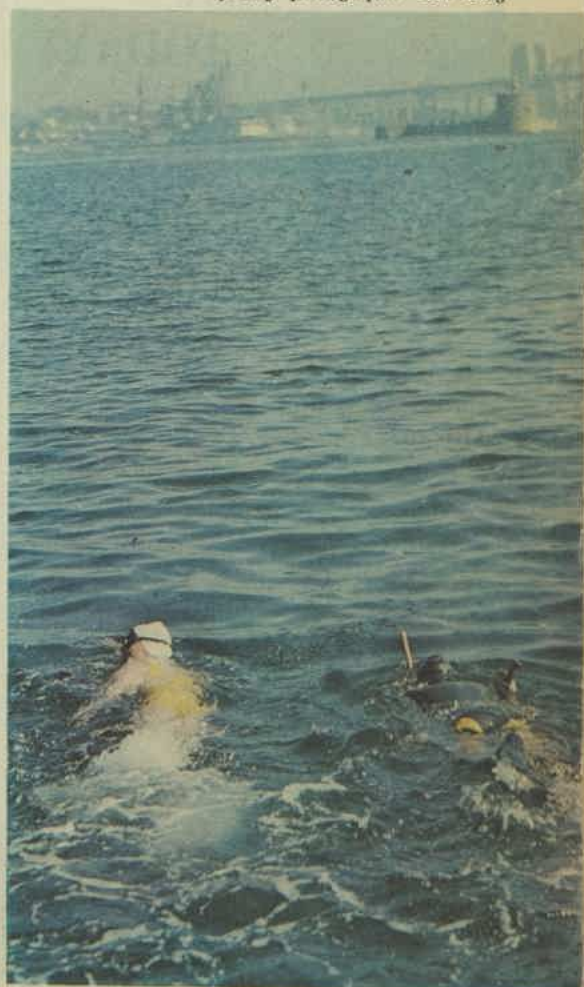
Because Mary Margaret has always objected to swimming in the shark nets some swimmers use, Ron and

at Manly before she struck out from the harbor beach.

"Once during a swim in Ireland I saw a shark swim under me, and I was out of the water so fast that I landed in the lap of the priest sitting in the boat."

Mary was hampered during the swim by a cut on her left foot. She had stepped on a large hunk of glass during training at Brighton Baths and had favored the foot for a couple of days, which put the muscles a bit out of balance.

She was also having sinus trouble. So between a post-



THE END IN SIGHT: Swimming strongly, Mary Margaret Revell strokes toward the finish. Beside her is one of the skindivers who took turns to swim as shark protection.

Page 3

NEXT WEEK

★ Look . . .

Here's a 48-page special!



It marks the Australian visit of America's top dressmaking teacher **BRIDGET MAGINN**

who will be demonstrating in Sydney next week (for details, see page 9)

— and, with its sound advice and easy-to-follow diagrams, it's a marvellous textbook for dressmakers.

And:

★ Legends still surround her . . .

JEAN HARLOW

Hollywood sex symbol of the 1930s



Before she died —tragically, at the age of 26— Jean Harlow wrote a book, a novel. She called it

"TODAY IS TONIGHT"

— about a woman who deceived her husband . . . for his own good.

Here is a chance to see Jean Harlow in a new light—as an author—when we present Part One of *Today Is Tonight*.

And:

★ Sixteen-page lift-out

A GUIDE TO THE
Sutherland
OPERA SEASON

Here's a must for everyone interested in good music (and especially for music students)—our 16-page guide to the Sutherland season includes the act-by-act stories of the seven operas, plus detailed information about the operas and composers.



AMERICAN GIRL'S SWIM

Continued from page 3

"This is a most unladylike thing," she grinned, and spat into the goggles to clear them.

Though Mary Margaret kept up her steady pace for most of the swim and looked ready for a return trip when she stepped up on to the rocks at the Domain, she was irritated with her time of 3hr. 55min.

Two days later she told me over a cup of coffee, "I judge myself harshly, and sometimes I don't measure up. Then I'm exceptionally disappointed."

Fresh from the hairdresser with the coral lipstick and eye make-up she wears even in the water, Mary Margaret looked like a charming, dimpled, freckled young woman—younger than her 27 years. She didn't look like the teeth-gritting champion she is.

Feminine

"Sport has always had for me the connotation of a super-clean, fresh sort of life. People in sport really must go to extra lengths to look very good, especially so as to encourage parents to let young athletes take up sport as a way of life."

In fact, Mary Margaret always has her long strawberry-blonde hair set before a swim.

"It's half a good-luck thing," she said. "But there's the psychological effect. It makes me feel good and more feminine."

"When I want to get away from anything and everything, the warmth of the dryer relaxes me, every kind of tension completely goes."

"It did a terrific amount for my morale—I had been a mite bit depressed."

"Because this is such a tough and unfeminine sport, one should be as feminine as one can."

She even uses a specially prepared cream scented with her favorite perfume to protect her fair skin from the salt water.

No grim, practical soul, Mary Margaret even wears some Yves St. Laurent clothes.

"Yes, I'm very naughty about that, because I can't really afford it. My first haute couture dress was a St. Laurent, navy blue with a white organdie picture collar, like a girl's first-beau dress."

What is it that makes swimming so important to the slim lass with the St. Laurents, a busy and varied career in writing and TV in London, and an Irish miniature donkey and two otters waiting for her in her London home?

"Why bother?"

As I sat in the rowboat watching her taking in volumes of salt water, retching from the exhaust fumes of the close launches, and obviously bothered by her cut foot, I thought, "Why bother?"

"There are times when I feel 'What the hell—nobody else cares, why should I?'" Mary Margaret told me.

"Distance swimming can be very, very lonely."

"The worst place to swim is in England, because they're so fed up with Channel swimmers."

"But it's this will to win—a feeling that regardless of anything I've got to sacrifice myself for the team effort."

"When I swim I think of all the people who've helped me get where I am and the debt I owe them—like my old coach back in Detroit, Michigan, or the sponsors."

"This time, with John Devitt watching the swim, I was really so honored I felt I shouldn't even go slow!"

Mary Margaret believes that a woman can endure more pain and complain less about it than a male athlete.

"There are times when you feel bad, and you keep going, and you get over it. It's more than a second wind—everyone in sport gets that. It is a psychological barrier that you can get over if you stop thinking about your ailments and don't have self-pity."

She stressed that it was important for the team members in the accompanying boat to be encouraging, but not to express sympathy.

"If anyone says, 'poor Mary' I begin to think 'poor me, poor me.'"

"You forget about pain and it goes away—it's simply



MARY MARGARET before entering the water at Manly—hair freshly set, wearing lipstick and eye make-up, and a special cream to protect her skin from salt water.

the muscle adjusting itself to the exercise that is being required of it.

"You've got nothing else to think about but yourself when you're in the water—so you have to do a great deal of talking to yourself, there's nothing else to distract you."

"My old coach used to bring along three or four funny kinds of hats and he used to put them on and pull faces when I got tired. Your holding up that koala to me during the swim really gave me encouragement."

One of Mary Margaret's routine procedures before a swim is finding a doll or stuffed animal that represents the country where the swim is taking place. It



MANLY FERRY gives the swimmer a wide berth in order not to swamp her with its wash. The ferries and the Navy vessels at Garden Island tooted her on her way.

goes along in the official boat as a mascot.

This time her sponsors, a firm of swimwear makers, presented her with a toy koala dressed in swimtrunks, and between feeds my job was to hold it up to her every so often.

One of Mary Margaret's most spectacular swims was the Straits of Messina.

"Admiral David McDonald of the U.S. Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean ordered his men to do all my navigation, so the American Navy boys plotted the currents and tides and worked out my course for me."

Russian gunner

"He sent U.S. frogmen for protection, and a rubber landing craft flying the stars and stripes. As soon as one flag got wet and started to droop they would change it. They used 17 flags!"

When Mary Margaret swam the Bosphorus she started from some rocks with a Russian gunner on top of the cliff behind her.

"He had his gun ready, he was so afraid I was going to scale the wall and attack him," she joked.

Mary Margaret became a professional swimmer after three years at university in California, where she majored in History and Political Science in preparation for a graduate course in Law. During a butterfly stroke time trial she tore the cartilage in her knee, the injury commonly referred to as "footballer's knee."

After an operation, the surgeon warned her she would always limp.

"Oh, no I won't," said Mary Margaret.

She told me, "It was the concentrated effort of the first real training I ever did to strengthen the knee that put me into long-distance swimming."

The Sydney swim was part of her preparation for the Channel swim she plans within the next few months.

She has also scheduled a return trip to New Zealand in October. "Oh, I want that one SO badly," she said.

She is just finishing a book on swimming for children, and will produce and direct

a film of Keith Hancox's Channel swim for the New Zealand Broadcasting Company.

She is sporting editor of *King*, a man's magazine published in London.

Her own Channel swim is scheduled for July, August, or possibly September, and she will produce a BBC documentary on that swim and another on her next Cook Strait swim.

In London, Mary Margaret is a keen theatregoer, loves trying the fabulous restaurants, and mixes in a cosmopolitan circle peopled by journalists, athletes, politicians, businessmen, and entertainers.

"I am drawn to other people with energy and driving spirit, no matter what field they're in," she told me.

Her training routines include a daily jog in Hyde Park—anything up to four miles a day, besides the 25 miles or so she swims each week when she's in light training.

Before a swim her preparation becomes more intense.

Pet otters

Mary Margaret has two lovely gold otter brooches, given to her by the manager of the hotel in Biarritz where she stayed with her two pet otters when she did a swim from San Sebastian to Biarritz.

"Tony Quinn, the actor, was in the next room, and Greg Peck's kids came in to play with them every morning," she said.

"While I'm away, Gerry Durrell is taking care of my otters—he's been eyeing them for ages." (Gerald Durrell is a noted naturalist and author.)

"My otters are the most wonderful pets. They scratch on the bathroom door when they want a swim in the tub. And they wake me in the morning by getting into my bed, burrowing under the covers, and pinching my bottom!"

She added, "I'm keen to retire—but after a couple of years. There are still some swims I really must make."

"It's simply a challenge, a personal one that you ask of yourself—can I do it?"



NOEL-SON OF REX

● "It's difficult being Rex Harrison's son," says 31-year-old Noel Harrison, father of three, who got rave notices from reviewers after his first appearance at *The Living Room*, a New York East Side nightclub.

● "Performing is the big thing in my life these days," says Noel. "I've always been able to sing, and, by the way, I taught myself to play the guitar. I'm not a folksinger. I hope I am an entertainer."

—Pictures by Hans Namuth-Curtis.



That same Harrison charm

By
THOMAS MEEHAN

WITH a quick, ingratiating smile, the handsome, sharp-featured singer, whose hair was nearly Beatle length, launched enthusiastically into a folk song entitled *I'm Just a Weary and a Lonesome Traveller*.

Though he didn't look the least familiar, his voice was eerily and unmistakably like Rex Harrison's.

Not the Rex Harrison who had nasally talked his way through songs like *Why Can't a Woman Be More Like a Man?* and *I've Grown Accustomed to Her Face*, but a youngish reincarnation who had miraculously been gifted with a singing voice.

The young performer came by this sound quite honestly, for he was, and indeed is, Rex's 31-year-old son, Noel.

And while there is little physical similarity between Noel and Rex, Noel had clearly inherited from his father one very important trait — the famous Harrison charm.

An advantage

This same effortless charm, a nice mixture of wit, intellect, and urbanity, was further in evidence a few minutes later when, over a scotch and soda in a quiet corner of *The Living Room*, Harrison chatted casually about himself and his father.

"It's damned difficult, being Rex Harrison's son," he began, taking a suave drag on a cigarette.

"In fact, until about a year ago, when I suddenly faced reality and grew up, I fought against being my father's son — it used to enrage me to be pointed out at a party as sexy Rexy's little boy.

"But now, thank goodness, I don't care any more. Let's face it, it's an advantage in show business to be Rex Harrison's son.

"So these days I'm openly using my father's name to help me get work. I'm doing this mainly because (a) I have a family to support and (b) I now have confidence in myself.

"A nightclub owner may hire me because I'm Rex Harrison's son, but I have to

● One recent New York midnight, in a smoky, low-ceilinged nightclub called, for no particular reason, *The Living Room*, the lights went out, a violent thrump of a guitar was heard, a spotlight was flashed on, and in the spotlight stood a dapper, slightly built, guitar-toting young man.

deliver as a performer or he won't hire me back — and I know now that I can deliver, that I'm a professional entertainer, and a pretty damned good one, if I do say so myself."

Lighting another cigarette, Harrison explained that he is Rex Harrison's son by the first of his father's four marriages, in 1933, to Marjorie Noel Collette Thomas.

Noel's mother, who was not in show business, divorced Rex Harrison in 1940 and never remarried.

For several years she has lived in New York and works as a saleswoman in an East 57th Street boutique. Since 1940 Noel has seen his father only sporadically, but they are good friends.

"We get along very well — my father and I," said Noel, taking a contemplative sip of his scotch.

"It's just that, even though he's been married four times, my father has never quite become domesticated. When I was little, before he and my mother were divorced, he never seemed to be around — he simply didn't care very much about being a father.

"And if fatherhood made him edgy, being a grandfather has really given him the heebie-jeebies.

"I was married in 1959 to Sara Tufnell, a Canadian-born model, and we have three children — Simon, five, Kathy, four, and Harriet, four months.

"Kathy, by the way, has inherited her mother's good looks, and is one of England's top child models.

Scurries out

"Anyway, getting back to Rex, whenever he comes to visit us in our house in London, he gets terribly shaky. In the first place, the simple facts of domesticity and having babies are not at all to his liking — you know, things like diapers.

"I'm not saying that Rex doesn't like his grandchildren, but he somehow never manages to get very close to them. He goes quivering into the nursery, stands 11ft. or so away from the nearest baby, mumbles a nervous 'kitchy-koo' or two, and then hurriedly scurries off.

"Even though he has had two children — besides me there's Carey, his son by Lilli Palmer, who's at Cambridge studying archaeology — I think that Rex, as the current expression goes, has some difficulty relating to children."

Noel was raised by his mother in London and Cornwall, and went to school in Switzerland, where, along with picking up perfect French and a classical education, he also became an expert skier.

He was skiing champion of England at the age of 19, and in both 1952 and 1956 was a member of Britain's Olympic skiing team.

Today his career and family keep him so busy that he rarely has an opportunity to ski, and he contents himself with driving sports cars, preferably at top speeds.

"After getting out of school and putting in two years in the Army, I broke in as an entertainer in London clubs in 1957, and I've since appeared in clubs all over Britain and the Continent," said Noel.

"In my first years as a professional performer, I wasn't very good. I particularly realised this five years ago, in 1960, when I made my first New York appearance, at the old Blue Angel, and, as the American expression goes, bombed out.

"That's why this present engagement has been so satisfying — the audiences have been terribly responsive and this time even the critics liked me."

Indeed they did. All the New York nightclub reviewers gave Harrison rave notices. Leonard Harris, in the *World-Telegram*, called Harrison's performance "a triumph." Moreover, scores of American and English celebrities, including Sydney Chaplin, Tammy Grimes, Audrey Hepburn, Sybil Burton, and Rex Harrison himself, accompanied by his present wife, Rachel Roberts, jammed into *The Living Room* to see Noel Harrison. They, too, had nothing but raves.

Ultimately, Harrison hopes to appear in a musical comedy, as his father once

rather notably did, and also, again like his father, he hopes to play non-singing roles in plays and movies.

He already has appeared in bit parts in three movies. The most impressive was *The Best of Enemies*, with Alberto Sordi and David Niven. Later this year, when he returns to England, he will make another picture with Niven, a spy film entitled *The Nylon Pirate*, in which Noel will have his first co-featured role.

Prefers acting

"In many ways," said Noel, as he finished his drink and prepared to go on for his last show of the evening, "I prefer acting to singing, but I'm not certain now which direction my career will take.

"Anyway, I'll be back in New York for another engagement here in *The Living Room*. At that time I'm bringing my family over, and we're going to live in New York for a year or two.

"Then I'll see about my change in careers, from singer to actor, and, meanwhile, I can always put little Kathy to work modelling."

Back on stage, he opened with a set of traditional English and American folk songs, then shifted jazzily into a medley of Lionel Bart songs, including several from Bart's new London musical success, "Maggie May," and he swiftly had *The Living Room* audience enraptured.

Noel Harrison probably will have a difficult time switching from singing to acting, especially since several impressive figures in the musical-comedy world, including Lionel Bart and Anthony Newley, are convinced that he should go on singing, perhaps in one of their musicals.

On the other hand, Rex Harrison favors his son becoming an actor.

"Noel is a good singer, damned good," said Rex Harrison recently, "but you can't sing folksongs and play the guitar for ever, can you?"

World Copyright: Curtis Publishing Company.



● Noel and his wife, Canadian-born model Sara Tufnell, who have three children. Noel says Rex is a nervous grandfather.



● Rex and his fourth wife, Rachel Roberts. Rex has another son, Carey, an archaeology student, by his marriage to Lilli Palmer.



Unbreakable flask,

Unbreakable tube,

Who cares about hands? We do. We care very much. That's because we know you do, too. And hands that promise a million wonderful things are hands cared for by Yardley. Because Yardley Hand Cream promises beautiful hands. Because Yardley Hand Cream is moisturized to keep your skin soft

and supple. In charming fact, delicately perfumed Yardley Hand Cream cares as much for your hands as make-up does for your looks. So luxurious you'll want to lavish it all over. So economical you can. Just a little every day promises so much. And with Yardley a promise is a promise.




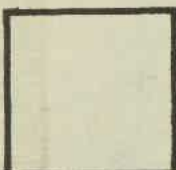
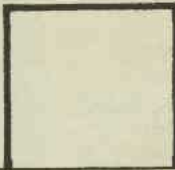

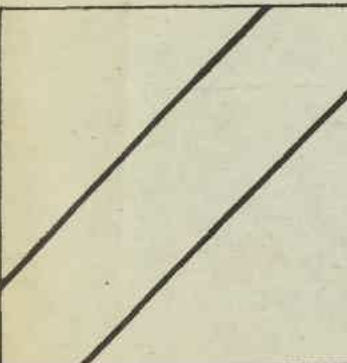
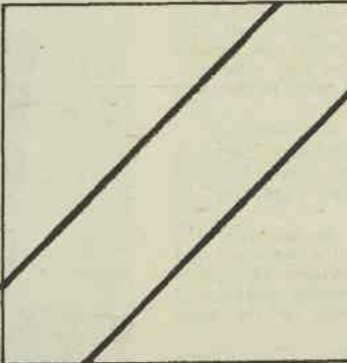
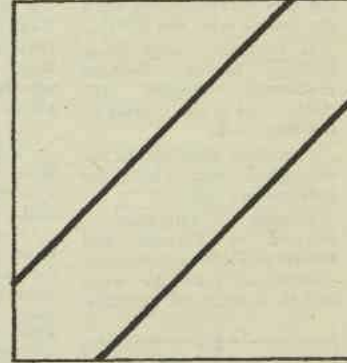






from the new world of *Yardley*

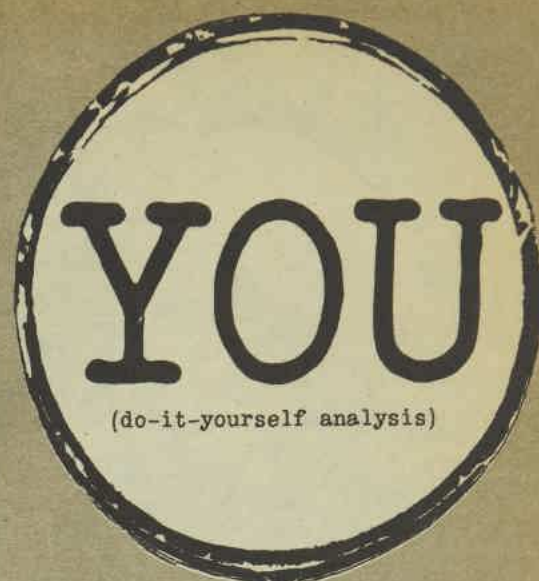
The most original party game since post office

● Discover the fascinating truth about your own character, and your friends'.

(TRY THIS SET YOURSELF)

(KEEP THESE TWO SETS FOR YOUR FRIENDS)



(do-it-yourself analysis)

ARE YOU
BOLD?
ARE YOU
SHY?
ARE YOU SEXY?
ARE YOU
MOODY?
ROMANTIC?
REBELLIOUS?

● "YOU" has ridiculously simple directions . . . All you do is draw or doodle something — anything at all — in each of the five squares that make up a set. Three sets, with the squares arranged vertically in each, are at left. Don't worry about being an artist (unless you are one). Doodle, scrawl, fingerpaint — just let your pen or pencil roam. The only important thing to remember is: Try to put something in each square.

● After, but only after, you've finished your test, turn to the key on page 14 and discover the interesting results.



● Barbara Hulanicki in her boutique. A blonde, she designs the clothes and has established the new Biba look.

Styles are mod and prices low

● A new London boutique has mushroomed up to make today's young, gay — often startling — fashions.

IT'S dark in here. The red torchlight over the door doesn't give much light. The walls seem to be painted navy blue, the curtains are thickly covered with sinuous Art Nouveau-style flowers.

I grope among the potted palms — they're rather dusty — and try to find a way through the Victorian mahogany wardrobes and hatstands.

A spotlight is directed on to strings of beads looped over a mirror frame and little dishes of rings and buttons standing on a dressing table.

A junkshop? No. It's London's newest boutique, in a converted pharmacy in the back streets of Kensington, where girls in knee-length white socks, black patent-leather shoes, and furry hats buttoned under the chin wriggle to beat music as they

squeeze behind a screen to try on a dress.

The word "boutique" makes it sound exclusive and costly, but the dresses slung on the hatstands cost only three guineas (about £A4), the suits jammed shoulder to shoulder in the wardrobe are only five (English) guineas, and there are bell-bottomed trouser suits for seven.

Biba's stays open till 8 o'clock every evening, and if there aren't too many people you're given a large breakfast cup of coffee.

The shop measures only about 16ft. by 12ft. It's so tiny that even when there are queues waiting to be served there's only room for two assistants — one to pack and one to take the money.

Since it opened a short time ago all the dolly girls have flocked to it. Cilla Black buys dresses there, and Sandy Shaw, Lulu, and Kathy McGowan, competitors on the popular TV

show *Ready, Steady, Go!* have also dropped in.

I emerge from the jungle of little-girl, yoked dresses to the tiny backroom and meet the people who run Biba's.

A fabulous, coolly good-looking blonde, Barbara Hulanicki, designs the clothes and is the creator of the Biba look.

Ann Behr then makes the prototypes from which the patterns are cut.

Stephen Fitzsimon — married to Barbara and known as Fitz — organises the production, puts the work out to a series of factories.

By
VALERIE FAUX

He also takes charge of the profitable mail-order side — Biba's Postal Boutique.

I discovered that Barbara and Ann met at Brighton College of Art. Barbara has been doing freelance fashion drawing ever since, and Ann became a successful model.

They understand each other so well that Barbara can describe an idea for a new design over the telephone and Ann will cut it out and make it up in a couple of hours.

Then Fitz takes over. And he can get 100 of the dresses into the shop two days later.

Fitz is a fairly smooth young man, probably about 30. He used to be in advertising, talks on the phone with his feet on the desk, and was wearing a warm-textured corduroy jacket.

He talked honestly about their problems.

"We had a very embarrassing moment when six girls

turned up on *Ready, Steady, Go!* in the same dress.

"We stopped making it immediately. The trouble was we had sold only about 8000, but nearly all purchasers were in the London area. And they were girls who tend to go to the same places."

Fitz is also ambitious.

"We want to be big, fast. What's the point of having a slow, hard climb up?" he said.

"We're on the crest of a wave at the moment, and we want to open two or three more boutiques quickly and carry them on the same wave."

Biba's now sells crocheted snoods, fur bonnets, off-beat jewellery, Mongolian lamb collars, and minute velvet bags dangling on long, gilt chains.

They even toyed with shoes till they decided there wasn't enough room to store all the sizes.

They tried making shoes to order, but fitting takes so much time that it wasn't worth it.

Everything in the shop is cheaper than the equivalent product in a more conventional store.

How do they do it? Apparently by hard business methods.

Their administrative set-up is uncomplicated at the moment, but will this last as their business expands? They don't try to anticipate demand by carrying enormous stocks, but wait till the demand is made and concentrate on supplying it immediately.

Fitz pointed out that they use good, but not the best, materials.



"We tried selling better quality suits, but people got annoyed. They couldn't see the difference."

"In fact we're selling to the girls who want to look with it now, today, and don't want a classic style in a fabric that is going to last for years."

I had a look at the merchandise in the warm, dark shop.

Flannel

There were mannish grey flannel suits, pin-striped plum flannel smocks with matching headscarves (I bought one and everyone calls me Farmer Giles), and more smocks in different fabrics.

There was a little lace dress, the skirt gathered slightly and falling from the midriff.

Altogether there was a choice of only about five different garments. But all of them well cut and wearable.

I was told that girls come back several times and buy the same style in different fabric.

CAMEL COAT, ten English guineas — about £A12/12/6 — and Mongolian lamb boa, at five English guineas, are both from Biba's Boutique.

Although the boutique has been open only a short time, the mail-order business has been operating rather longer.

According to Fitz it started by accident.

"We were going on holidays a year ago, and the day before we left we found hundreds of letters on the doormat. A dress Barbara designed had been shown in a fashion magazine and these were all inquiries."

"We haven't been away since."

They had to find an office straight away.

They have had mail orders from all over the world — Europe, the U.S.A., Canada, Australia, Cyprus, and the Caribbean.

Now they have had a large wholesale order from a chain of stores in America and Canada.



PLUM FLANNEL striped dress is three (English) guineas at Biba's Boutique. This would work out at about £4 in Australian money.

WELCOME TO AUSTRALIA



COAT of golden kangaroo is worn by Miss Maginn in Sydney. It was made for her by Cornelius Furs, Sydney, from Butterick Pattern No. 3471. "Kangaroo fur is a big novelty in the U.S.," Miss Maginn said, pleased with the gift.

Sewing expert arrives

By ANNE OLSEN

● Famous dressmaker Bridget Maginn, an attractive Englishwoman with dark hair and sparkling blue eyes, flew into Sydney from the U.S. to begin an Australian and New Zealand tour. Her first lectures are in Brisbane.



MISS MAGINN, guest of honor at a cocktail party given by The Australian Women's Weekly, with Mr. Russell Norris, fashion director of the world Butterick organisation.

STUDENTS attending Bridget Maginn's forthcoming dressmaking lectures and demonstrations are likely to find that their teacher will suddenly turn round and photograph them.

"I received a new camera from one of my classes back home and I intend to show them pictures of everything, including my audiences, when I return," explained Miss Maginn.

"Besides," she added with a twinkle, "I always like to do something dramatic and surprise my audiences."

Just 5ft. 4in. tall, she has a keen sense of humor and refers to her soft English accent as "not quite English—not quite American."

She will give sewing lectures and demonstrate easier methods for successful home sewing to audiences in lead-

ing department stores. (See booking panel this page.)

Within a few hours of arriving in Sydney after a long overnight flight, Miss Maginn was out sightseeing.

"I've heard so much about Sydney's beautiful harbor and the beaches I had to see them and photograph them," she said.

"You know, my grandmother was an Australian, so I have a special interest in the country."

Soon after her arrival Miss Maginn was presented with a kangaroo coat of golden fur which was specially made by Cornelius Furs from Butterick pattern No. 3471.

"I've always wanted a fur coat," she said delightedly.

Miss Maginn's three-month tour is sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly, Butterick Patterns, and Singer Sewing Machines.

As she will be travelling interstate at all times by air,

her baggage has been carefully planned to come within the international luggage allowance of 66lb.

Her wardrobe of garments, specially designed and co-ordinated to take her around a full program of TV appearances, store lectures, and business engagements, is made up mainly of wool, wool-and-synthetic mixtures, linens, textured rayons, silk synthetics, and crepe.

A clever businesswoman, Miss Maginn arrived in the U.S.A. 14 years ago with only 28 dollars (£A14) in her purse.

"Stitch it with Bridget"

Two years later she had established the "Stitch it with Bridget" Sewing Schools, which are now famous on the East Coast.

"I picked up a part-time dressmaking course at a local high school while I was staying with my sister in Virginia," she said. "Later, I started teaching people how to sew, and the idea of the sewing school blossomed out of that."

She is an unorthodox sewing expert. She recommends all kinds of "tricks" and short-cuts.

"I encourage students to get quickly past the boring, tedious bits to the fitting stage."

When Miss Maginn was doing a three-year course for a degree in Home Science at a college in her native Liverpool she "absolutely hated" the boring section devoted to needlework.

"It was so ridiculous," she said. "We learned to draft patterns, and spent hours preparing 'samples' illustrating various difficult stitches."

"It was ghastly, and everything had to be done so meticulously."

"I really can't see the point of sewing beautifully

if the garment never gets finished and worn. So I'm always trying to find ways to speed up dressmaking and I pass these on to the students."

"After all, it is the end product, the finished dress, that matters."

Wherever possible, she teaches would-be dressmakers to conclude each section of a garment before going on to the next stage.

"For instance, the top of a dress should have its collar, buttonholes, facings, and sleeves finished before it is attached to the skirt."

"Then you are not trying to do all the small, intricate finishing jobs on a large, unwieldy garment."

Although she spends about 90 hours a week working and travelling between her sewing schools in Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and nearby Virginia communities, Miss Maginn still finds time to make all her own clothes.

"I have to make them," she said. "When I wear ready-made clothes I look about 90."

"I have a mature figure—always have had, so I must make my clothes fit well."

She "jams in" her sewing between social engagements at weekends, but her clothes show the careful finish for which British tailors are famous.

"Oh, I don't neglect to finish things off," she said, "I just speed up the sewing a bit. One answer to good dressmaking lies in making your automatic sewing-machine work for you. It saves hours of hand-sewing time if you know the machine well."

With a secretary in each school, more than 40 teachers, and an accountant working for her, Miss Maginn runs her schools through leading department stores.

NEW ZEALAND LECTURES

● Miss Maginn will lecture in three cities in New Zealand from August 23 to September 10. Fashion parades, associated with the lectures, will be staged daily.

Here are the details:

WELLINGTON: D.I.C., August 23-27, inclusive. Lectures, 3 p.m. daily, Colonnade Room. Parades, 12.20 p.m. and 1.20 p.m. daily.

Lecture bookings, 5/-. Fabrics. Dept.

CHRISTCHURCH: D.I.C., August 30-September 3, inclusive. Lectures, 10 a.m. daily, Restaurant Parades, 12.20 p.m. and 1.20 p.m. daily.

Lecture bookings, 5/-. Booking Office.

AUCKLAND: Milne and Choyce, September 6-10, inclusive. Lectures, 10.30 a.m. daily, Skyroom. Parades, 12.20 p.m. and 1.20 p.m. daily.

Lecture bookings, 5/-. Ground Floor Booking Office.

LECTURES IN SYDNEY

● Lectures will be given at Farmer and Co. Ltd., July 12-16 inclusive. Fashion parades, associated with the lectures, will be staged daily.

THE afternoon lectures will be of special interest to domestic-science students from secondary schools and high schools.

Times are: Lectures: 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. daily in Rose Room Restaurant. Parades: 1.15 p.m. Fabric Dept., 1st Floor.

Bookings: Free tickets for entire series of lectures available from July 7. No phone calls or written reservations. Tickets can be obtained from Pattern Dept., 1st Floor.

Miss Maginn will give half-hour television lectures. Details are:

TCN 9, Sydney, July 19-23, inclusive, 1 p.m.

NBN 3, Newcastle, July 19-23, inclusive, 1 p.m.

WIN 4, Wollongong, July 19-23, inclusive, 4.30 p.m.

Next week's issue will contain a 48-page liftout booklet—see page 4.

"There's been a tremendous boom in home dressmaking in the past few years in the U.S.A., mainly, I'd say, because there is a lack of really good dressmakers," she said. "The good ones are usually very expensive."

Part of her phenomenal success as a sewing demonstrator is largely due to her own exciting personality.

And Miss Maginn NEVER uses a script.

"Friendly atmosphere"

"Good heavens, no. I am afraid I would only be nervous if I had one."

"No, I know my subject and I talk on as I work. Part of the secret is to make the instructions as clear and easy to follow as possible."

"I do hope I can establish a warm, friendly atmos-

phere with my Australian and New Zealand audiences. The classes go so much more easily if the audience is relaxed."

Next week, when Miss Maginn starts her lecture tour in Brisbane, she hopes to have time to see the Gold Coast.

"If there's a chance I would adore to see the beautiful Barrier Reef, too."

Later she will visit her mother's cousin, Mrs. Gertrude Crabbe, of Burwood, Victoria.

At the end of her New Zealand tour, Miss Maginn will fly through the Far East to the Yemen to stay with her sister, Mrs. Harlan B. Clark, whose husband is U.S. Consul-General.

"So you can see it's quite a trip for me," smiled Miss Maginn. "I am going to enjoy every minute of it."

ROUND THE WORLD WITH 11 CHILDREN!



GLOBETROTTERS FROM SYDNEY. The Dumas family line up outside their London hotel wearing the travel uniform designed by father, Mr. Noel Dumas, so that they can be easily picked out going through air terminals and in crowds. From left: Mr. Dumas, Mrs. Dumas, Miss Vera Clarke (her aunt from Adelaide), Therese, 21; Gregory, 20; Leonie, 19; Maree, 18; Carmel, 15; Bernadette, 14; Elizabeth, 13; Cecilia, 12; Paul, 11; Dominica, 10; Gabrielle, 5.

● They move like an army. They wear a distinctive uniform. They are travelling the world on a spare-no-expense budget. They are the envy of other tourists for their luxury living.

By ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff

THEY are the Dumas family, of Strathfield, N.S.W., 14-strong, enjoying every moment of a trip that's said to be running well over the anticipated £20,000.

Footing the bill is father, Mr. Noel Dumas (who has hotel and real-estate interests). And his organising has made a smooth-running success of the giant undertaking.

"It took me 12 months to arrange the trip, from blueprint stage to take-off at Mascot," he told me.

"And not until the final details of hotel rooms, travel arrangements, sightseeing tours, etc., had been arranged, checked, and re-checked did I feel confident I could take my family abroad and give them all the sort of trip they wanted.

"They are a highly individualistic lot," he added—with pride.

Noel and Mary Dumas

have 11 children—nine girls and two boys. With them also is Mary's aunt from Adelaide, Miss Vera Clarke.

The young people's ages range from 21 to five, and for good looks, good manners, and lively intelligence they are a family to be proud of.

The Dumas children discipline each other. Any trouble in their ranks is dealt with from within.

I saw an instance of how the children coped when Paul seemed like being odd-man-out. He is 11, and sandwiched between seven older sisters and two younger sisters. His brother is 20.

Given status

"He seemed to be missing boys of his own age," one of the girls explained, "so we hit on the idea of making him official photographer."

"He had always been interested in photography, and got really keen. He soon graduated to a big and quite professional camera, and came out of his shell. He

had shown signs of becoming withdrawn."

For the record, however, Mr. Dumas is taking the color film of the trip with his cine camera.

He confesses it isn't easy going.

"We keep hitting snags," he said, "but I get around them."

"Yer can't get that lot in 'ere," yelled the bus conductor when the Dumas family tried to board a London bus. "There aren't 14 seats."

This meant some of the family would have to follow on another bus, and the rest might have to wait quite a long time to catch up on yet another bus—particularly in peak hours.

"This altered the whole concept of the tour," said Mr. Dumas. "So I went straight out and bought a Daimler and a Volkswagen Kombi."

"Now we are independent of public transport. I'll sell the Kombi before we leave, and ship the Daimler home."

Noel Dumas's elder son,

Gregory, 20, drives the Kombi. Mr. Dumas drives the Daimler.

"And there is such a scramble to get into the Kombi, I often leave with some seats empty," he said.

"The children love the little table and inside seats." Their tour of England, Scotland, and Ireland is by Daimler and Kombi, with hotel accommodation booked well in advance.

With the help of his slim, youthful-looking wife, Noel designed a bright blue linen uniform with white collar—"to see the girls safely through air terminals and railway stations," he explained. "Although once we are settled in a country, they just won't wear them."

On Princess lines, the uniforms are very smart.

But there was a revolt when he asked the girls to wear them to the changing of the guard at Buckingham Palace.

He capitulated before the nine-strong protest.

"It would have been so

easy picking them out of that crowd," he said. "It was one of the worst I've seen. We had to go again to get the little ones up on the railing to have a proper look."

Slow meals

Eating in restaurants is an almost insoluble problem. No amount of discipline can get round an adventurous family wanting to try new dishes.

"We rarely return to a restaurant," Mr. Dumas confessed, "because we usually leave head-waiters and staff in such confusion."

"There are so many of us we can never go to one of those small, intimate restaurants."

"And we can never hurry a meal. It takes far too long to serve us."

"So I allow twice as long for a meal in a restaurant, and calm the waiters by telling them not to hurry."

"A good tip helps."

"At first I thought it would get easier as we went

along and the children had tried out the new dishes and settled on those they liked.

"But just as things were going smoothly and all were making up their minds quickly we were up and off to another country."

"And we had to go through the whole delightful agony of hovering over the menu trying out different food and new dishes."

"When it comes to the bill I am asked 'Shall I make the bills out separately?'"

"Head-waiters are horrified when I pick up the check."

Noel Dumas looks forward to their stay in France, where restaurants cater for the whole family, plus cousins, aunts, and grandparents who make Sunday their day for meeting and eating out.

He is of French extraction, as his name suggests, and his wife is of Irish extraction, with the blue eyes and black hair of her forebears.



IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE the Dumas children feed the pigeons while Mr. Dumas looks on with more supplies (he bought 11 tins of sweet corn).

AUSTRALIAN FAMILY DUMAS ENJOY THE SIGHTS OF LONDON



ABOVE: The family trooped into St. James's Park to feed the swans and ducks. The children had a very enjoyable time in London.



AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE the family saw the Changing of the Guard, then waited to see the old guard march back to its barracks.



AT LEFT: They found it best to buy their own bus to tour England, Scotland, and Ireland. Gregory Dumas is at the wheel.



AT RIGHT: Dominic and Gabrielle, the two youngest, launch a yacht in Kensington Gardens.

Pictures by Alec Murray

Between them, they have relations scattered in many parts of the world. They are visiting as many as possible, particularly in Ireland.

Twenty-one-year-old Therese, their eldest child, had herself a ball when the family visited their American cousins.

She was taken to the famous West Point Military Academy and met young cadets.

"They were charming," she said, "and entertained us magnificently."

Therese also went to Spain, without her sisters, and there met Australian matador Chris Maher, who has lived four years in Seville.

"His sister Anne Marie is a friend of mine and was there on a visit," she said.

Chris is returning to Sydney in September. He did Arts and Law at Sydney University and is going back to practise.

The roll call

Therese also was at Sydney University. She got leave from a part-time job to come abroad.

Brother Greg was working in a bank. The next two sisters, Leonie and Maree, were also started on careers.

"But we all got time off to come away," they said.

Naturally, their interests are more serious than those

of the younger sisters. So they break away in the evening. They have listened to debates in the House of Commons, been to some very good theatres in London, and bought lots of pretty clothes.

But whatever the day's plans, "roll call" is in their parents' suite after breakfast in the hotel dining-room.

In planning the trip, Noel Dumas made certain there was a large and comfortable sitting-room in their suite, so that the children could be with them there at some time of the day.

"It helps to keep the trip homely," he explained.

Their London hotel reserved nearly a whole floor for them. The younger children's bedrooms lead off the large, high-ceilinged sitting-room furnished with bookshelves, writing tables, deep leather armchairs, and settee.

It is in De Vere Gardens, opposite Kensington Gardens, where the younger children play in between sightseeing tours.

"We watch them from our balcony," Mary Dumas said, "and the older ones bring the little ones safely back over the zebra crossing."

Each room occupied by the Dumas family has a wide balcony with high wrought-iron railings, and

these connect all along the front of this spacious hotel. So they have an extra playground for wet days.

Mr. and Mrs. Dumas like it better than the penthouse they had in a luxury hotel in Honolulu.

"There is nothing the children can spoil here," they explained.

Together

But what Mr. Dumas planned—and likes best—is for the whole family to move about together.

The family like it, too.

So in a body they went to the Trooping the Color. The tickets, as rare as gold, were found for them at the last moment by the British Travel Association, who were charmed to have this splendid and affluent family as visitors to Britain.

But when it came to the last night of Joan Sutherland's season at Covent Garden, only Mr. and Mrs. Dumas and her aunt got seats.

"We are keen on opera and knew we would miss Joan Sutherland in Australia," they said.

As a break from the family, Noel and Mary Dumas's itinerary included a quick trip to Paris and a fortnight in the Scandinavian countries.

Then Miss Clarke, who comes from Adelaide, and

has visited Europe before, took over the family.

"I'm a sort of adjutant," Aunt Vera explained, laughing. "I keep the schedules and a weather eye on the children."

Miss Clarke is as proud of her niece as she is of the children.

"She is wonderful with them," she said, "never gets fussed. She looks like one of the girls to me."

Mary Dumas does, in fact, look little older than her eldest daughters. She has milk-white skin and deep blue eyes. There is scarcely a wrinkle on her sweet and smiling face.

And when Greg takes her arm as they stroll along they look more like a young couple than mother and son.

Miss Clarke has spent a lot of her time with her niece.

"I've been over to Sydney quite a lot to help out with the babies," she said. "They can always rely on me."

She confessed she had to reprimand the children at the polo.

"When they went out after each chukka to stamp down the divots I saw them staring hard at the Queen and told them next time just to have a quick glance and not appear rude."

"They were all so thrilled to see her at such close quarters I don't think they took much notice of me."

Counting up the high cost of travel, Mr. Dumas said there was one compensation: "There are enough of us to qualify for group travel."

They are going on a pilgrimage to Lourdes soon — group travel.

And another concession is when they go to Switzerland. "We have a bus all to ourselves round Switzerland, down to Venice, Florence, and on to Rome."

They hope to have an audience with the Pope.

Keeping the tour going happily, yet making it interesting for every member of the family, is such a full-time job that already Mr. and Mrs. Dumas are planning their next holiday abroad — by themselves.

"From the beginning we decided the youngest were to have as much say in what we did as the elder children."

"So we went straight to Disneyland on arrival in Los Angeles, and Gabrielle, our baby, and Dominica were absolutely thrilled."

Sports treat

Bernadette told me she had always wanted to meet Julie Andrews, and she did in Hollywood.

Greg felt the tour was well worth while when he saw the big ball game in the Dodgers' new stadium. He took young Paul with him for this baseball treat. Greg is very fond of sport.

Gabrielle had wanted to feed the pigeons ever since she saw *Mary Poppins*, and feeding the pigeons in Trafalgar Square, London, became a ritual.

Noel Dumas said, "They are now the fattest, best-fed pigeons I've ever seen. They won't bother to fly up for corn."

He bought 11 tins of corn every day so that the baby could satisfy her longing to feed pigeons.

The ducks in St. James's Park were never hungry while the family were in town. Here again the whole family bowed to the youngest children's wishes to feed the ducks — a pleasant interlude in hours of sightseeing.

Their world tour ends after flying to India and seeing the Taj Mahal, flying to Bangkok, and some last-minute shopping for gifts to take home.

But already the elder girls are planning a return visit. "I suppose that is inevitable," said Mr. Dumas rather sadly. "We don't want to lose any of them."

"That is why, when Mary and I got this idea of a lovely world holiday together as something we could all look back on all our lives, we decided to spare neither effort nor expense to make it really something."

Why 50/- shirt wearers are buying this 24/6 BanCare Spin-Dry

When one of Australia's top shirt-makers tailors BanCare Everglaze into a crackajack shirt like St. Mark . . . why not pocket the difference instead of parting out the fancy prices you've paid in the past?

St. Mark outlooks, outwears and even outwhitens 50/- shirts — (thousands of wives have proved it by personal test!) . . . and because it's BanCare, just the touch of an iron restores its impeccable appearance, even after machine washing.

We'll refund your full 24/6 unless you agree St. Mark is Australia's best buy!

at . . .
WOOLWORTHS 24/6

Also ASHLEYS (N.S.W.)
EDWARDS & LAMB (QLD.)
ROCKMANS (VIC.)



JUST WED: Mr. and Mrs. Ross Marr after their marriage at Our Lady Star of the Sea Church, Watson's Bay, with their attendants (from left), Miss Prue Walter, Miss Carole Marr, and Miss Suzanne Byrne. The bride was formerly Miss Carolyn McGilvray, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan McGilvray, of Edgecliff. The bridegroom is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. John Marr, of Vaucluse. They will live at Lane Cove.



ALL the color and charm of the spectacular £8 million film "My Fair Lady" will be matched off-screen at the gala Sydney premiere of the film at the Century Theatre on July 28, in aid of the Spastic Centre.

Outside the theatre, the Eastern Command Band and a battery of searchlights will greet the first-nighters in true Hollywood tradition.

While inside, mingling with the guests, will be ten Audrey Hepburn-sized girls, who will wear some of the fabulous gowns from the Ascot, Ball, and other "My Fair Lady" scenes.

Guests of honor at the premiere will be the Governor, Lieutenant-General Sir Eric Woodward, and Lady Woodward, and the official party will include Major-General and Mrs. T. J. Daly, Rear-Admiral Becher and Mrs. Becher, Sir Charles Bickerton Blackburn, and Sir Roy and Lady McCaughey. Proceeds will aid the Spastic Centre, and the president of the ladies' committee, Mrs. Fred Lender, and Mr. Lender will receive the guests.

Following the film, a champagne and chicken supper for 350 people will be held in the foyer of the Regent Theatre.

TRIO of engaging five-year-old flowergirls together with four bridesmaids will attend Susie Macpherson at her wedding to Philip Alker on July 2 at St. Mark's, Darling Point. The flowergirls are the bride's niece, Katrina Heath, of Gunnedah, the bridegroom's niece, Sobina Walker, of Boggabri, and Sally Macdonald, of Woollahra. Susie is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Macpherson, of Woollahra, and her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Alker, of "Wean," Boggabri. A reception for about 250 guests will be held at the Royal Sydney Golf Club.

ADMIRER the beautiful ruby and diamond surrounded engagement ring that Deidre Macdonald is wearing. Deidre, who has just announced her engagement to Peter Graham, is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Laurence Macdonald, of Killara, and her fiancé is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Graham, of Killara. They plan to wed at Shore Chapel in December.

LOTS of "long-distance" planning is going into the wedding of Helen Thyrd, of Cheltenham, who has just announced her engagement to New York psychiatrist Dr. Thomas Craig. Helen, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. R. Thyrd, of Cheltenham, met her fiancé at St. Luke's Hospital, New York City, in 1962 when she was doing post-graduate nursing at the hospital. Since Helen's return to Australia last Christmas, her fiancé has flown to Sydney to buy the lovely solitaire diamond engagement ring she is wearing and he will fly to Sydney again for the wedding later this year.

MY blue ribbon for the cookery tip of the week goes to Dean Dixon, Musical Director of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, for his finishing touch to a specialty of his — baked sweet potatoes. While the potatoes are cooking he injects each one with a measure of cognac — from a hypodermic syringe!

"AN oversized baby's basket" is how Mrs. Philip Rudder describes her newly imported little olive-green car, which has basket weave trim on all the doors. "Actually," Mrs. Rudder told me, "it is an exact copy of the car that Dame Margot Fonteyn — a personal friend of the Rudders' — drives around London, except she has a chauffeur." By the way, Mrs. Rudder christened their new yacht, Poseidon, last week, and the Rudders are hoping to see it entered in the Sydney-Hobart Yacht Race.

THE past fortnight has seen the return of many overseas travellers. Due back on June 30 are Mr. and Mrs. Bill Northam after three months touring England, Europe, and Scandinavia. While in London they were reunited with their son Rodney, who has been there on a working holiday since January. The Northams were in Naples for the 1965 World Championship 5.5 metre yacht races, and from there boarded the Galileo for Sydney.

STILL bubbling with excitement over her overseas trip is Priscilla Renshaw, of "Boogadah," Binnaway, who arrived home a few weeks ago. The highlight of her travels was, undoubtedly, she told me, "the skiing in Austria, Switzerland, and Italy." While in Spain, Priscilla met up with countrygirl Prue Bragg, of Cootamundra, who travelled with her for some time. Priscilla had been working in London only for two weeks when her father, Mr. Claude Renshaw, arrived for the International Wool Secretariat meeting, after which he and Priscilla flew home. Now Priscilla is looking forward to a trip to the snow to christen her new skis and ski clothes which she bought in Europe.

DATES for your Diary . . . on July 1 a wig parade and luncheon at the Bexley home of Mrs. Wallace Grigor to aid the St. George Auxiliary of the Children's Medical Research Foundation, and on July 16 a luncheon and preview of spring and summer fashions to be held at Mrs. M. A. Alldritt's home at Point Piper, proceeds to go to the Elizabethan Theatre Trust Ladies' Committee.

MRS. NEVILLE CHRISTIE believes she may have started a new craze among her age group — ice skating. "I spent so much time watching the children skate during the school holidays that I decided to take it up again myself," Mrs. Christie said. "So now when the children are studying at night my husband and I head for the skating rink, and we've really polished up our figure eights."

QUITE the smartest dog in Bellevue Hill is Foggy, Mrs. Bill Edwards' 15-month-old Bedlington terrier, who is wearing the latest in canine couture — a Chanel collar and lead, which Mrs. Edwards bought when overseas last year at Sak's in New York. Foggy's "outfits" — he has two sets, one lime-green and the other white — team with matching handbags for Mrs. Edwards.

RECEIVED a postcard this week from the Roy Kables, of Kirribilli, who are holidaying in the sun at Surfers Paradise. They left Sydney two weeks ago and plan a further two weeks on the Gold Coast. They also write that they "took some time off" to drive to Brisbane for the Brisbane Cup meeting at Eagle Farm racecourse.

— JAYNE O'FLAHERTIE



IN CANBERRA: Miss Helen Read and her brother, Dr. David Read, of Darling Point, at the gala opening of the Canberra Theatre Centre. The Theatre Centre was officially opened by the Minister for the Interior, Mr. J. D. Anthony.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 7, 1965

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT



AT BALL: Miss Karel Kearney, of Mosman, Mr. Peter O'Connor, of Fiji, and Miss Diana King, of Neutral Bay (left to right), at the Sydney University Law Society's "Masked and Candlelight" Ball. About 1500 guests attended the ball held at the Trocadero.



ABOVE: Count Francis Pongracz, of Double Bay, Mrs. Ian Macgregor, of Canberra, and Mr. L. J. Hooker, of Mosman, at the Sydney Opera House Ball, which was held at the Town Hall. Guests of honor at the ball, which will aid the Sydney Opera House Appeal, were Sir Bernard and Lady Heinze.



JUST WED: Mr. and Mrs. Francis Mullen after their marriage at St. John's College Chapel, Sydney University. The bride was formerly Miss Nanette Campbell, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Campbell, of Bankstown. The bridegroom is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Mullen, of Goulburn. A reception was held at Amory, Ashfield.



AT LEFT: Mr. Rudy Komon, Mrs. Warwick Fairfax, and Mr. Clifton Pugh (left to right) discuss Mr. Pugh's painting "Corroboree," which was in the exhibition of the artist's paintings opened by Mrs. Fairfax at the Rudy Komon Art Gallery, Woollahra.

BELOW: Captain and Mrs. John Gorman, of "Taliesin," Queanbeyan, with Mr. Michael Scott, of "Carucoola," Bungendore (at right), between chukkas at the County Polo Club's annual tournament at Warwick Farm. Teams from Goulburn, Canberra, and Toompang competed in the two-day polo event for the County and Packer Cups.



AT RIGHT: Mr. and Mrs. Richard Walker, of Killara, were among 500 guests who farewelled the Australian Challenge team for the Admiral's Cup at the Cruising Yacht Club's 21st Anniversary Ball held at the Chevron Hotel.



It's crazy
to pay more!



because
whatever you pay
you can't buy better than

Judith Aden

EVEN-GLOW
COMPACT MAKE-UP



511

Judith Aden gives you everything you want in a compact make-up—at less than half the cost. It smooths on evenly, covers perfectly, comes in a full range of new "natural look" shades. And you won't find a smarter case anywhere! Try Judith Aden compact make-up today . . . you'll agree it's crazy to pay more.
Refills, 3/-

Throughout Australia at

WOOLWORTHS
Variety Stores and Supermarkets

KEY TO THE "YOU" GAME ON PAGE 7

(NOT TO BE READ TILL YOU HAVE COMPLETED THE TEST)

- The explanations below will enable you to interpret what you have drawn or doodled in the five squares on page 7.



SELF IMAGE

IN this square you have drawn your SELF IMAGE. If you drew a cute or comic figure or face, it shows good nature, a sense of humor, diplomacy.

A grotesque or ugly figure shows you have difficulty in establishing close relationships.

A sun ☀ indicates a strong, dominant, self-confident personality.

A flower 🌸 is feminine. You like pleasant surroundings and take pride in your appearance.

If you make a very regular, balanced design, ☒ you're always wondering whether you left the water running in the kitchen or whether you forgot to lock the front door. You're compulsive.

An eye 👁 means you're proud, suspicious, and attempt to control your life and your relationships. Anything else—you'll have to figure it out yourself. (Do you think of yourself as a balloon, a bomb??)



HOME

THIS is the HOME symbol. If you draw something inside the box, ☐ your interests lie within the home. If you draw outside the box, your interests are not within the home.

Unmarried persons may make home symbols (fireplace, house, window), and put something in the box indicating their idea of home (fishing pole, champagne glass).

If you draw both inside AND outside the box, you're ambivalent (which is pretty normal).

If you make this box into a grotesque face, it shows a fear of home and/or marriage.



FRIENDSHIP

MOST people will make a number of separate and often distinct shapes in this square. Many shapes indicate many friends.

Shapes within the two lines ☐ indicate close friends within an in-group (family, social clique, office, school).

Shapes outside the two lines ☐ indicate acquaintances, casual friends.

Naturally, some people's drawings will show friends both inside and outside the home.

A single line ☐ suggests you're reserved, self-centred.

A coffin or box ☐ means you're basically lonely and tend to be moody.

Girls who make parallel lines within the form ☐ have mostly male friends and are romantic (naturally).

Men who make circular shapes ☐ have mostly girlfriends.

Cross hatching or Xs inside the lines ☐ indicates a person who is interested only in close, lasting friendships. These people have no time for casual relationships.



ATTITUDE TO SEX

IF you use this symbol as a solid shape (building, barber pole, animal's neck), it shows a wholesome, uninhibited attitude toward sex.

If you make the space between the two lines blank ☐ and obscure the symbol it shows you're modest, shy, and

generally nervous about the whole miserable business (and who can blame you?).

A tree indicates an identification of sex with marriage, home, and children.

Fruit on the tree, of course, indicates a positive liking and desire for children.

If a person draws a rocket ship—watch out!



CONFIDENCE

IF you draw above the centre line, you are adjusted to your environment and feel secure. A ship is common. If the ship is moving you're very secure.

If you draw below the line, it shows the opposite (what else?).

If you draw both above AND below the line—which part of the drawing is the most significant or important?

If you draw a person drowning, you worry about the future.

If you make a chain or pattern out of the centre line, you are hard-working, conscientious, and seldom make a mistake.

• Notes pertaining to the five squares taken as a whole

ARE there many (or any) human figures in the five squares? A person who draws people identifies with people, makes friends and enemies, is social.

Occasionally, someone will zip through the test making scrawls at random and not really getting with it. This type of person is secretive, has double drapes on windows, and hides his insecurities and anxieties with bravado. These people are usually very kind-hearted but ashamed of it.

If you use actual words or write titles to the pictures, you are intellectual and can think abstractly. You also like to attract attention to yourself. But, then, who doesn't?

If you draw outside the square boxes, it shows a rebellious nature, the extent of the rebellion being gauged by the extent to which your drawings overrun the outside lines of the square.

Small, detailed drawings indicate perfectionism, perseverance, and, of course, capacity for small detailed work.

If a drawing shows perspective, it indicates ability to plan ahead, carry out ideas to completion. People who put perspective in the drawings usually wind up as bosses.

Horizon lines in a drawing are done by people who look before they leap and then look again. They don't get involved easily.

Grotesque, derogatory, or frightening faces (pirate, mechanical monster) show an unsocial person who gets along

with other people only on his (or her) own terms.

Drawings of food indicate a personality that feels unappreciated and wants to be rewarded and complimented and taken care of. Food drawers don't express their anger. (Of course, it might also indicate the person is hungry.)

Shading in any of the drawings indicates a sensual nature — a person who touches you when he talks to you, who likes to have his back rubbed, likes good food.

A fish is a symbol of wisdom. Eyes, ears, mouth show suspicion of motives. These people always read the small print. They own real estate.

Clothing, eyeglasses, jewellery show concern with outward appearance, status consciousness, and awareness of public opinion.

(Copyright 1965 by Roger Price, Leonard Stern, Larry Sloan, published by Price Stern Sloan, Inc., Los Angeles, California.)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 7, 1965

Mod collar and cuffs to crochet

An easy-to-make wool set in a simple stitch



CLOSE-UP shows the stitch used in making the collar and cuffs pictured at right.

● Turn a plain shift into a party dress by adding this Mod-style crocheted collar and matching cuffs.

THEY take only a couple of hours to make and cost about 6/11.

Here are the directions:
Materials: 2 balls Villa-wool Speediknit; No. 10 crochet hook.

Size: Width is 2 in. and any length required may be made. Pattern is a multiple of 11 ch. plus 5.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet.

PATTERN

1st Row: * Miss 4 sts., 1 d.c. in next st., 5 ch., 1 d.c. in each of next 6 sts., 5 ch., rep. from * to last 5 sts., miss 4 sts., 1 d.c. in last stitch.

2nd Row: ** 5 ch., 1 d.c. in loop, * miss 1 loop, 5 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop * rep. from * to * twice, ** Rep. from ** to ** to end, 5 ch., 1 d.c. in

loop, 5 ch., 1 d.c. in last st.
3rd Row: * 5 ch., 1 d.c. in ch. loop of previous row, rep. from * ending 5 ch., 1 d.c. in ch. loop of previous 5 ch., 1 d.c. in last stitch.

4th Row: * 2 ch., 1 picot of 3 ch., 2 ch., 1 d.c. in 5 ch. loop of previous row, rep. from * to end.

CUFFS (make 2)

Using No. 10 hook, make 38 ch. and work 2 rows of d.c., turn with 5 ch. Work 4 rows of patt. and finish off.

COLLAR

Using No. 10 hook, make 82 ch. and work as for cuffs.

TO FINISH OFF

Lightly press work on wrong side. Finish off cuffs and collar with a loop and button, or just slip-stitch in place for wearing.



INVESTMENT GUIDE

THIS WEEK:

The unease of the stock market

By MARY BROKER

● The general unease of the stock market following the heavy fall of a fortnight ago merits a little pondering of its own. Today, therefore, I discuss just what is happening, and why.

THIS latest fall was the biggest since that awful day in November, 1960, when the market showed what it thought rightly would be the effect of the credit squeeze.

Moreover, even worse for nervous investors, the index was not forced down simply by lower prices for the "heavyweights," or leading stocks, but by general falls throughout a wide range of stocks—falls in 265 stocks against only 24 rises.

Much of it could be attributed to the sharp falls in overseas markets, particularly New York.

It is a historical fact that Australian share markets are notably sensitive to trends overseas—witness the downward pressure here following the assassination of President Kennedy.

The drop in New York was caused rather largely by a comparison of the present U.S. economic situation with that existing before the 1929 depression made by the president of the U.S. Federal Reserve, William McChesney Martin, jun.

President Johnson, however, stepped in quickly to quell any such fears, stating after a meeting with his economic advisers that all was well.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—July 7, 1965

However, the statement had been made, and you know as well as I do that people usually place much more reliance on bad news than good.

All the same, one must face the fact that world economy is not quite as booming as last year and that international liquidity is becoming a problem.

This was emphasised recently by a former secretary of the U.S. Treasury, who stated that it was soon going to be very difficult for world trade and commerce to be financed unless some reforms were made to the international monetary system.

Moreover, the restrictions placed on the export of capital by both the United Kingdom and the United States to ease their own balance-of-payments problems are causing concern in a number of countries, including Australia.

Customer hit

For instance, Japan, one of Australia's biggest markets, will be badly hit by any downturn in world trade levels, since it is primarily an export economy.

You will have seen in stocks I have talked about recently how necessary Japan is to Australia as a market for coal, iron ore, and bauxite, to say nothing of wool.

Over the past two years,

too, despite Government support, the Tokyo stock market has shown a consistent downward trend.

Add to the above three factors the uncertainty as to the future of Vietnam and Malaysia and you have a nerve-racking situation for investors the world over.

Now to turn to the domestic picture. The drought is, of course, the big worry here—it is said to be the worst since 1902.

Following more than excellent seasons over the past two years, we have now gone right to the opposite edge.

Starving sheep and cattle point to difficulties on the export front for wool and meat, while in New South Wales alone the wheat crop promises to be only half, perhaps only a quarter of last year's 140 million bushels.

Add to this the lower price levels now prevailing for wool and metals compared with the previous almost boom condition of these markets, and the outlook is indeed dismal.

Fears as to the strictness of the budget due in August are also having a depressing effect, although the share market could have over-anticipated in this particular department. This has been causing nervousness for some time now, and Mr. Holt's recent warning on tough

measures did nothing to reassure investors.

Liquidity in Australia, too, is tight. There just does not seem to be the money around, as demonstrated by the big shortfall in the last Ansett debenture issue.

This position could be accentuated if other overseas companies follow the precedent of Ford, which has announced plans for a £10 million issue to the Australian market.

Slackening

All this means higher interest rates—which is good for the investor's income—and increasing costs to industry.

Take into account also the increase in unemployment and the slackening of some key industries, and investors have reason to be nervous about the short-term outlook for shares.

I must emphasise this word short-term, because long-term the outlook for Australia is excellent.

In fact, although there is every likelihood that shares will fall even further, the long-term investor is in a strong position.

Shares with really good growth potential cannot fail to go up in the medium- to long-term, and times like the present are, therefore, times to buy.

NO MORE COLDS FOR HIM!

He's a man who really enjoys life. That's why he keeps himself cold-free all the year round. How? By taking Anti-Bi-San before colds and 'flu have a chance to get a grip on him.

You see, when you take Anti-Bi-San you build up powerful defences against colds; defences that can carry you right through the year, helping you to fight off each onslaught of colds and 'flu. To ensure Anti-Bi-San protection take 7 tablets now—not all at once but over three days. One treatment gives an average of three month's protection.

Remember to make sure all the family take their Anti-Bi-San tablets, too—there's a special 3-tablet treatment for children. So get some Anti-Bi-San now—and keep your whole family cold-free all the year round.

● AVAILABLE AT ALL CHEMISTS



KEEP COLD-FREE

ANTI-BI-SAN

Send for free leaflet to the distributors:
POTTER & BIRKS PTY. LIMITED, 9-8 McLAUGHLIN AVENUE, ARTARMON, N.S.W.



IN ITALY...ALL OVER THE WORLD...SO MUCH MORE TO ENJOY

Wherever you go, whatever you do, wherever life is fresh, vital, elegant, you meet Peter Stuyvesant, the cigarette with the international flavor—a wide new world of taste. For that deep down enjoyment of rich, choice tobaccos—plus the miracle filter—light up a Stuyvesant, you'll be so glad you did. **Peter Stuyvesant**, the international passport to smoking pleasure



LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

No time limit to friends

"FRIENDSHIP" asks if 56 years of letter writing to friends is a record. My friend and I attended a small school in Gymbowen, Vic., and I left there 66 years ago. Since then we have written regularly to each other, met briefly 56 years ago on the eve of her departure for Western Australia, and have continued to write every two or three months since.

£1/1/- to "Gymbowen" (name supplied), Wentworthville, N.S.W.

I CAN do a lot better than "Friendship," as my friend and I have been real pals since we were about five, and we will both be 72 next month. We never forget a birthday or Christmas, and meet occasionally when my friend has holidays.

£1/1/- to "Good Pals" (name supplied), Leichhardt, N.S.W.

I'VE just returned from a year's trip to England, where I stayed with fellow bridesmaids and the bride from a wedding in 1902. The bride is now in her 87th year; I am 80. I also stayed with wedding guests, one of 82. We also had a few trips together, one as far as Capri!

£1/1/- to "80 Years Young" (name supplied), Armadale, N.S.W.

FIVE of us went to school together. We all have been married now for more than 30 years, and during all our married lives we have met every week for an afternoon, taking turns at each other's houses. In all that time, we have never had a cross word.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. Moule, North Mackay, Qld.

AT 15 my mother began working for an old couple, and soon afterwards their son brought home a bride. She and Mother became fast friends—a friendship that lasted through the years and through 14 children between them. Mother, now 83, recently was nearly shattered by the death of her beloved friend at 89.

£1/1/- to Mrs. R. E. Pitt, Cudgegong, N.S.W.

MY mother was born at Botany in 1895, and she has written faithfully each month for more than 60 years to her lifelong friend, born in the same year, who came to live next door in 1899. They have been bosom pals all their lives. Mother's friend came 300 miles with her husband to join in the golden wedding celebrations for my parents last August. Their letters are signed "Your loving sister."

£1/1/- to Mrs. Reg Whitby, Trangie, N.S.W.

Pre-school reading

SHOULD a child be taught to read before starting school? My husband feels that our child's progress would suffer in the first year as a result of being "bored." I think the knowledge gained by his ability to read would far outweigh any disadvantage. I would be interested to hear readers' views.

£1/1/- to "Alpha" (name supplied), Rosanna, Vic.

Back-door trust

HAVE you noticed how many houses have elaborate burglar-proof locks on the front door, but on the back door, locks that can be bought anywhere? Back doors are often in more secluded situations, making them even more vulnerable.

£1/1/- to "Adding a Bolt" (name supplied), Camden, N.S.W.

Will — a necessity

I DO hope "Will-Wisher" can get her husband to make a will. When we married, my husband was always going to make a will. When we had our third child, it still wasn't done. Then, suddenly, my husband was found to have leukemia, and when he was rushed to hospital he asked me to arrange about a will. I will never forget the horrible feeling I had helping him sign it as he was dying. Having the will made things far easier for us, but, please, all young husbands: make your will as soon as you have the responsibility of a wife.

£1/1/- to "Widow" (name supplied), Claremont, W.A.

Ready for space

OUR four-year-old was counting backwards from ten to show how well he could count. When he came to one, Mother said, "What next?" She meant "nought," but he instantly replied "Blast off!"

£1/1/- to "Kinder" (name supplied), Graman, N.S.W.

Double inspiration

FOR several years I have been saving *The Australian Women's Weekly*. Recently I went through all the copies and cut out the recipes and household hints. Glancing through them again, I decided to cut out the section "From the Bible," and pasted one on each page of my newly made cookery book. Now I have a valuable thought for the day, whichever recipe I use.

£1/1/- to Miss G. Barton, Port Lincoln, S.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE headmaster of a school in our district issued an order last week:

"Pupils are not to come to school before 8.30 a.m. without special permission."

It sounded strange to many adults, or oldies. In their day children got into trouble for being late for school — not for being early.

Such dawdling is an old tradition. Shakespeare described the school-boy with his

... shining morning face, creeping like snail unwillingly to school.

But there has been a change in the past few years. Though the schoolboy's face still shines (more or less), he is inclined to hurry instead of creep. And the schoolgirl likewise.

This is noticeable with pupils who travel on trains.

Mr. Hopkins, who goes to work on the Sardine Special, complained to me about it. Looking round at the chattering boys and girls, he grumbled: "They could easily travel later. I don't know why they get on the Sardine and make it worse."

EARLY BIRDS

A good example of the eager morning schoolgirl is Penny Donkling. Her mother was sounding off to my wife: "I'm tired of this mad rush getting Penny off in the morning. I'm flat out cooking breakfast, making her lunch, brushing her hair. And all so she can catch the quarter to eight train."



"The eight o'clock would get her there in time. I asked her why she didn't catch it. She just looked at me scornfully and said: 'Mum, nobody goes on the eight o'clock train.'"

Some people might think these boys and girls rush to school to apply themselves to their studies — to snatch a few extra minutes at

TRAIN TRIP, 1965



Clickety-clack, clickety-clack,
The wheels still rattle along the track,
And why would you bother to spare a sigh
As the telegraph poles go flying by
For the oldtime carriages, clickety-clack,
Where your suitcase swayed in the luggage rack?

Clickety-clack, clickety-clack,
You used to arrive with your face smudged black,
You battled at stations for tea and pie,
Blinking the coal dust out of your eye,
But times have changed. That's a long time back,
You're a little sardine in a luxury pack.

There's not much space, but you learn the knack,
And it's lovely and private, clickety-clack,
There's a reading lamp, but instead you lie
Watching the hills against the sky,
Remembering trips in trains that were drak
But pleased that the wheels still clickety-clack.

— Dorothy Drain

Born to the job

TALKING of surnames matching one's occupation, the strangest one I know is Gration. There was a Miss M. Gration in charge of a women's hostel in Perth for new arrivals in Australia. Many Western Australian women and those who migrated in the 1920s will remember her.

£1/1/- to "E.M.B." (name supplied), Moora, W.A.

The last word!

THE other day, as we were driving into town, we stopped for a traffic light. The engine stalled, and before we could start it the lights turned red, amber, green, and back to red. A traffic policeman came over from the kerb and said, "What's the matter, mister? Don't we have any colors you like?"

£1/1/- to "Indignant" (name supplied), Brisbane.



MOTHERS AND TEACHERS

talk to us

Listen to this quote from a teacher: "This product I am sold on. I have truly tried to sell this idea to our students... The use of Tampax is the best way I know."

Listen to this quote from a mother: "I want my daughter to know the feeling of freedom and security from embarrassing moments that I have always known."

Listen to this quote from another mother: "Ever since your product was introduced... I have used it and praised it and saw to it my daughter used it. In fact, I think Tampax is the best invention since the wheel and match!"

Need we say much more? Only that Tampax internal sanitary protection comes in 2 absorbencies (Regular and Super). One of them will fit your needs—just as Tampax fits your desire for freedom... security... comfort. In standard 10's, and the new Economy 40's at substantial saving.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 7d. in stamps to The Nurse, Dept. A, World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Box 3725, G.P.O., Sydney.

Advertisement



Test your skin for signs of roughness by gliding the fingertips lightly over your face and neck as you apply your daily base of moist oil. Any dry or rough skin patches which may be evident should be gently massaged with the oil of Ulan to nourish and restore the smooth beauty of your complexion. This will also ensure that your make-up will blend evenly to give your complexion a radiant youthful bloom.

... Margaret Merrill.



WHERE GRANDEUR MASKS DANGER

Picture by Graeme D. Jones, Sandy Bay, Tasmania.

RUGGED COASTLINE of Cape Raoul, part of the Tasman Peninsula, marks the entrance to Storm Bay and the Derwent River for ships approaching Hobart. From the air, the coastline looks beautiful, but the treacherous waters have claimed several ships and were a real hazard to navigators in the sailing clipper days.

**BEAUTIFUL
AUSTRALIA**

TV ballet premiere of 'Yugen,' 'The Display'

By NAN MUSGROVE

● The Australian TV premiere of the two most discussed ballets of the decade, "The Display" and "Yugen," will be presented by TCN9 at 9.45 p.m. on Sunday, July 4.

Television

THESE ballets, by Australian Robert Helpmann, will be danced in a special TV preview, part of The Australian Ballet's program for the Commonwealth Festival in London later this year.

The half-hour performance is the ballet's Australian farewell, and stars Kathy Gorham.

Miss Gorham dances in "The Display" (dedicated to American actress Katharine Hepburn by Helpmann) with Garth Welch, and in "Yugen" with Bryan Lawrence.

"Yugen" was written by Helpmann after a trip to Japan, and is based on an old Japanese legend about the Moon Goddess.

Neither ballet has been performed outside Australia, and European audiences are eagerly awaiting the performances abroad.

The program will also include pas de deux from "Pas Classique" and "Giselle."

★ ★ ★
WALTER BRENNAN is NOT the oldest actor on TV—the originator of the double take, Edward Everett Horton, who visited Australia in 1963, is well ahead of him.

Several weeks ago Horton celebrated his 78th birthday by signing a contract as a regular in a new TV series called "F Troop." I don't know what the show is about, but Horton, bless his heart, plays an Indian Medicine Man.

The wonder of a kangaroo

A MOST fascinating series of "University of the Air" programs started some time ago on ABC-TV, subtitled "The Case for Conservation."

Ietona

Letters Contest

WINNER

Mrs. J. Bennett
10 Banim Street, Aspley
Brisbane, Queensland

Winners of the 100 consolation prizes will be notified by mail within 14 days.

How close did you go to Miss Betty Cuthbert's scrambled letter combination, which was "AOCTAHSLEEPPN".

Don't be put off by either title—worthy but uninformative as they are.

I watched "The Case for Conservation" quite by accident, and found myself involved in the definitive film about the kangaroo in Australia.

It should be compulsory viewing for all Australians before they start talking about kangaroo shooting, the graziers' problem with them, and whether or not the animal should be protected or conserved.

Lucidly expounded by Dr. H. Frith, chief of the Wildlife Research, CSIRO, Canberra, it presented all sides of the story and showed how everyone can be happy—grazier, shooter, even the kangaroo.

It also gave some fascinating facts about the kangaroo, its nomadic habits, how they tell its age, and also showed an astounding film of the birth of a kangaroo.

I have never seen anything like the journey of the newborn kangaroo from its birthplace to the comfort and sustenance of its mother's pouch.

It looked so helpless and pathetic, but acted so strongly and tenaciously as it battled up to the pouch, blind as a bat, through its mother's thick fur.

Coming up in the Conservation series are the stories of Australia's waterfowl, freshwater fish, and national parks. If they are up to the standard of the kangaroo one, they are well worth watching for.

★ ★ ★
PRODUCERS of TV documentaries ought to wake up to themselves and face facts—that not all people watch their documentaries right through. Some viewers do, others switch in some way along the line.

Social obligations kept me from seeing all of TCN9's "Project '65" documentary on drought, which from all accounts was excellent. But when I switched in toward the end, I heard only unidentified experts talking interestingly and positively about water.

To give them the authority they have, and make them doubly worth listening to, all that was necessary was a nameplate in front of them.

I have no doubt they were fully introduced when they made their first appearance, but they came and went while I watched without being fully identified.

The only one I was sure about was Robert Raymond—he was the one with the beard.

I found out the next day

that the impressive group I had listened to were the N.S.W. Minister for Conservation, Mr. J. Beale, the Commissioner for the Snowy Mountains Authority, Sir William Hudson, and the director of the CSIRO rain-making experiments, Dr. Bowen.

I don't think viewers should have to struggle to find out whom they are listening to—and if things are made easy for them, it may lead to higher ratings and, what surely must be sweet music to a producer's ears, requests for a repeat screening.

Van Dyke's double trouble

THE Dick Van Dyke Show" (TCN9, Tuesdays, 7 p.m.) gets my Golden Viewing Award for the best comedy show on TV.

It has a really funny script from writers who seem to have some special secret formula that makes them funny all the time, and funnier than seems possible most of the time.

A recent two-parter on the series featured Dick's real-life brother, Jerry, who played his TV brother, Stacey.

It was a riot—again a good script handled by a team whose timing was as good as the script.

I was amused at the family resemblance. The brothers are not noticeably alike facially, but their voices are similar, and oh, those india-rubber legs! They both have them.

Jerry is just as adept at falling over hazards, real and imaginary, as brother Dick.

Writer Carl Reiner, who also produces the show, says Dick has the right balance of physical assets to play Rob Petrie.

"That he is not as good-looking as Cary Grant we recognise," he says. "But Cary cannot play slow-motion tennis. Dick can play

lover, and fall funny into a barrel of cement, too.

"And he has a modest quality that suggests he was forced up there in front of the camera."

Getting the right angle on L.B.J.

THE President of the U.S.A., Lyndon B. Johnson, sent a standing instruction to all TV channels and TV photographers when he became President: his best side was his left side, and he preferred to be photographed on that side, at angles no less than 45 degrees.

When I read about the presidential memo, I wondered how that other U.S. President, Harry Truman, such a tough, gutsy character, would react to news of such an instruction.

I don't think he would give a damn if he was photographed front, back, right or left-sided.

"Decision," the TV series of Truman's presidential life, starring him talking about the decisions he made during his term, has been with us a long time on ABC-TV on Sundays at 8.0 p.m., and will be for two more months.

Sometimes I feel, when I see the American eagle appear clutching its arrows and olive branch, that I've had enough of the whole series; but five minutes of it, and I'm hooked.

I sit through the old newsreels patiently enough, for it is worth sitting out to come, sometime in the show, face to face with Truman talking off the cuff in his uninhibited way.

No soldier has ever been a success as a President, he said, talking about Eisenhower, who, no doubt, was watching. Or, talking about that revered American, General Douglas MacArthur:

"I had to deal with an insubordinate general—there couldn't be two commanders-in-chief."

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the Week

Momma once said, "Are you, like me, becoming afraid to pick up the morning newspaper for fear of the headlines? Everywhere you look, people fighting other people because of the different way they speak or the color of their skin; the race to see who can build the biggest bomb and ways to deliver it the fastest; gang wars, murders, robberies, disease, famine. Some countries have so much food they don't know where to store it, others so little food people are dying on the streets. Hasn't it become a strange world?"

Momma's moral: Look out the window and you see the bird after the worm, the cat after the bird, the dog after the cat. And it sort of gives you a better understanding of the morning news.



PAS DE DEUX from Robert Helpmann's ballet "Yugen": Bryan Lawrence, Kathleen Gorham.



the year to be going places!

Seeing the world in 1966 is a really worthwhile experience when you go on a trouble-free tour arranged by World Travel Headquarters, the leading tour operators who planned the highly successful Australian Women's Weekly World Discovery Tour.

World Travel Headquarters offers exciting new ways to go, and a choice of sailing dates for tours taking in the places you most wish to see. For example some tours include an overland luxury escorted coach tour of America on your way to Europe. Or you can tour both Canada and the United States on the homeward voyage. Some include travel via South Africa or Japan. Let us know approximately when you can go and the places you prefer to see—we'll send you full details of world tours to suit you.

Here are some examples of Lisind and Trans World Tours departing next March and April:—

Depart	Return	Min. Cost
IBERIA March 5	ORSOVA Sept. 12	£1,131
ORIANA March 6	ARCADIA Aug. 27	£1,171
ARCADIA March 17	ORSOVA Sept. 12	£1,131
CANBERRA April 4	IBERIA Sept. 30	£1,171
ORSOVA April 14	ORIANA Sept. 23	£1,131
STHN. CROSS April 19	ORIANA Sept. 23	£1,167
HIMALAYA April 30	CANBERRA Oct. 16	£1,144

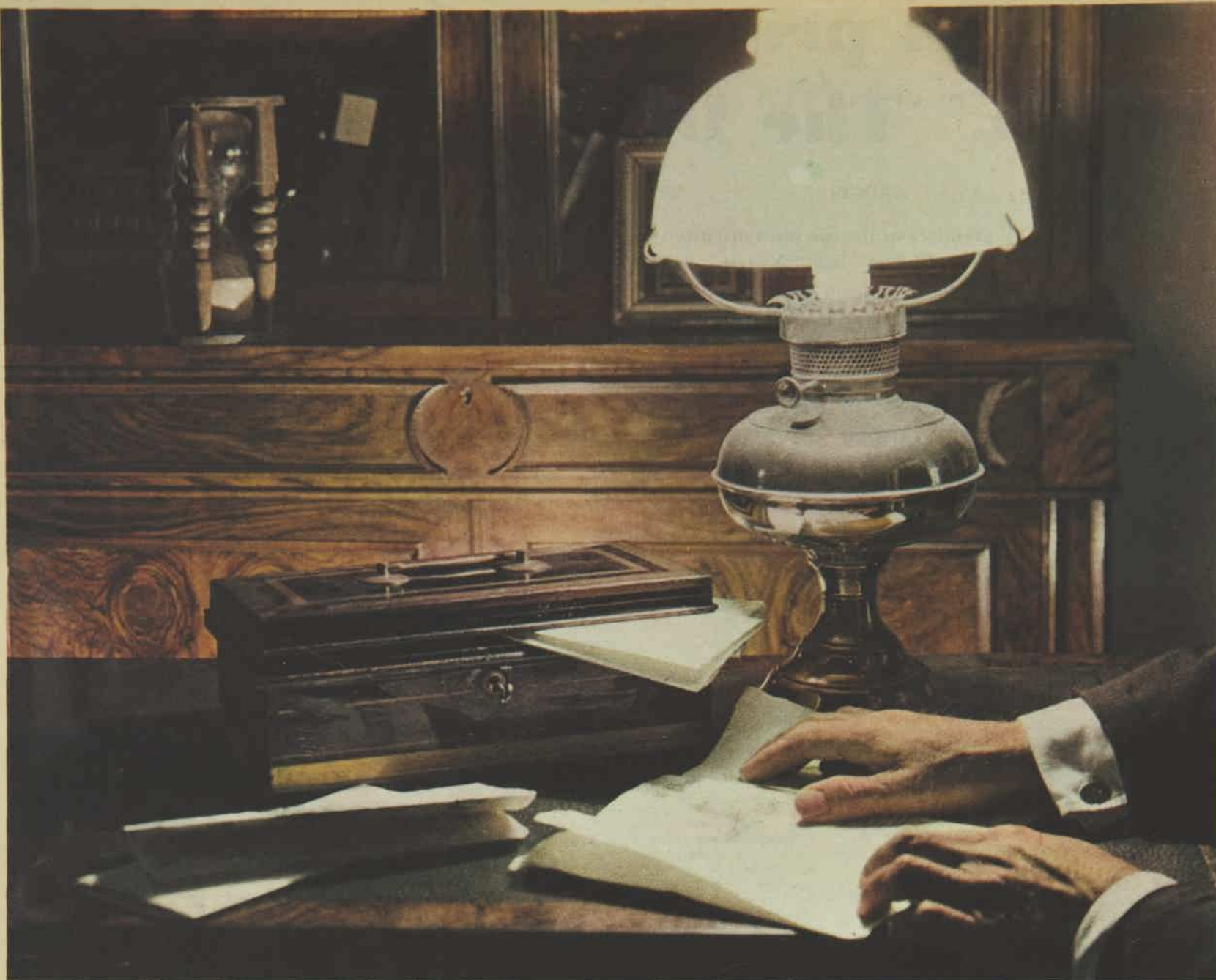
your best starting-off point:—

WORLD TRAVEL HEADQUARTERS LTD.

Stock Exchange Building, 33-35 Bligh Street, Sydney. Tel.: 28-4841.

WT238

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS



How long since you looked at your Insurance Policies?

What about those insurance policies? Are they arranged to the best possible advantage. Do they cover every important need? When, and under what circumstances, will they be paid?

Above all, are they suitable as to size and type to do the job you want them to do?

It's not hard to find the answer to these and other related questions. Ask for an A.M.P. FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP.

4

FOUR POINT FAMILY SECURITY CHECK-UP

Your A.M.P. man knows, from training and experience, how to help you—

- 1 Check the facts related to your present family and financial position.
- 2 Check the extent of your needs — what would be required if your family had to live without you — what you will require on retirement or to take advantage of long service leave.
- 3 Check to find if the provisions you have made are adequate.
- 4 If they are not, your A.M.P. man will show you a family security plan tailor-made to your precise needs and circumstances.

An A.M.P. Family Security Check-Up costs you nothing but a little of your time—involves you in no obligation except to those you love. All you have to do is to call in your A.M.P. man or call the nearest A.M.P. Office.

Trained and reputable field men working everywhere with Australia's largest Life Office make top-flight, all-lines insurance service a practical reality.

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY

Head Office: Sydney Cove. Offices in cities and towns throughout Australia and New Zealand and in the United Kingdom.



Every A.M.P. member enjoys the unquestioned security afforded by assets exceeding £700,000,000 which the Society seeks to invest to the greatest benefit to members.

84-year-old Madame Vigano says...

Painting—once a luxury—is now her comfort

● Two years ago, in Rome, they christened her "the painter of the fifth continent."

IN her home city of Melbourne, many think of her only as Madame Mario, the working partner of her famous restaurateur husband.

Others are beginning to call her "Australia's Grandma Moses."

But 84-year-old Maria Teresa Vigano, whose first Australian solo art exhibition opened in the Victorian Artists' Society Gallery on June 1, is too much of a person and talent in her own right to wear a second-hand label.

Tiny, slim as a girl, with vivid blue eyes and a tremendous elegance, her apparent fragility masks a strength of mind and purpose that has made her a behind-the-scenes power in her own family and an out-front one in the art world.

This same combination of strength and delicacy characterises her painting. It was quickly noted by critics when she held her first one-man show in her native Italy in 1963.

Words like "vigor, resource, and virility" alternated with "poetry and transparency" in uniformly rave notices.

All 23 paintings were sold.

Surprised delight

Although Madame Vigano has been a member of the Victorian Artists' Society for many years, has exhibited in group showings, and sold two paintings to the National Gallery in Victoria, she was too modest to think of an exhibition of her own until bullied into it by friends.

Originally, her trip to Italy was planned as a holiday with her three eldest teenage granddaughters.

Persuaded to take her paintings, she still speaks with surprised delight of their warm reception, of her invitation to exhibit there again, and of the Italian Government's commission to paint a series of landscapes around Alice Springs.

Her Melbourne exhibition, too, was the result of outside pressure, notably by William Frater, president of the VAS, a friend as well as a colleague, who opened it.

Much of Madame Vigano's attitude to her painting stems from the fact that she has regarded it as purely incidental to the important things in her life.

Only since her three children grew up, and her presence was not essential at Mario's hotel and restaurant, which she helped her husband establish when they arrived from Italy more than 30 years ago, has she been able to give more than snatches of time to her pictures.

"Painting has always been my release and my relaxation, but until we became comfortable in Australia, it was my luxury," she said. "Now, it is my comfort and I don't know what I would do without it."

"A piece of bread, my color, and my brushes — and I could be happy anywhere. But even now, there is never enough time."

At present, Madame Vigano is going through what she calls "sad days." She has never quite become reconciled to the death of her eldest son, Tony, seven years ago, and, since her husband, Mario, became ill, the past 18 months have been spent in retirement at their beautiful stud farm at South Morang, just outside Melbourne.

Consequently, the big studio at the top of the hotel in the city, which was her painting refuge for years and is still full of her canvases, sees her rarely now.

But she has a small studio, opening out of her bedroom, at the farm.

Although Mario has always teased her by saying, "Teresa is mad, she would rather paint than eat," he insisted that the studio at the farm should be easily accessible.

"You can just get up and go straight to your easel," he told her.

So far, time has been against her, too, in fulfilling the Italian commission.

As soon as she returned from Italy, she visited the Centre briefly.

"But I must go back and stay long enough to absorb that painter's paradise," she said.

"The space and color in sky and land is tremendous and exciting, but you must have the right feeling for it; become friendly



with it and let it come to you. Oh! If only I could reproduce that space.

"Australia must surely have been the first land to come up out of the sea. It is so old and dilapidated in its heart.

"In Europe, mountains are mountains, but those are not. They are just masses of old, old rocks. They fray, like old humanity. They make you think a lot.

"All Australia is wonderful to paint," she said. "I love it and I love to paint it."

But when she first arrived here all those long years ago, a gently born, but almost penniless stranger from Italy with her husband and three little children, Tony, Maria, and Ferdi, Madame was none too sure about Australia.

Worked so hard

"Oh! I went through many tears," Madame remembers. "I was not used to having nothing. Mario worked as a waiter for four years.

"Then we went into the hotel, the worst in Melbourne, I should think. It was so dirty I would not allow the children inside until I had spent a week scrubbing and cleaning.

"We worked so very hard and then, when people began to come again to the restaurant, I used to say, 'You see, Mario, they like us.'"

Mario was always the big, genial, welcoming host. In the restaurant, Madame bestowed flowers on her favorites.

These were not only for the big spenders. The girls and boys who used to come on pay night to have the 2/6 three-course dinner, which included a bottle of vin ordinaire, also rated a flower and personal interest in their work, their romances, and their plans from Madame.

As the restaurant prospered, Mario bought the 75-acre farm at South Morang to provide meat, fruit, and flowers for his kitchens in town.

Today the rooms are full of Madame's paintings, especially of her children and eleven grandchildren.

— BERENICE CRAIG

MADAME VIGANO, her husband, Mario, and the family pekingese, Pompom, relax in the sitting-room of their South Morang home.

TINY Madame Vigano at her easel in her small studio off her bedroom at the family farm at South Morang, Victoria.



MADAME and her portrait of Clelia, daughter of her son Ferdi. The ornate chiffonier belonged to her husband's family in Italy.

— Pictures by Brian Ferguson.

Page 21



High life in a hot climate

● Two road-weary travellers in Yucatan, Mexico, came upon a rare sight: a modern motel with a palm-fringed swimming-pool filled with islands of palms and scented flowers—all the inspiration of a beautiful girl called Maria.

PYRAMID of Kukulcan, at Chichen Itza, Yucatan, one of the mysterious ruins of Maya civilisation unearthed at Merida in the Mexican jungle.

AT 19, in a country where girls of "good family" are expected to be pretty, to be obedient, and to be preparing themselves to bear babies (preferably male), Maria del Rocio Novelo designed a thoroughly original and beautiful motel.

At 20, she built it. At 21, she

By SUSAN YORKE

designed a second motel because of the overwhelming success of the first.

And she plans a modest chain of luxury motels throughout her State.

Like most discoveries, I found Maria by accident, and was certainly unprepared for her and her motel.

After a long day's hot and dusty motor-ing through Mexico's most archaeologically famous area, Yucatan, we were headed for Merida, the tropical capital. Tired and cross as we were, we screeched to a sudden stop on the main paved road and both my husband and I stared wordlessly at what loomed before us in the fast-falling dusk. We had travelled more than 15,000 miles throughout Mexico and seen nothing like it.

"Do they have mirages here?" I asked, disbelieving my eyes.

"Wishful thinking," my husband muttered.



Before us was a two-storeyed garden entrance beside a high cascade of tinkling water streaming invitingly over shining rocks planted with flowering shrubs.

The sign, dramatically but not garishly lighted, stated in large letters: MOTEL.

Underneath, in red neon, it read "Vacancies."

I ran my tongue over lips where the lipstick was cracked and caked with dust. With the motor switched off, I listened to the splash of water. As anyone can corroborate who has been in Australia's Northern Territory and met heat and dust, the sight of the water mesmerised me.

"It's real water," I said respectfully.

And then, recovering, "Maybe it's just a facade and inside it'll be squalid." Wanting to be just, I added, "And if it isn't, it'll cost the earth, like the tourist-hotels by the ruins."

It didn't cost the earth, but well below what was charged for luxury accommodation, and it wasn't squalid; it was, without a doubt, the loveliest and most original motel in the country. Like children afraid a treat might turn sour, we approached each aspect of it cautiously.

There was ample parking space before our modern unit, which faced a lavishly planted garden. The air-conditioning was on. The unit was large, cool, tastefully decorated, with enough lamps and chairs and mirrors.

"The plumbing won't work," I predicted.

The bathroom was huge, tiled, handsome; hot and cold water came at a touch, the shower and plumbing worked well and silently.

"There won't be any soap and the towels will be awful," I said, not daring to believe otherwise.

Neatly wrapped cakes of soap looked reproachfully back at me. There was even a pile of spares on the window-sill, and the towels were surf-size and fluffy.

Almost on tiptoe with reverence, I opened the desk and on the airmail stationery read the name of the proprietor. It was Mexican-owned, no doubt about it, a full-fledged sonorous Mexican name.

Ancient Maya ruins

The motel lay at sea-level in what had once been jungle. With the tremendous excitement aroused by the discovery of the mysterious Mayan ruins of Chichen Itza, Uxmal, Kabah, and smaller cities, tourists followed the archaeologists and the sleepy tropical town of Merida found itself faced with an increasing influx of foreigners, all wanting accommodation, food, drink, and souvenirs.

Reluctantly, over the years, Merida yielded to the tourist bonanza. The town's old and crumbling hotels were facelifted, the palaces of former VIPs were turned into more hotels, the sisal industry obliged with woven placemats, sunhats, straw bags, and rugs, and enterprising hoteliers built sumptuous hotels right at the ruins, where the tariff was as stiff as the starched tablecloths in the formal dining-hall.

But nobody thought of a motel—except 19-year-old Maria.

Bathed and refreshed, we sauntered toward what looked like an underwater-lighted lake lying between the units and the motel dining terrace. The "lake" was the most extraordinary and beautiful swimming-pool I had ever seen.

In free form, it wound along the entire block-length of the units, and growing up out of it were small islands, circular, oval,



MARIA, 23, designs beautiful motels. "Talented as a man," the Mexicans say in highest compliment.

free-form, each planted with a magnificent palm and with scented flowers. Cement borders retained the earth and prevented any slipping into the translucent water.

Bordering one side of the pool were candlelit tables and I caught the gleam of a waiter's white jacket and heard the unmistakable clink of ice in a glass.

"Look!" I whispered.

Behind the spacious terrace was a thatched-roof open-air dining-room discreetly illuminated by bulbs concealed in the locally woven baskets. A Yucatan fish-net, outsize and caught in folds, was the decorating motif.

Off to one side was a small, intimate, thoroughly modern air-conditioned bar with plateglass windows fronting the pool and terrace. Pushing open the glass doors, I was confronted by a startling and intensely virile oil-painting that ran the length of the bar.

"Who did that?" I asked incredulously.

"The Senorita Maria," both the bartender and the waiter chorused.

"Ah," I said significantly, not having a clue who the Senorita might be. "And who built the motel?"

"The Senorita Maria," they repeated with grins.

"I express myself poorly in Spanish," I apologised. "I mean, who designed the motel? Who is the architect?"

"The Senorita Maria!" they shrilled happily.

"They're stuck, like a phonograph record," I said *sotto voce* to my husband. I took the situation by its horns. "And who is the Senorita Maria?" I asked with blatant forthrightness.

The two men, small, tough, with straight jet hair and the large noses typical of the region, exchanged commiserating glances. Some secret signal passed from one pair of bright, slightly slanted black eyes to another and the waiter said condescendingly but most politely:

"The Senorita Maria is the daughter of the owner."

The way he gave this out also informed me he had told me all he was going to.

"Some Senorita, this Maria," my husband observed in English. "Imagine putting islands in your swimming-pool!"

We adjourned to dinner on the terrace at a charmingly set table where a large menu was placed before us.

"I distrust large menus," I said. "It means much money and little food. The cooking will probably be abominable."

But down at the bottom, under the sensibly priced Yucatan specialties, a short sentence informed me that the chef, with a reputable Mexican name, had been head chef in one of the leading American luxury hotels for some 15 years.

Yucatan dishes are cooked by wrapping fish, fowl, or meat in leaves—or specially treated paper—after subtly spicing them with herbs. They are baked in a manner reminiscent of Polynesian cooking and served with fresh vegetables, sweet potatoes, okra, green beans, tomatoes.

Courtesy drinks

Accompanying the meal, we had a choice of Mexican beer—which ranks with the best in the world, as every Australian will be relieved to discover on visiting the country—or Mexican wine, which is lighter-bodied than Australian wines.

We could not fault a single item, not even the price.

Across the terrace two distinguished grey-haired men were entertaining a group of friends, and I beckoned the waiter and asked (for curiosity is well understood in Mexico), "Who's that?"

"That's the owner," he confided out of the side of his mouth. "The father and uncle of the Senorita Maria. The uncle is the head chef."

I stared. The owner met my gaze and, as my host, bowed and smiled. A few minutes later, courtesy drinks arrived.

"To welcome you," the waiter said.

"It can't go on," I told my husband. "It's making me nervous, it's too good to be true."



PALM fronds dapple the sunlight on the blue water of the motel swimming-pool at Merida, Mexico. Tropical birds fly among trees set in the pool.

Just as I spoke, a girl walked out of the bar. She was blond-haired, well built with a tiny waist, very fair of skin, expertly made-up, and wearing what I recognised from a recent fashion magazine, a Dior dress.

"Movie star," I said crisply. "You can tell by the clothes and her hairstyle."

"I don't recognise her," my husband returned. "Quite an eyeful," he went on, admiringly.

"We don't see many Mexican movies," I reminded him.

"What makes you so sure she's Mexican?" my husband asked.

"Listen to her," I said. "She's speaking Spanish at a gallop, giving orders, too, as if she owns the place." I signalled the waiter, who was quite obviously waiting for just this. "Who . . ." I began, and he flashed his teeth at me in a delighted grin.

"The Senorita Maria," he hissed triumphantly.

"All that glamor!"

"Well," I said, "that's that. She *does* own the place. But how on earth . . ." I let it hang and switched to, "All that glamor! You wouldn't think she could design a dog kennel."

The Senorita Maria approached her father's table, kissed him, exchanged a few words with him, and then looked toward our table. I leaned toward the waiter.

"Would you ask the Senorita Maria to join us for a few moments?" I said, and he trotted importantly across the room to deliver my invitation.

The Senorita Maria obliged, but, to my astonishment, was consumed with shyness.

"My English . . ." she stammered. "I am always forgetting it even after all those years in Boston."

"We'll talk Spanish," I said. "What would you care to drink?"

"Just orange juice. I don't drink," she confessed.

We introduced ourselves.

"And that was my brother at the desk, who assigned you your unit, and Mamma has a headache and has retired." She smiled uncertainly. "You find the motel . . ." she hesitated and then brought out that internationally accepted English addition to every language, "OK?"

"My dear girl," I said, "how did all this come about? It is simply unbelievable!"

She dimpled with undisguised pleasure.

"That's just what the President said this morning! The former President," she amended. "Licenciado Miguel Aleman."

Of all Mexico's colorful Presidents, ex-President Aleman is easily a leading figure and the present head of Mexican tourism, the country's number one industry.

"What was he doing here?" my husband asked.

"Eating bacon and eggs," Maria giggled. "He has a fine appetite. He visited here. He liked it. He said so."

Her black eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"All right," I capitulated. "Tell me the full story. You designed this motel, you built it, the oil-painting in the bar is yours. How did it happen?"

"Oh," she said readily. "I had a terrible time convincing Papa I meant it. I wanted to go to Boston to study. He had other ideas, of course. I told him I wanted to build motels, *perfect* motels, but completely local, our local materials and woods and all the native products made from the century plant, the cactus you call it.

"For architecture, I had to go to the States. Such a row!" She clucked reminiscently. "But I went and I've graduated with honors from Garland College in Boston. And when Papa saw the plans for this . . ." she shrugged. "Well, he's a businessman, he understood."

"But that swimming-pool! The idea of planting trees and flowers in a pool that looks like a lake!" I prodded.

"Pure fantasy," Maria said. "It's a lot of smallish pools connected together —



that way the guests can all have their private pool and yet swim from one to the other. They're of different depths, for diving, or paddling. And I thought it would be nice to smell flowers when one relaxes in the water."

She looked at me speculatively and then went on, warming to her theme. "After all, the tourist who drives in here in the evening doesn't want an Olympic-type pool with racing lanes for champion swimming. He's tired, he wants to float, and paddle, and idle, and be soothed. Water and the perfume of flowers. Very soothing," she assured me.

"But the plateglass bar, and the lighting in the dining-patio, and those fabrics in the unit!" I went on.

"I studied interior decorating and architecture and painting," Maria replied gravely. "It all just comes, ideas come tumbling into my head. Now, in my new motel . . ."

"Another motel?" I interrupted.

"Oh, yes. The first of several. This is in Progreso, our port city, it's only a half an hour from Merida. It will be in this style, but smaller." Maria waved a slim, cared-for hand with untinted nails.

"You must swim tomorrow morning before breakfast," she said suddenly. "The palms filter the sunlight, so you don't get the heat, nor does the water evaporate so quickly, and the birds are used to guests, they sit in the trees and watch you and come for crumbs."

"You can breakfast by the poolside in your swimsuit. You must try all the pools, they are uneven underfoot like what you call your 'old swimming-hole.' Just because it's reinforced concrete doesn't mean it can't approximate nature. And with our climate I've tried to integrate nature into our living pattern, bringing the outdoors in and the indoors out so that they fuse."

To this end she had given her attention to every detail. There was no vulgarity, only perfect, exquisite blending, from the local ashtrays to the woven chairs and stone construction.

In the morning it was as she had said.

The burning heat of the tropical sun dappled the pool surface as the palm fronds moved slowly in intermittent puffs of a languid breeze. The water was warm and silky and entirely clear blue, the scent of the different flowers on the palm-tree islets tempted me to swim from one little island to another.

Lunches for tourists

Bright-plumed tropical birds and brilliantly hued parakeets watched me with beady-eyed interest.

Maria came out on the terrace in an immaculate linen frock and called out to me, "You like?"

When I nodded, she approached swiftly and dropped to one knee by the edge of the pool.

"I am going to inaugurate picnic lunches for the tourists to take to the archaeological sites. Cold chicken, potato salad, boiled egg, cheese, buttered rolls, slices of papaya, and fresh pineapple. Packed in wax paper in a little white box. What do you think I should charge?"

We discussed this latest innovation, and

then as she rose to leave I said. "You must make a fortune here."

"A fortune? Not yet," and she shook her head. "We're just beginning. Amortisation of capital, maintenance, and then profit."

A horn tooted commandingly.

"My brother," Maria explained hastily.

"We're spending the day in Progreso. I tell him what I want done and he tells the laborers. It has to be man to man, you understand. But what makes you say we must make a fortune?"

"That dress you were wearing last night," I said. "I know a Dior when I see one, especially after it's been featured in a fashion magazine."

"Oh," Maria said, confused, and began to blush. "Oh, well, you see . . . I made



it myself," she blurted out. "I copied it from the picture." And with a farewell wave of her hand she was gone.

When we were paying the bill, to a cousin as it happened, since this was a family concern, Maria's father came to the desk, and I told him what an attractive daughter he had. With a laugh I said he must have the pick of Yucatan as a son-in-law.

"That's the trouble," he complained. "Maria is married to the motel business. She can't be bothered with men. She has a man's head and a man's talents in the body of a woman."

Mexico is a country that reveres the male. When an unusual and outstanding woman appears on the scene, the masculine evaluation of her must be in male terms. Her face and figure cannot be argued away, but it can be rationalised: a talented woman should have been a man, that's all, and, of course, all her outstanding qualities are what can be expected in a man. And Maria, building motels through her brother, had shown a complete awareness of this.

Today she is 23, and still designing and building some of the most unusual and delightful motels to be found anywhere in the world.

After all, she's an old hand at this game, she has been at it for five years.

Elite

An elegant and exciting way of expressing your taste in Furniture Decor!



Elite's glamorous "New" look furniture with its sparkling appearance is a must in your home. With modern laminated surfaces, it keeps its "New" look year in and year out. Craftsman made to suit your way of life, as well as your budget. *(See also the exciting range of occasional furniture at all leading stores.)*

Elite Dining Settings and Occasional Furniture are OBTAINABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES

Page 24

MAIL THIS COUPON for your FREE copy of the new ELITE CATALOGUE to:
Elite Furniture Pty. Ltd. 298 Botany Rd, Alexandria, N.S.W.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 7, 1965

Diana Ward's

Hairstyles

● *Hats squash it, water ruins it, keeping it smart is expensive and time-consuming . . . a problem women everywhere share with ABC-TV's Diana Ward. It's the all-important hairstyle.*



SMOOTH style with centre parting suits Diana's oval face, fine features. The picture was taken at her Bellevue Hill flat, furnished with "bits and pieces."

AS a presentation announcer on ABC-TV in Sydney — and the only girl left on the ABC job to provide glamor — Diana Ward must face the critical eyes of thousands of viewers.

As she must look her best before the cameras, she takes more than average interest in the way her hair is done. No change is lost upon the audience.

"Diana has a new hairstyle!" is a cry which brings

women hurrying to their TV sets to see the latest coiffure.

"I can't please all the people all the time," says Diana, "but I've found the more elaborate the style, the less favorable the comments. And I do prefer something simple and easy-to-wear."

Diana is a natural honey-blonde. She occasionally adds a silver rinse for soft, grey overtones.

"I've found no solution for girls like myself who love water-sports yet want to keep their hair looking immaculate for a date," she says. "Or for those who attend luncheons and other day-functions and have their hairdo spoiled by a hat."

"I did consider a wig, but haven't decided whether or not to buy one. They're very expensive."

Once-a-week set

Diana has her hair set once a week. For the rest of the time she does her own comb-ups.

"My hairdresser, Ilvi, and I work out a style together. We both like to try something new."

In clothes, as in hairstyles, Diana's preferences are for simple lines. Her wardrobe includes many shifts.

Diana's attractive appearance on screen is a different kind of problem.

"No one seems to LISTEN to me!" she said ruefully. "I never hear from anyone if I've pronounced a word correctly (or incorrectly) — only if my dress looked nice, or if my hair was messy!"

— MILDRED EDEN



CURLS are back; natural-looking, loose curls. "I can wear this style day or night," says Diana, "although I prefer smooth styles for most occasions."



ENDS turned under on one side, kicked up on the other; Diana likes this one. Her even, medium-length hair is most adaptable for all kinds of styling.

Television

DASHING PRE-SPRING COATS



SCENE-STEALER of the Paris season is this characteristic spare, clean-cut coat by "tough chic" designer Courreges. Notice the double-breasted treatment of the squared neckline and the narrow, low-slung belt.

Page 26

GENTLE curves add glamor (right) to this pale and pretty wool coat by Cardin with cartridge-pleated shoulder line and above-the-knee flares. A crisp self-tie is typical touch.



● These spring-like coats in smooth, colorful wools that swing and cling are trend-setters from the Paris couture that capture the imagination this season. Narrow single- and double-breasted closings, swash-buckling pockets, small collars and cuffs, and sometimes back half-belts all play important roles in new styling.

FASHIONABLE redingote design (left) by Pierre Cardin is in champagne-tinted Shetland wool. Classic in its simplicity, this is the perfect coat shaping to span the seasons.



FROM PARIS DESIGNERS



SWINGING young double-breasted red-ingote coat (left) in wool gabardine by Nina Ricci. Featured are low flap pockets, bracelet cuffs to the inset sleeves. Back fullness is held with a wide, low-slung belt.

MOD-ish look is interpreted by designer Esterel (right) in this vivid wool coat with big pocket-flaps placed low and close together above a swing skirt. Other details include small collar, bracelet sleeves.

RED WOOL coat (below) is a Balmain design with youth appeal. A cross-over front fastens low on the hips and swings into a gay, knee-tip, flaring skirt.





Dawn... the softest one...

because it's softly textured

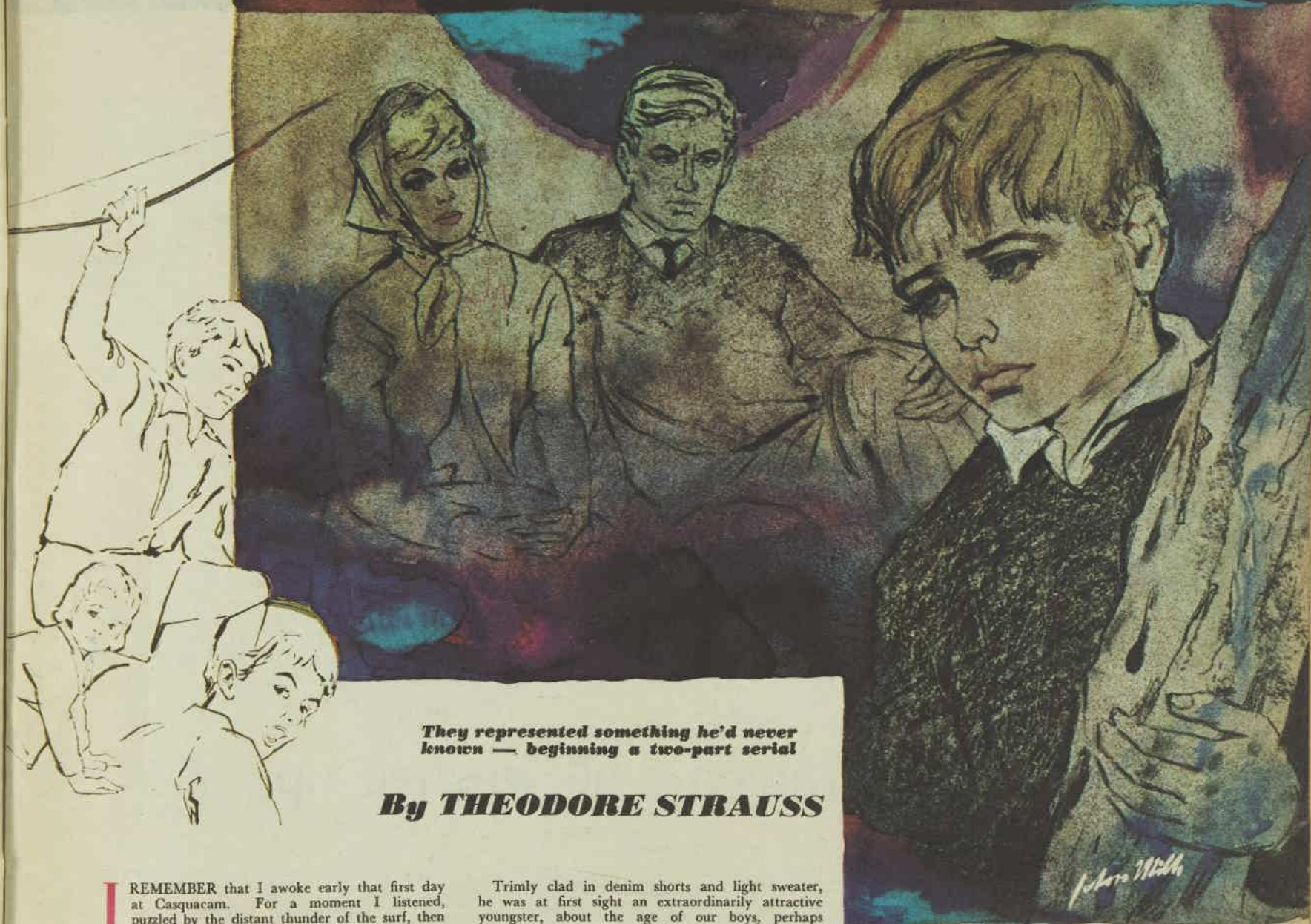
There's no other toilet tissue like Dawn... softly textured all over for *gentlest* comfort, *softest* absorbency. Pick from yellow, aqua, pink, lilac, purest white, in pretty, softly-textured **Dawn**.



*Registered Trade Mark

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 7, 1965

A place for Jimmy



They represented something he'd never known — beginning a two-part serial

By THEODORE STRAUSS

I REMEMBER that I awoke early that first day at Casquacum. For a moment I listened, puzzled by the distant thunder of the surf, then I opened my eyes and saw beyond the bedroom windows and the upper sundeck the great familiar mass of the beech tree tossing lightly in the wind. Beside me, Kathie slept warmly and deeply. It had been a tiring journey up the coast from New York and I suspected that the family would be late in rising.

There was no sign from Steven and Barnaby, the ten-year-old twins, and none of the usual contented morning chirpings from two-year-old Susan. I got up and dressed, then tiptoed downstairs and went out for a morning walk toward the point.

A slate-colored cloud bank lay low on the north-eastern horizon and a fresh offshore breeze was raising a chop on the bay. Although it was late June it was unseasonably chill, even for the Maine coast—one reason, I imagined, why no one at all was up and about the grounds. At the point, the main lodge and its scattering of shingle guest cottages stood blank and still in the neutral morning light.

Actually, as I shortly discovered, I was not alone. When I came to the edge of the headland I saw the figure of a boy out at the end of the outlying rocks below, an inconsequential silhouette against the white surf towering above him.

I felt an instant misgiving that a person so small should be there unguarded amid that violent water. Already each wave of the incoming tide surged around the drenched rocks where he crouched over a small pool. Very soon he would be cut off from shore. I tried futilely to call him, then picked my way down the eroded bluff. When I reached the beach he stood up and gazed curiously toward me. With easy unconcern he began to return to shore, leaping lightly from rock to rock until he stood before me.

"Hello!" he said cheerfully.

Trimly clad in denim shorts and light sweater, he was at first sight an extraordinarily attractive youngster, about the age of our boys, perhaps slightly younger. He was slim without being skinny and his mouth was firm and straight, the blue eyes intense and direct under a thatch of darkening blond hair.

"What are you doing up so early?" I asked.

"I always get up early," he replied. "My mother doesn't mind—she likes to sleep in late."

"Are you staying at the lodge?"

"We came up last week," he said. "I've never been here before."

"You like it?"

He nodded his head indifferently. "Pretty much." "You've been warned about tides and currents and so on, I imagine."

He looked at me, puzzled. "What should I know?"

"Well, for instance, those rocks out there. In ten minutes—less—they'll be under water. You could have been trapped."

"I can swim, you know."

"In that?" I nodded toward the surf crashing over the rocks.

"I lost my boat," he said, as if that explained the need for any risk.

"I'm sorry. What kind of boat?"

"A model sailboat—brand new." He paused. "My father gave it to me."

"Let's watch along the beach," I said, trying to be helpful. "Maybe the surf will bring it in."

"No use," he said flatly. "It's gone."

I was puzzled, a little shocked at his tone. I am not accustomed to precocious fatalism in my family. "You know," I said after a moment, "when I was a boy I'd have been mighty unhappy at losing a new sailboat."

"Oh, I tried to get it back in," he said, almost defensively. Then he added, "When something happens, you might as well get used to it." He

Kathie and Allan wondered if they could help Jimmy without hurting their own family.

looked up at me. "My name's Jimmy Schuyler. What's yours?"

Again I was thrown off by the ease with which he had taken the initiative. "Allan," I answered. "Allan Thomas. Glad to know you."

Together we went along the shore below the bluff. The boy seemed to move on unpredictable impulse, in sudden little releases of energy. He would bound ahead over the rocks, pause suddenly, still and intent, to watch a shore bird's flight, then trot back to me.

As we walked I learned that he excelled in several sports and even had won prizes in swimming, judo, and riflery. I was not surprised—his bearing and every movement spoke of easy assurance and superiority.

What did surprise me was his seeming indifference to his own achievements, the suggestion that I was politely exaggerating their importance.

On several occasions he pretended not to have heard me, or he looked at me with a cool challenging regard, and I realised that he was exposing a question for what it had been, the patronising interest of a grown-up.

The rebuke was unspoken, without malice. It was as if he knew that the insulting condescension of adults is really a form of harmless stupidity that children have to endure. Still, I found him faintly disturbing.

To page 61

A fine
product from



Cleaning problems all washed up!

All top parts—stainless steel Blue Halo burners, the spillage trays and grids—are finger light. You just lift them right out and dunk them in with the washing-up. They come up gleaming clean every time.

The recessed hob, the satin smooth titanium enamel finish, the rounded corners (even in the oven), and no grease-catching cracks make it "wipe-over" easy to keep your Carmichael gas range always sparkling.

These are just some of the wonderful new Carmichael features that have given an excitingly modern look to reliable gas cooking. Some others?

The Hot Blue Halo burners, for instance. Always an even, exactly correct flame that cooks like an angel. Automatic lighting? Of course! The stainless steel burners and griller light automatically at a touch.

Rotisserie Roaster—seals in juices—gives perfect roasting for all lamb, pork, beef, veal and poultry.



Simple lock-off controls. Each tap has a built-in child-proof safety lock. Simply push in with your finger-tips, then turn on.

Wide view oven window. Lets you see **all** in the oven at all times. No more peeking in oven doors (when oven heat escapes). Temperature tested oven, too. And a Minute-Minder takes care of timing.

Glide-out griller. Glides in and out at a touch. Has anti-flash pan to stop fat smoking and flaming.

Sound simply great, don't they? And they cook as great as they look. Next time you visit your Gas Showroom or favourite retailer, see all these features on Model KLE224 (illustrated) and see the other exciting new Carmichael models. Ask about trade-ins and easy terms, too.

CARMICHAEL
The Hot Blue Halo that cooks like an angel

THE WANDERER

EVERY year, just before the holidays, Scott Wilding arrives at our house. Scott is my brother-in-law, but that is far too bland a term for him. He is our adventurer, our Santa Claus, the purveyor of our glamor, our personal soldier of fortune. We never know precisely when he is coming, what date or what hour; but that is a part of the charm of the visit.

Sometime after the first of December the telephone rings (it might be at breakfast or at bedtime), and it is none of the ordinary calls we receive all year long—the skyrockets are ready—this time it is Scott. For nine years, since Brad and I have been married, the pattern has not altered.

It is a bright spot in our lives we have grown sure of, as sure as we are of the coming of Christmas. Scott, in a way, is Christmas for us. So what happened last year was, to say the least, surprising.

In the first place, on a morning early in November, a letter arrived from him. Now, Scott does not write letters. He sends wild little postcards occasionally, with a whimsical line jotted down or a joke, or an apt quotation; but that is all. "I should arrive on the 27th of this month," he wrote, "or possibly the 28th. Have not been able to check the jet schedules yet, but I'll do so and let you know. And I have a surprise for you."

"Isn't that the oddest thing?" I said to Brad that evening. "All this advance notice? And what's his surprise, do you suppose?"

"Now, you know Scott," he said. "He may do anything, and anything he does may be a surprise. Take this, for example. The unexpected doesn't seem thrilling any more, so he has switched. That's typical of him. Although you never can tell about Scott. Maybe he is actually developing protocol in his old age."

"Old age?" I said. Then, protesting: "Please—not Scott."

He sighed. "I suppose not," he said. "Not him. Ours may be coming on, but certainly not his. Never Scott."

Never, never Scott. Scott is 11 years older than Brad; but a different shift of fairy god-mothers obviously was on duty when he was born—there is nothing about them alike. Brad remains the sensible one in the family.

I first met Scott after Brad and I became engaged, when Scott was one of the top men in a large management-consulting firm, which had a base office in New York and one in San Francisco. He was part of the New York office, but he travelled all the time.

"I wouldn't have introduced you sooner if he'd been around," Brad said. "Girls fall in love with Scott like flies. Mothers have been warning daughters for years. He is charming, improvident, and faithless, but they fall in love just the same."

A short story

By **EILEEN
HERBERT
JORDAN**

"I wouldn't be apt to," I said. "I had a charming, improvident, and faithless father."

Scott, for his part, roared with laughter when he returned from one of his trips and heard about the two of us. He toasted us at "21," kissed me, shook hands with his brother, and said, "So you fell into the trap, eh? I was wondering how long it would take you, and I must say you didn't last long. Well, it's a pretty trap, I'll have to grant you that."

He reached out a hand, took my chin, and lifted it. "Very decorative to come home to, and you know my weakness for the decorative."

You might call Scott quite decorative himself. Faultlessly groomed, expensively tailored, bronzed, he has a totally masculine charm, and, from all his travels, an air and a vocabulary of faraway places about him. I knew

To page 44

Wherever he went, fascinating Scott Wilding always attracted a bevy of beautiful girls.



ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

Bushells

THE

Bushells

THE TEA OF FLAVOR

Bus

THE TEA

"I want Bushells"

(Flavor is more important than price)

Bushells

THE TEA OF FLAVOR

BUSHHELLS

THE TEA OF FLAVOR

Bus

THE TEA

Bushells

THE TEA OF FLAVOR

Bushells

Bus

THE TEA

Blue Label

Bushells

THE TEA OF FLAVOR

Bushells

THE TEA OF FLAVOR

Bushells

THE TEA OF FLAVOR

Romance was in the
air the night that
they first met . . .
a short short story

The Goodnight Kiss

By DAVID K.
WHEATLEY



IT had been a terrible evening, and now Lena was faced with the worry of not knowing if Jim was going to kiss her goodnight. She was not even sure if she wanted him to try. Probably she didn't, because, like the rest of the evening, something was sure to go wrong if he did.

Not that it would be fair to blame Jim; in fact, it was quite the opposite. Lena knew that the evening had been a failure because of her, and that she should have refused Jim when he asked her.

Right from the start it had seemed too good to be true, that Jim should have wanted to go out with her. It was something that nobody had ever wanted to do before, and it was even more amazing that the somebody should have been Jim. She had overheard the girls at work talk about him so much, and she knew some of them had been chasing him for weeks.

Yet he had asked her, and she managed to find the words to stammer her acceptance.

"Fine." He smiled back at her. "I'll pick you up about seven."

She hurried home, and immediately tried on everything she had in her wardrobe. At last, faced with a choice between the blue and the green, she chose the blue.

Despite her indecision, the fear that she would be late caused her to hurry, and by ten to seven she was ready.

So she sat and waited, perched uncomfortably on the edge of a chair in the lounge-room. With nothing to occupy her mind, doubts began to form. Perhaps he would not come! What if he had only asked her as a joke or a dare, or something like that?

Mercifully the doobell rang, she heard the door open, and her mother's voice filtered from the hall.

"Hello, you must be Jim. I'm Lena's mother. Do come in, Lena's in the lounge."

Jim appeared in the doorway and for a few seconds he looked at her. Lena felt a pang of alarm. Did she look all right? Should she have worn the green instead of the blue?

He broke the silence as she rose to greet him.

"Gee, you look pretty tonight, Lena." She smiled nervously, gratefully, and struggled to find something to say. Her mother came to her rescue.

"Well, I'll have to leave you and get on with my ironing. I suppose you will want to leave—you don't want to miss the start of the show. Enjoy yourselves."

Lena kept trying to find something to say as they walked to the bus stop. Jim was talking about his last football match, so she was able to make appropriate comments.

"I came tearing down on the outside with the whole team after me, and then I saw an opening, and before I knew what had happened I had scored."

"It must have been very exciting," she

murmured, acutely conscious of the fact that she was adding nothing to the conversation.

It was just as bad in the theatre. She spent the first half of the program sitting stiffly in her seat, her eyes never moving from the screen, yet uncomfortably aware that Jim was sitting beside her.

The lights came on.

"Care for something to drink?" he asked as a boy came past with a tray.

"Yes, please."

He brought her a drink, and as she put the waxed cup to her lips somebody bumped her elbow, and the sticky liquid cascaded down the front of her dress.

It seemed that everybody was watching her as she took Jim's handkerchief and wiped away most of the damage.

During the second feature, when Jim took her hand in his, she immediately felt that the people sitting near them had turned their attention to her, and she felt a flush of embarrassment on her cheeks.

They took the bus home, and she was still trying to find something to talk about. But she had to let Jim talk about sports cars, and something called "hot rods," and she again made the appropriate remarks.

She had expected it to be such a romantic evening, but that had been only a dream. Instead, the evening had been a miserable failure. No doubt Jim was wishing it was over; she had been such an uninspiring companion. He would probably tell his friends, they would all laugh about it, and as a result this first date would probably be her last.

She, too, wished that the evening could be over, but thoughts of the goodnight kiss still worried her. More likely than not Jim would not bother, but what if he did? How should she react? What should she do?

The problem still bothered her as they reached the front gate, and the worry increased as he accompanied her along the path to the door.

"Well, I guess this is it, Lena. Thanks for the evening."

"Thank you, too, Jim," she replied stiffly. "I enjoyed it."

He paused for a few minutes, then began, almost nervously:

"If it's all right with you, I would like to take you out again, Lena. I don't know why it is, but somehow you seem to be so easy to talk to. Some girls carry on with a lot of nonsense you can't understand, but . . ."

Before she realised what had happened, he kissed her. Then, after a softly spoken goodnight, he was gone.

Lena's hand rested on the door-knob for a few moments before she went inside. Her beating heart was conscious only of two things. Jim had kissed her—and it had been a wonderful evening.

(Copyright)



Pretty young mother Mrs. Marcia Frazer of Pacific Highway, Artarmon, N.S.W., is brimming with vitality, enjoys every moment of her busy life. Read about her All-Bran energy plan here!

How All-Bran helps me enjoy life more:

"Now it's fun keeping up
with the children!"

A Full Life. Meet Marcia Frazer, a vital young housewife who fits about 25 hours' gay living into every day. Besides looking after her two small children, Mrs. Frazer loves to play tennis and swim, and despite her crowded day looks forward to entertaining in her lovely home. What is the source of all her energy? Marcia says it's her All-Bran! breakfast plan.

Her Energy Plan. "Now that I eat All-Bran, nothing seems to tire me. I always have plenty of energy," says Marcia. Yet 5 years ago she was feeling tired and listless, everything seemed to be too much trouble. "A friend suggested I try All-Bran," she recalls, "and in a week I felt absolutely wonderful . . . it was unbeliev-

able! Naturally I've kept on eating All-Bran, and have felt marvellously fit ever since. Just half a cup of crisp All-Bran each morning with some stewed fruit, or sprinkled over another Kellogg's cereal, that's my energy plan!"

How All-Bran for Breakfast helps You! All-Bran isn't a medicine or a drug. It's the safe natural way to maintain regularity. A crisp, nut-sweet breakfast cereal that is rich in the vital "bulk" your system must have to function properly.

When you enjoy All-Bran for breakfast you're helping to make sure of a balanced diet, helping yourself to new energy and vitality. Try it for yourself—prove how All-Bran can help you (like Marcia), enjoy life more.



ALL-BRAN by Kellogg's
by far the nicest way to stay regular

Registered trade-mark All-Bran is a trade-mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

K954

Page 33

ALL THE FLORINS YOU CAN SHOVEL IN 3 MINUTES !!!



FIRST PRIZE IN THE £8000 SILVER SPADE CONTEST!

MONEY BY THE SPADEFUL!

- | | | |
|------------------|------------------------------------|--|
| 1st PRIZE | Shovelling florins for 3 minutes — | £2,500
AT LEAST
GUARANTEED! |
| 2nd PRIZE | Shovelling florins for 2 minutes — | £1,000
AT LEAST
GUARANTEED! |
| 3rd PRIZE | Shovelling florins for 1 minute — | £500
AT LEAST
GUARANTEED! |

**500
SPECIAL CASH
PRIZES!**

100 prizes of £20 each
400 prizes of £5 each

FUN FOR ALL THE FAMILY

11	29	17	39	15	46	16	39	22	32
36	52	45	15	33	15	48	13	39	22
44	21	33	56	24	36	17	45	14	34
54	32	19	44	39	15	32	11	44	19
20	48	28	19	58	33	11	44	18	
16	52	33	23	18	33	19	48	19	37
27	16	42	28	33	42	19	35	21	
43	33	58	28	18	43	16	32	28	
59	37	26	32	19	42	16	35	23	32
21	28	37	14	43	11	37	26	33	45

See how easy it is to do. Just draw a line through 20 numbered squares to the Silver Spade and total your score.

DETAILS ONLY ON THESE SPECIAL CONTEST PACKS

Contest closes August 31st 1965



An occasion for a beaded dress

By CATHERINE NUGENT

MRS. HERRIOT fixed her glasses lower, held out the invitation at arm's length, and gave a loud, wicked cackle of laughter.

"Never thought they'd ask an old rag-bag like me," she said aloud. "Why, half the town would give their eye teeth to be invited to the reception."

She guessed what had happened. At the last moment someone must have remembered that General Markey's daughter—aged about a hundred, but still alive, still cackling like an old hen, and still writing to the newspapers—would have to be invited. If she wasn't, they would hear about it. Everyone would hear about it. Mrs. Herriot gave another cackle of wicked laughter.

The invitation had put her in high good humor. She had always been a gadabout. So her father had said, so her husband had said. Age had not quelled her restless, inquisitive spirit. Alas, nowadays, there was little to do except to burn her shins at the fire and hope for her friends to visit her. The friends were few. Almost everyone she knew seemed to be in the graveyard.

She peered at the invitation again. She would wear the fur coat and the blue dress, she decided. It didn't matter that the coat was ancient and long—out of fashion now. Once it had cost a great deal of money and she still liked it.

Her reflection in the mirror over the fireplace grinned back; sardonic, yellow, wrinkled like an old toad. Nobody would fight duels over her now. But a little rouge might help; and a veil for her hat.

Such a pity the jewellery is gone. But you can't have it and eat it, she reflected philosophically. For a passing second, she did regret the long diamond earrings. They would knock the Lord Mayor sideways. "Or maybe not," she said to the silent room. "He might think they came from a chainstore."

Her feeling of elation lasted until she fetched the blue dress from the chest in the bedroom and realised with dismay that it was damp; damp and creased and more worn than she had thought. Her spunky heart almost failed her.

Shaking the dress, hoping the creases might disappear, Mrs. Herriot considered if she should wear something else. The tweed suit? The brown wool skirt with the cardigan jacket? She dismissed these items of apparel at once. This was an occasion. It would have to be a dress; the blue one, for the simple reason that she hadn't got another.

She felt the dress again. It struck damp and cold right through to her



"My father was General Markey," old Mrs. Herriot said to Sally Marshall.

bones. It would have to be well aired before she would dare wear it.

In the kitchen of the cottage there was an old-fashioned open fire with an iron oven alongside. Mrs. Herriot put her hand to it. Warm, but not too hot. It would do. She chuckled as she hung the folded dress along the open oven door. That trick had been learned a long time ago. Her mother had always worried about damp clothes.

In those days there hadn't been hot pipes and fires which plugged in. Clothes had hung about airing for days in their huge, cavernous kitchens. But if one was in a great hurry, there was always the oven door.

For a moment her mind wandered back over the years, to other dresses. There had been the white, embroidered with pearls; the veil of Carrickmacross lace. That was over seventy years ago, but she still remembered. There had been the pale lilac dress floating with chiffon, and the cream hat, draped and ruched with chiffon, too. She had worn that to the Palace. And the green moire shimmering like water.

Suddenly, Mrs. Herriot's day-dreams were interrupted by a voice from the hallway. When she looked out, there was a young girl in tight trousers on the doorstep.

It took a full minute for Mrs. Herriot to recognise her. Then she cried: "Goodness, Sally, what have you done to your hair?"

Sally Marshall grinned cheerfully. "I gave it a rinse and it turned out peculiar. Mother was hopping mad."

Mrs. Herriot clicked her tongue in sympathy. She was so old, she had seen so many changes, that now she accepted every strangeness without question. Hair dyed in patches, television, flying to the moon, zip-fasteners, and frozen fish—she knew all these would pass and be replaced by stranger things.

Sally Marshall was fifteen years old and she came to visit at the cottage because she was allowed to use Mrs. Herriot's archaic treadle sewing-machine as often as she pleased. Also, she loved Mrs. Herriot's highfalutin talk. Of course, no one could believe all those tales, but Sally loved to listen.

"Do come in," Mrs. Herriot was

saying now. "Do come in and hear my wonderful news."

She could hardly wait to begin. "What do you think? I've been invited to the reception."

Sally gave a squeal. "Why, everyone is crazy to go. It will be a most fantastically glamorous affair. I would faint if I got an invitation. But how did you?" She was gabbling with excitement.

Mrs. Herriot sat back and smiled graciously.

"You forget, my dear, that my father was General Markey."

Of course. There was Markey Street, and Markey Square, and Markey Bridge, but Sally never could connect Mrs. Herriot with the black statue in front of the town hall. That stern soldier on the big prancing horse looked as if he had been there for hundreds of years.

"In the old days," Mrs. Herriot was saying, "when this was a garrison town, everyone, even the children in the streets, knew about my father. I remember the flags and the cheering crowds when he came home. Ah, the excitement! I regard this invitation as an honor; an acknowledgement to those great times."

"So you intend to go?" Sally was all agog.

"I certainly intend to go, I shall enjoy myself. The food will be delicious and I shall drink champagne again."

"What shall you wear?" breathed Sally.

For the first time, Mrs. Herriot's excitement wavered. "My fur coat would be suitable."

Sally's mouth dropped open a little. That old thing! Moth-eaten Russian bear left out in the rain. Then she remembered, Mrs. Herriot was so poor. Death duties, gambling, and throwing money down the drain, her mother often said. Sally's heart softened. It didn't matter, she told herself, if Mrs. Herriot wore a sack, she could still look like a proud old eagle.

But the old eagle would need some extra brushing and combing.

"I'll give you a face-pack," she told Mrs. Herriot, "and put your hair in rollers. It's so soft and white it will look smashing."

To page 36

It's crazy to pay more!



because whatever you pay you can't buy better than

Judith Aden

LIPSTICK or NAIL POLISH



PEARL NAIL POLISH, 4/6

Judith Aden is the kind of smooth, creamy lipstick that usually costs you much, much more. In a propelling case, the loveliest colours—and there's nail polish to match. Try them today . . . you'll agree it's crazy to pay more.

Throughout Australia at

WOOLWORTHS
Variety Stores and Supermarkets

NEW! NEW!



HERCO OLIVOL SKIN LOTION Now In New 4 oz. PLASTIC CONTAINER

Only HERCO successfully combines pure Olive Oil and Lanolin into one superb skin lotion, which feeds these vital nutrients right to where they're needed . . . deep down in the under-tissues of the skin.

Hands especially benefit from this wonderful lotion. There's no other part of your skin which suffers so much from harsh work — and from such constant washing, which dries out the skin. But, with regular HERCO care, you can keep your hands smooth, soft and young-looking.

Start using HERCO today . . . buy it in the smart new plastic pack — only 6/- for 4 oz. This pack costs no more but it's slim and trim — looks smart and cannot break. (Regular 3-oz. glass bottle — 4/6.)

If you prefer a cream, ask for HERCO OLIVOL SKIN CREAM . . . it's the same in its composition and effect as HERCO Olivol Lotion. 4/9 per Tube.

Your skin needs HERCO OLIVOL SKIN LOTION CONTAINING OLIVE OIL AND LANOLIN

— and these other fine HERCO products, too . . .

HERCO FACE LOTION with TURTLE OIL. When age lines begin to show on your face . . . that's when you need this unique Face Lotion containing Turtle Oil. In less than 2 weeks it will remove the obvious signs of your biological age. Available in 2 sizes — 3-oz. bottle 11/9 or beautifully designed 4-oz. plastic pack 15/6.

HERCO OLIVOL SHAMPOO. Still the finest shampoo that money can buy but now in a new, plastic, salon-style pack . . . doesn't matter if you drop it in the shower — it won't break! HERCO OLIVOL SHAMPOO lathers luxuriously, leaving your hair soft, silky and easy-to-manage. 6-oz. plastic pack — 7/6.

HANDS. Finest barrier cream ever made — prevents dirt, grime, grease, etc. entering the pores of the skin because it's Siliconised! Leaves hands soft and smooth. 5/6 per Tube.

Continued from page 35

Mrs. Herriot was getting excited again. "I'll need some net for my hat," she said.

"I'll shop for it tomorrow," promised Sally. She sniffed. And sniffed again. "What a strange smell. There's something burning."

It was the appalled dismay on Mrs. Herriot's face that Sally remembered afterwards: dismay and disbelief as the old woman lifted the blue dress from the oven door.

"I forgot about it," she kept saying. "I forgot about it."

The dress had a great scorch mark on the skirt and another across the bodice. As the wrinkled fingers rubbed at it frantically, a hole appeared.

"What shall I wear to the reception?" gasped Mrs. Herriot, and her eyes, deep in their shadowed sockets, had the dullness of stones.

Sally hadn't got over the upset when she reached home. She kept following her mother around, talking about it.

"Poor old dear," Mrs. Marshall said. "I wish we could help."

Sally had something in mind. "There are Gran's clothes in the attic," she ventured tentatively. She was almost afraid to say it because her mother always cried when she came across any of Gran's things. Now Mrs. Marshall stood still for a minute and sighed.

"I always meant to go through those clothes and give them away, but somehow I hadn't the heart," she said. "Anyway, I don't think there would be anything to suit Mrs. Herriot. She's such a different sort of woman to Mother."

Sally knew that, too. Gran had been sweet and gentle with a skin like crumpled rose petals; always in black, with knitting in her hands, that was how Sally remembered her.

"If you're going to search through Mother's things, I'd better go up with you," offered Mrs. Marshall.

TOGETHER they knelt on the attic floor and began to go through the trunks which some kind friend had packed so neatly. All Gran's things were there; the good cloth coat and the hat with the white ribbon across the front — she had worn those to church; serge skirts and dark cardigans; white blouses and old-fashioned cotton underwear; everything modest, quiet, and comfortable, just as Gran had been.

It was hopeless. There was nothing there to suit Mrs. Herriot.

Sally swallowed hard. Her throat felt tight with disappointment and sadness. She picked up a glove and held it against her cheek. The leather still held the little cracks and lines where Gran's fingers had bent. It was heart-breaking.

She stole a glance at her

AN OCCASION FOR A BEADED DRESS

mother to see if there were any tears. Instead, Mrs. Marshall was sitting back on her heels, looking surprised.

"I thought she'd given this away. I haven't seen it for years," she muttered. Before her on the floor was an open cardboard box. Tissue paper scattered and Sally stared in amazement at the gown her mother tenderly drew forth.

The material was fine and rich; brown with shots of gold. There was much intricate tucking and folding across the bosom and on the skirt. Tiny beads in glinting shades were sewn in a lavish, twisted pattern around the sleeves and at the waist. She couldn't believe her eyes. It was exactly Mrs. Herriot's vintage.

"I never saw Gran in this," she cried.

"She wore it at my wedding. That was over sixteen years ago," Mrs. Marshall wiped her hand across her eyes. "Mother had so little when we were growing up, continually pinching and scraping and patching. Dad always promised that one day he'd buy her a dress fit for a queen. And he did. By the time I got married things were easier. They went together to buy this and Dad didn't care what it cost. He was so proud of her. She looked lovely that day."

Gently, Sally touched the rich material. "Why did she never wear it again?"

"Mother was strange," mused Mrs. Marshall. "She loved this dress, yet she couldn't bring herself to wear it. Often, when she was getting ready for an outing or for church, I would say, 'Wear your good dress, dear.' She never would."

"One day I found her admiring it, just stroking the material and smiling to herself. 'Why don't you wear it before the moths get it?' I begged. She was stubborn. 'I'm keeping it for best,' she said. I never could understand her. Why was she keeping it so carefully? Where did she intend to go?"

Sally and her mother smiled mistily at each other.

"Your Gran was such an ordinary woman," sighed Mrs. Marshall. "All her life baking and washing and sewing. She never talked much; just smiled at all our impossible dreams. But she had some strange notions, too."

"Mother," begged Sally. "I'm sure Gran wouldn't mind if we gave the dress to Mrs. Herriot."

"We'll pack it off on the next bus before I begin to weep over it," Mrs. Marshall briskly gathered up the dress. "At least someone will make use of it at last."

A rapturous note came the next day from Mrs. Herriot. She adored the dress. It fitted perfectly. And, please, don't forget the net for her hat.

The day of the reception was cheerful and bright. When Sally arrived at the cottage she could see that

Mrs. Herriot was in a spry holiday mood. Gloves were laid out on the dressing-table; a gold brooch and a rope of cornelians had been discovered in the bottom of a workbox; the quaint strapped shoes had been polished bright as satin; and the old fur coat appeared to have caught the excitement and become remarkably revived.

Soon Sally had the hair-dryer going full blast. Mrs. Herriot submitted to everything, and by the time her nails were manicured the hair was dry and fluffy.

"Now the dress," said Sally.

"It's magnificent," purred Mrs. Herriot, preening herself before the mirror. "But then, I always had style." Her bony fingers trembled on the cornelians at her throat. She might have been touching pearls and diamonds.

The hat, swathed with honey-brown net and pinned with the gold brooch, was magnificent, too.

So, amazingly, was the ancient fur coat. There was so much of it. It had a lavish, crazy, elegance which matched the brilliant, sunken eyes, and the old eagle face.

"You look like a grand duchess," gasped Sally admiringly.

"I might have been one," boasted Mrs. Herriot.

SALLY grinned. She never could tell if Mrs. Herriot was fibbing or not. But now the taxi was there at the door.

"While you are away, may I use your sewing-machine?" asked Sally. "I'm going to make a shift dress."

"Ah! One of those straight garments. So easy to sew. So useful. I might make one myself. I must save this beautiful gown for special occasions."

"What special occasions?" The words were wrung from Sally. Somehow she couldn't help thinking of Gran—Gran keeping the gold-shot dress all those years for best.

Mrs. Herriot drew herself up grandly. The dark eyes flashed with spirit.

"I certainly don't intend to hibernate, my dear. There will always be times and places." And, gathering her furs around her, she swept out to the waiting taxi.

Sally was smiling as she watched the taxi spurt away. And in her mind Gran was watching and smiling, too.

The reception hall would be packed with the famous and the talented. There would be speeches and the clamor of a great feast. The Lord Mayor would be there, the councillors in their robes, the aldermen with their wives. And old Mrs. Herriot, whose father had been a famous general, would drink champagne again.

Yes, Gran would be pleased. This, indeed, was an occasion for her beaded dress. (Copyright)

GIRLS ...how could you?

Your father's . . .
your brother's . . .
or your husband's
razor is simply
not right for you!

Wake up to modern improvements! Buy the only feminine razor with a blade-setting specially angled to pamper your delicate skin. Smooth, smooth, ultra-smooth—that's the action of the

NEW Lady Gillette SAFETY RAZOR

● Recommended by professional beauty experts and preferred by fastidious women all over the world. Glides over your skin with a silken touch, leaves legs—and under-arms—satiny and feminine.

● Easy to use because it's a slim razor, and a slender razor. Very stylish, very elegant, in a very feminine case . . . complete with Gillette Blades.

● It has a nifty one-piece construction. Twist the handle—it opens. Zip in a Gillette Blade . . . twist shut. That's all. Simple and safe.

* And you? Once you've used Lady Gillette you'll feel feminine, elegant, well-groomed, poised.

AT CHEMISTS
AND STORES
21/6



Illustrated: "Cathedral," £7.19.6

FRIEDLAND DO-IT-YOURSELF DOOR CHIMES

FROM
37'6

CLIP & MAIL this ad. with your address for FREE leaflets from:
CANVIN & COLES PTY. LTD.
67 Murray St., Pyrmont, N.S.W.
68 4138 A.W.W.

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

—FOR THE CHILDREN—

by TIM



Readers have their say, and decide . . .

Happy marriages ARE possible

● If you marry for "better" but not for "worse," if you expect a life of Utopia untouched by sacrifice or sadness, then there's probably no such thing as a truly happy marriage. Fortunately, however, most people don't expect to live fairytale lives, and happy marriages are possible.

THIS, in a nutshell, is the view expressed by about 95 percent of readers in their replies to an Australian husband's question: "Is a happy marriage possible?", which was published in our issue of May 26.

This husband stated that after 20 years of matrimony with a devoted and "ideally suited" wife, he was convinced there was no such thing as a truly happy marriage.

He pointed out that they'd raised two "well-adjusted, well-mannered" children, but "my wife and I have come to the realisation that there has been no adventure, no excitement, no real enjoyment of life—only hard work, worry, self-denial, and stagnation in a suburban home."

His "lament" brought a few encores, but also sharp replies from scores of happily marrieds, most of whom believe what this husband lacks is not happiness but the ability to appreciate happiness when he has it in abundance. Here are some of their comments:

TO my way of thinking, there is never lack of adventure, and there is never stagnation in a home with children.

This husband complains about these things, but does he look at them in the right perspective?

What greater adventure than to find, with and through children, all the wonders of the world? A child, and you with him, can be more enchanted with a dewy spider-web in a backyard than viewing the sights of Rome.

Stagnation? The little boy from yesterday is suddenly a young man, the little girl a teenager; a new generation is developing under your care in your home, and you call it stagnation?

My parents were well off, and I travelled a lot. I found it exciting, of course, but I can assure you that it doesn't in any way measure up to the excitement and achievement of being part of a happy home and marriage.

When my husband and I have all the children together for a barbecue, for instance, I often wish time would "stagnate," so that I could hold on to all this happiness.

—**"EXCITING MARRIAGE," QLD.**

TO be truly happy, a husband and wife should be thoroughly suited; successful and prosperous with no financial worries; wholly satisfied, contented, and constantly full of joy and delight; and in good health.

All this leaves no room for doubt, jealousy, fear, selfishness, or disagreement in the slightest degree. For these reasons, I agree that a truly happy marriage isn't possible.

You see, a successful marriage is not necessarily a truly happy one, even though it does contain a degree of satisfaction and contentment for the marriage partners.

My wife and I celebrate our golden wedding anniversary next year, but that only indicates that we have been resourceful in bridging the troubles and difficulties, and sharing the joys and heartaches of 49 years.

—**"LET'S BE HONEST," VIC.**

IF the writer had been a woman, he'd immediately have been labelled as having "the housewife blues." As he's a man, we'll have to call it a fit of the "husbandly glums."

It seems to me the question is not so much: "Is a happy marriage possible?" but "Is there a person who is truly happy all the time anywhere in the world?"

Considering the perverseness of human nature, I seriously doubt it. We can all probably claim moments of true happiness, perfect bliss, and utter thankfulness, just as we've all experienced sorrow, anger, suspense, and despair.

I feel the writer and his wife DO have a really happy marriage and that being married isn't the reason for the period of stagnation they're feeling at present.

Until now they've had a goal—educating and raising their children. This is now completed, leaving a void which needs refilling with new hobbies, etc.

If they realise the cure of boredom lies right in their own hands, they'll easily cope (and possibly surprise themselves) by living happily ever after!

—**"GET GOING," QLD.**

WHAT a pleasure it was to read the sensible and honest appraisal of marriage in the article "Is a happy marriage possible?"

Whether married or single, brilliant or dumb, handsome or horse-faced, no human being ever achieves a state of perfect happiness.

Unfortunately, so many films, books, songs, etc., concentrate on brainwashing young people into the belief that marriage will inevitably provide this Utopian climate.

Unless they have a talent for self-denial, self-control, and martyrdom, people would do themselves a favor by staying outside the married circle.

I'm really delighted to find someone admitting the strains and sacrifices that are needed to support the superficial sign that says "Happy Marriage."

—**"IN ALL HONESTY," N.S.W.**

HOW sad that this husband, having achieved all he set out to do, finds the victory hollow.

He and his wife have worked and have done without in striving to produce the ideally happy home, the perfect children. And now he has done that, he complains there has been no adventure! Obviously his trouble lies in having been too lucky all along the line.

If he'd had a larger family, a greater effort to make ends meet, and some real hurdles and handicaps to overcome, then the excitement and richly rewarding satisfaction would not be missing now.

Secondly, he and his wife have made a grave error in devoting themselves to their children. In a truly happy marriage, the children must remain secondary, for they are the fledglings who will learn to fly.

But it is not too late. This husband can relax a little and start adventuring now if he lets his standards slip a bit and stops worrying about the Joneses.

He can get to know his wife again as a person, and together they can start enjoying some of the outings and interests they've never been able to manage because they clashed with the children's interests.

Yes, the old magic CAN last a lifetime. I know from 16 years' experience of better and worse.

—**"RISTO," QLD.**

YOUR reader, who says he's convinced there's no such thing as a truly happy marriage, is looking at marriage as though it were something separate from life.

He has had 20 years of wedded living; and who could expect to be happy for the whole of that time?

He should take a look at what might have been.

He could have had 20 years of loneliness and emptiness if he'd stayed single. He could have had 20 years of constant strain, even tragedy, if he'd picked an unsuitable marriage partner. Or he could have had 20 years of disappointment and guilt if he hadn't worked hard at making a success of family life.

These three alternatives would have spelt unhappiness. He has found the opposite, but doesn't seem to have the sense to admit it.

—**J. COLE, N.S.W.**

MY advice to the unhappy husband is to grow up and wake up.

He wants perfection, and there's no such animal! Mortal man is not perfect, and how dull he'd be if he were.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning wrote: "I love thee to the depth and breadth and height . . ."

And this is a telling statement, for without the depths there can be no heights, without the shadows no sunlight, without the striving and self-denial, the loving and sometimes even the hating, there can be no true happiness.

Count your blessings, husband, as I count mine. But, then, of course, I'm not a man—just a mere woman who, like thousands of others, defines perfection in the married state as simply the happiness and health of our loved ones.

And I will be married 21 years this year!

—**J. DAWES, N.S.W.**

It's crazy to pay more!



because whatever you pay you can't buy better than

Judith Aden



CRYSTAL CLEAR
HAIR SET SPRAY
FIRMSET or
SUPERSOFT

only

6 1/2

LARGE
6OZ SIZE

Of course you want the best hairspray — and this is it! Crystal clear, containing lanolin and a delightful new perfume, specially imported, Judith Aden hairspray is definitely the best you can buy—and you save shillings every time you buy it. Try Judith Aden today . . . you'll agree it's crazy to pay more.

Throughout Australia at

WOOLWORTHS
Variety Stores and Supermarkets



This side: 11 decorating ideas.



This side: 66 of the 394 colours in the 'Spring' range.

Together, they're the new 'Spring' colour card, showing the flat plastic wall colours for '65. Don't go past a DULUX dealer without picking one up. Even if you don't intend painting at the moment, it's the kind of colour card that might just tempt you. To help you we've selected 66 of the most fashionable colours for the colour card, from the range of 394. Ask your DULUX Dealer to show you the complete range. Every 'Spring' colour matches up with a DULUX Super Satin semi-gloss enamel colour. Try painting doors and trims in same colours as the walls.

'Spring' is every bit as easy to put on as other inside paints and with a little care it doesn't drip. It has no painty smell. Best of all, two coats of 'Spring' are equal to three of the next best brand. That's why it's called the coat-and-a-half in one. Now, how do you get him started? First, pick up that free 'Spring' colour card from a DULUX dealer, then keep asking exactly which colour he likes. This one? Or this one? Or this one? Pretty soon, he'll get the point.



AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

● I wonder why it is that other people's shopping centres always seem so much more attractive than our own. I suppose it's the same old business of the grass always looking greener on the other side of the fence.

I HAVE just spent a long (long, long, long) day browsing round an absolutely strange shopping centre and its surrounding parks and gardens and streets, and I've decided it's a much better place to shop in (and probably a much better place to kill time in) than my own suburb.

Strange suburbs always affect me this way. Strange cities have an even more powerful effect. Everything looks dazzlingly new and bright and attractive—and cheap.

I don't suppose things really are any brighter or cheaper, but it's just that you're wider awake and taking more notice in a new place.

In your own suburb you tend to shoot into a shop and make a rush purchase of whatever you came in to get, without casting a glance at new stock and side tables.

My day out began with a dull mechanical thud at 9.15 in the morning in a distant suburb where I'd gone to pick up a couple of cardboard cartons of things someone's kind grandmother had made for a school market day.

The car, it seemed, had had a complete nervous and physical breakdown. The only thing I can say in its favor is that it had the decency to do it outside a garage.

The mechanic had a long look at it from above and from underneath, and I gained the distinct impression that he thought only some sort of miracle had brought it as far as it had got. Then he indulged in a long stream of that mechanical double-talk garagemen always use when dealing with a woman who hasn't got very much clue about what happens under the bonnet.

The upshot of it all was that it wasn't going to be particularly expensive and that it would be finished by 4 o'clock.

The change proved as good as a holiday . . .

THE suburb was a fair way from home as the crow flies, and an almost infinite journey by non-connecting public transport.

I thought about the breakfast washing-up that I'd left, and the housework, and the shopping, and the ironing. I thought about a taxi. I thought about how popular I'd be if I rang Hugh and said, "You'll have to go out to Woop Woop after work and pick up the car."

I calculated how much time I'd have at home if I went there by a roundabout series of trains and buses and then had to get back again to pick up the car at four.

Then I decided it was all too complicated and that heaven had intended me to disappear from the map for a day and have the time to myself.

So I bought a paper and had two leisurely cups of coffee and then set out on a tour of the shopping centre.

The hardware shop entertained me for three-quarters of an hour. I expect the assistants thought I was either a nut or that I was going to place an enormous order.

I bought two plastic pot-cleaners for the price of one (a "special" that is no doubt on sale in my suburb, too) and a flexible spatula which will be invaluable for turning things in the frying-pan if one of the males of the household doesn't steal it for scraping off putty or paint.

Next I bought Mike some much-needed socks at a menswear shop, where I was amused by the brand-new coir mat at the entrance. It had two pitch-black imprints of bare feet going into the shop and two black prints of well-shod feet coming out.

The girl who served me surprised me by saying, "I haven't seen you in here before."

"No, I haven't shopped here before," I said.

"Are you on holidays?"

"Yes," I said. I didn't tell her how brief my vacation was, but by now I was really getting the holiday spirit.

Next I found a produce store (something we haven't got), and after a long talk about the drought and the price of fodder I bought a pound of bran (sixpence). This, I felt, made the day practically worth while! Our dog is now too old to be bathed in winter, and for weeks I've been cleaning him with talcum powder and TALKING about getting some bran so that I can do the job properly.

Next I decided to get something to feed the inner dog, and spent a long time at the pet shop looking at the guinea-pigs, and the rabbits, and the birds.

I don't much like the idea of cage-birds. I always feel that if I had one I'd have an overpowering impulse to open the cage and let it go—which would certainly be a stupid thing to do, as it wouldn't be likely to survive for long. All the same, I was very taken by something I hadn't seen before—red canaries.

They're not red really but a beautiful apricot-orange, like the yolk of a cooked duck's egg. They used to be very rare and cost £20 a pair; now they're about 30/- each.

I bought, instead, 5lb. of meat for the dog and the cats.

The man at the delicatessen where I got sausages counted out my change in dollars and cents. "Are you practising?" I asked. "Somebody better," he said. "Customers won't know if they're Arthur or Martha."

The afternoon I spent walking miles, looking at houses and gardens, and wandering round the nursery, where I bought an African violet (which will surely die — mine

always do) to salve my conscience for lingering there.

When Hugh got home he asked what sort of a day I'd had. "Pretty dull," I said, not too truthfully. "I've spent all day waiting for the car to be mended."

"Amazing the way that car always goes bung when you're driving it," Hugh said. I received this coldly. "The mechanic thinks it's ready for the scrapheap," I said.

"Him and me both," Hugh said glumly, and went off to peer under the bonnet to see what had been done. All the same, I'd had a delightful day—so far removed from my usual routine that it really was a holiday.

Problem skin?

New treatment keeps skin clear & healthy



ASK YOUR CHEMIST ABOUT THE NEW

*Gamophen 2-Step Plan



* REGD. TRADE MARK

STEP 1: Gamophen Soap with Hexachlorophene cleans deep down in the pores of the skin—fights the three external causes of blemishes: dirt, excess oil and surface bacteria.

STEP 2: New Gamophen Skin Cream regularly applied after washing with Gamophen Soap gives prolonged protection. Gamophen Skin Cream is non-greasy, rubs right into the pores, leaves a long-lasting barrier against bacteria.

Make the Gamophen 2-Step Plan a daily habit. The continued use of these two products helps guard against the return of blemishes.

Johnson & Johnson

Now! Sprinkle out wrinkles in a twink with the General Electric Spray ^{STEAM} ^{'N' DRY} Iron



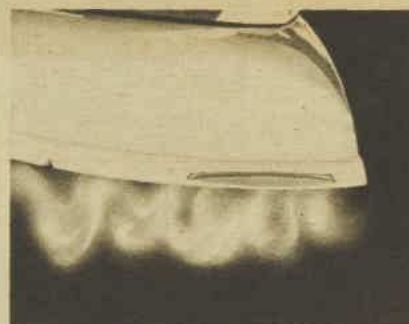
CONTOURED HANDLE
MAKES IRONING
LESS TIRING

It's ...
the one with
the water
window

Spray, Steam and Dry ... ends all your ironing problems



Sprinkles without spotting — Australia's only automatic spray iron — sprays a continuous warm mist to melt away wrinkles.



Stems without spurting — Constant Steam Flow — a G-E exclusive — eliminates spurting, gives deeper penetration than you've ever known.

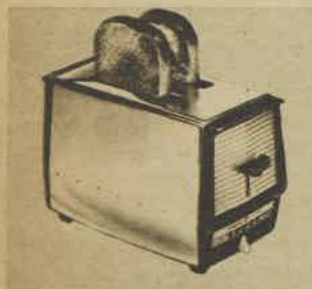


Does wash & wear without scorching — Special settings allow you to dial the correct gentle heat for the new, more delicate fabrics.



Tells when to add water — without shaking. No fear of running out of water — no need for constant shaking — you simply 'tilt and tell'.

GENERAL ELECTRIC ... finest appliances in a woman's world
AUSTRALIA



G-E Automatic Toaster, 1965 styling. Toasts exactly to your taste. Pops up audibly to tell you toast is done.



G-E Jumbo-bag Vacuum Cleaner. Biggest capacity for fewer emptyings — Australia's most powerful cleaner.



G-E Portable Mixer. More powerful than many stand mixers. Drink Whisk included. Knife Sharpener optional.



G-E Automatic Coffeemaker. Exclusive 'Peek-a-brew' gauge counts the cups. Switches off, keeps hot, automatically.



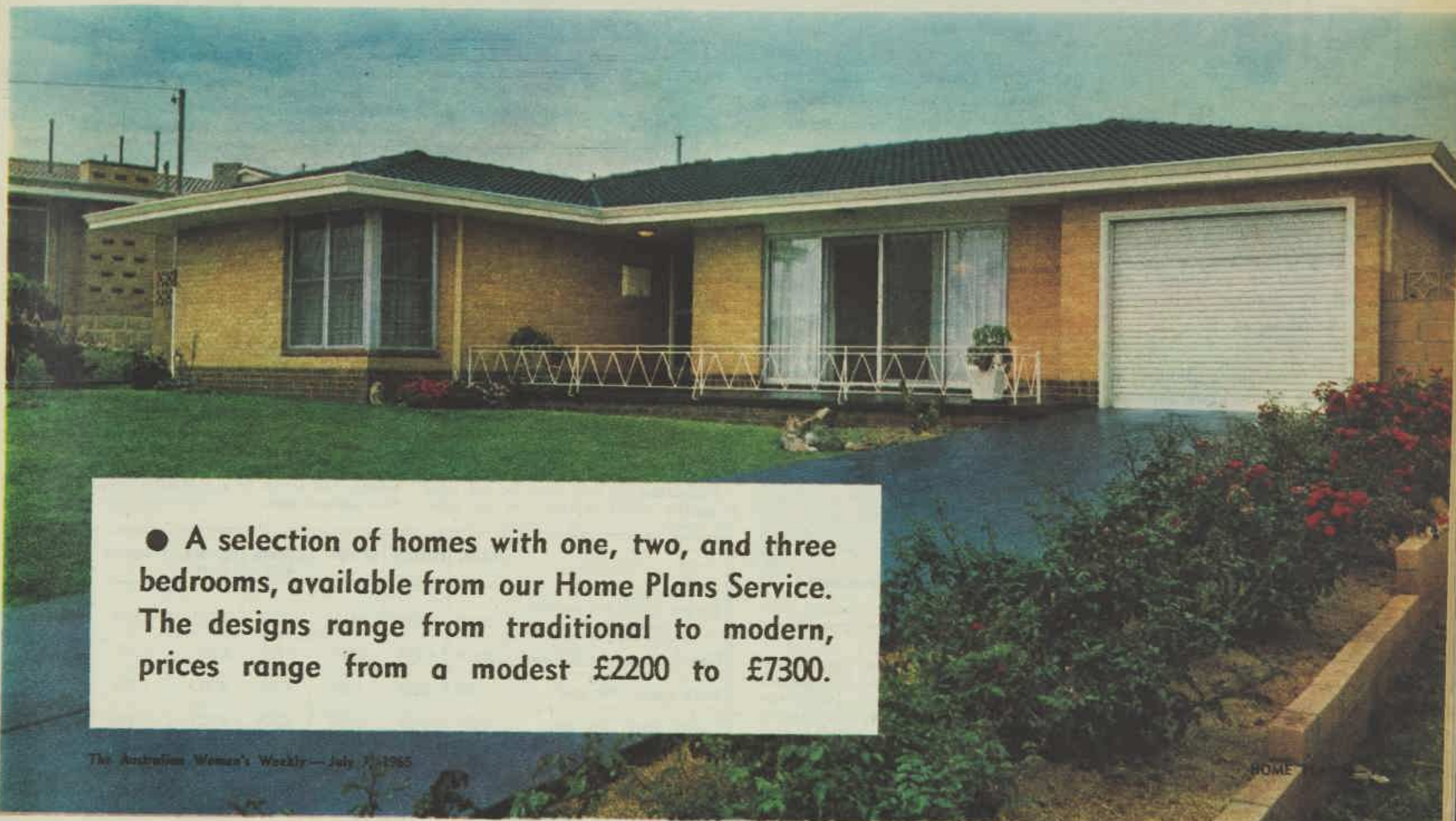
G-E 'Walk 'n' Talk' Hairdryer — Walk in it — it goes with you. Talk in it — it's whisper quiet. Superb carrying case.

MANUFACTURING PLANT: AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC (APPLIANCES) PTY. LTD. NOTTING HILL, VICTORIA.

A.G.E.391W.W.

The Australian
**WOMEN'S
WEEKLY**
presents . . .

68 HOME PLANS



● A selection of homes with one, two, and three bedrooms, available from our Home Plans Service. The designs range from traditional to modern, prices range from a modest £2200 to £7300.

The Australian Women's Weekly—July 7, 1965

HOME



234 (on cover) — Three-bedroom home was built for Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Richardson, at City Beach, W.A., for approx. £5500 (including garage, patios). H. M. Henderson and Sons built the brick house of 14 squares from plans supplied by our Home Plans Service. Long garage and covered rear patio are useful as a children's play area and for outdoor entertaining.

THE Australian Women's Weekly Home Plans Service

provides a large range of architect-designed houses to suit all budgets. As building regulations vary in some States, our service is organised so that head office in Sydney handles plans for N.S.W., Victoria, South Australia, and Tasmania, with branch offices to serve the needs of the home-builder in Perth and Brisbane.

Alterations to a standard plan can be arranged for an extra fee. Clients requiring this service should write direct to head office, stating full particulars, or visit the Perth or Brisbane office. A quotation for the extra costs involved will be given before the work is undertaken.

For further details read the coupon in this week's issue of "The Australian Women's Weekly."

How much will it cost?

● This is the most important question the intending home builder asks, because the design of a house will depend to a great extent on how much there is to spend. Below is a guide to help you estimate building costs.

IN Australia the "squaring" method of estimating housing costs is used. It is a guide only, and depends for its accuracy on many factors.

A "square" in building terms is 100 sq. ft. of floor plan area, including the thickness of walls (this last fact is often overlooked by laymen, who merely add up internal room sizes to obtain the total "squares" in the building).

A basic factor in the higher cost of brick construction compared with timber frame is the increased area of the building due to external walls being 11in. or 10in. (brick veneer) thick, as against 4in. with timber frame. Apart from the cost of materials involved, a brick veneer house of average family proportions is about one square larger than one of timber frame.

Experience with finished costs of various types of construction enables experts to arrive at a cost per square which will be a valuable guide to costs. Obviously it is most important to know the standard of finish involved, the nature of the site, availability of services, and prime cost items (baths, sinks, hot water systems, etc.) included in the basic figure.

Items and finish covered

Generally a level site is assumed, with about 2ft. of brickwork from ground level to floor level.

In Australia building costs vary a great deal between States, making it impossible to generalise in a national publication. The chart at right shows approximate costs per square for medium finish in each State, when this booklet went to press.

These figures include prime cost items for about £350, provision of approximately 35 light and power outlets, internal plumbing in capillary copper piping, polished wood floors, separate W.C. compartment, and tiled bathroom. (The latter normally has a shower tiled to 6ft. high, with 5ft.-high tiling elsewhere.)

They also allow for built-in wardrobes costing approximately £180.

Kitchen joinery and laminated veneer surfaces to the benchtops are included at approximately £175.

The figures do not cover an open fireplace, which is worth from £200 to £300 complete. Paving and fencing are also excluded since they vary so much from job to job. Carports, garages, and roofed terraces are excluded unless otherwise stated.

Many other factors must be considered.

Site levels. One course of brickwork round the average 13-square brick veneer or timber house is worth about £20 — and this only raises the work about 3½in. each course.

Foundation. If rock must be cut there is usually added expense. On the other

hand the existence of solid rock of reasonable gradient could save about £100 by avoiding the use of reinforced concrete footings.

Ceiling height. In a brick veneer house of 14 squares the difference between an 8ft. and a 9ft. ceiling height is about £180.

Special specification items. These include insulated walls, aluminium doors and windows, flyscreens, certain types of face brick, extra shower and toilet facilities, extract fans, roofed terraces, etc.

Accurate costing

After reaching an estimate on the "squaring" basis the only reliable way to obtain accurate costs is by calling tenders.

It is normal to obtain three or four tenders for work costing up to £10,000, and tenders should be sought from contractors who provide similar standards of finish. Each tenderer should be provided with the same plan and specification.

After receiving tenders the building owner normally negotiates with the lowest tenderer to arrive at a mutually acceptable contract sum.

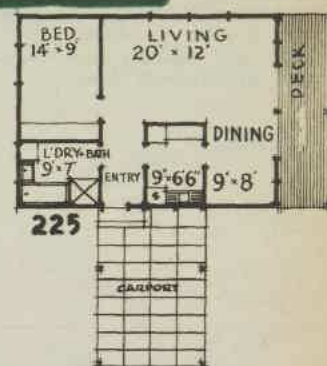
	N.S.W.	Victoria	Q'land	South Aust.	Western Aust.	Tasmania
Timber frame and weather-board, tile roof	£390	£330	£350	£270	£285	£335
Concrete masonry, tile roof	£410	£340	£365	£290	£325	£365
Brick veneer, tile roof	£430	£360	£410	£280	£315	£390
Cavity brick, tile roof	£460	£450	£480	£300	£325	£430



335 — Brick house for a narrow 45ft. block was built by L. Palmano for Mr. and Mrs. L. Leis at a Sydney beach-side suburb, at a contract price of £4800. The plan was supplied by our Home Plans Service. The three-bedroom home is 12.25 squares (including garage). See page 2 for cost in other States, other materials.



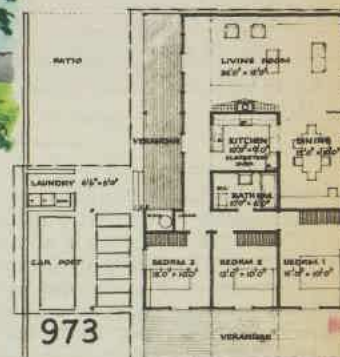
225 — Timber: 6.6 squares; £2200-£2700. Brick veneer: 7.15 squares; £2700-£3100. Compact, one-bedroom home with sleeping accommodation for two people. Bathroom and laundry are combined. Large living-dining area opens on to sun-deck. An extension of the roof provides a carport outside the main entrance.



526 — Timber: 13 squares; £4800-£5400. Brick veneer: 14.25 squares; £5700-£6200. Designed for a sloping site, this house can be entered from either side so it is adaptable to variety of site conditions regarding sun, views, and access. Internal stair gives direct access from carport to house. There are three bedrooms. Large laundry beside entrance stairs could serve as sewing room.

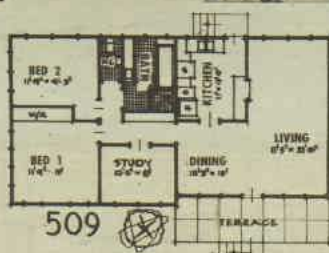


973 — Timber: 12.5 squares; £4400-£4900. Brick veneer: 13 squares; £5100-£5600. This plan is designed for a secluded block with no view. There are three bedrooms, two wide verandas. Bathroom and kitchen, in the centre of the house, have skylights for extra light.

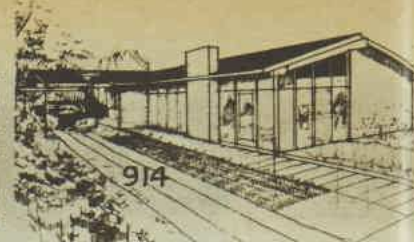
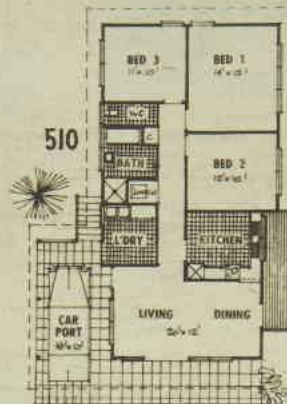




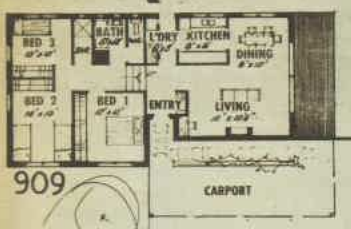
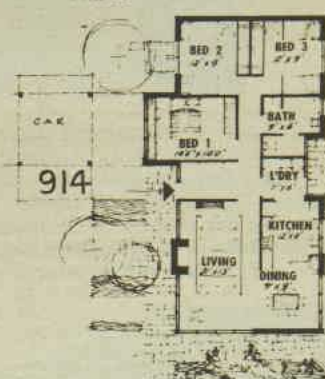
509—Timber: 9.9 squares; £3900-£4500. Brick veneer: 10.6 squares; £4600-£5100. Plan for a site with sun on one side, view on the other. Long living-dining area runs entire breadth of house. Garage and laundry are placed at basement level.



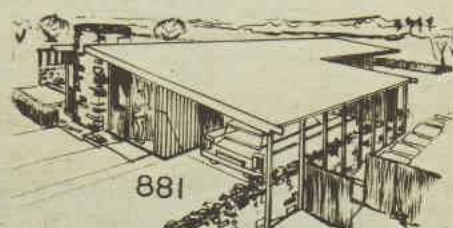
510—Timber: 10.2 squares; £3500 - £4000. Brick veneer: 11 squares; £4600 - £5200. Economically planned house could be extended in the future. A small sundeck off kitchen and dining area is large enough for outdoor meals. There are three large bedrooms.



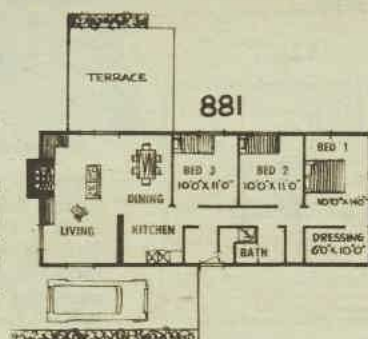
914—Timber: 11.5 squares; £3900-£4500. Brick veneer: 12.5 squares; £5100-£5600. Three-bedroom home has floor-to-ceiling windows in the living-room, and trench windows open on to paved terrace. Utility areas are adjacent to reduce costs.



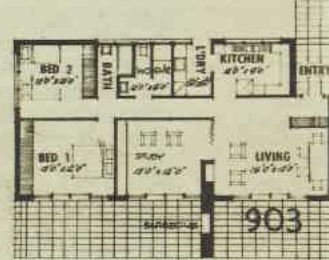
909—Timber: 10.9 squares; £4250-£4750. Brick veneer: 11.75 squares; £4700-£5200. House for a site with a 40ft. or 62ft. frontage, depending on orientation. It is designed on two levels — three bedrooms and bathroom on the upper level, kitchen and living-dining area on the lower.



881—First Stage: Timber: 8 squares; £3150 - £3550. Brick veneer: 8.85 squares; £3850-£4350. Small holiday home which could be constructed with two bedrooms, the third bedroom and dressing-room added at a later stage. Serving bar separates the kitchen from spacious living-dining area.



903—Timber: 11.7 squares; £4100 - £4600. Brick veneer: 12.5 squares; £4900 - £5400. Two - bedroom house (study could be third bedroom) with terraces at front or back, depending on orientation. Separate bath, toilet, shower.

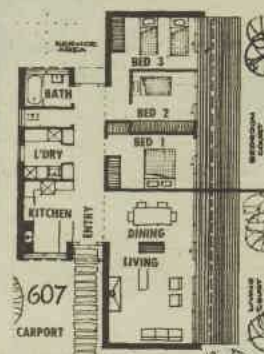




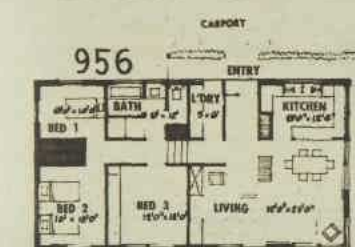
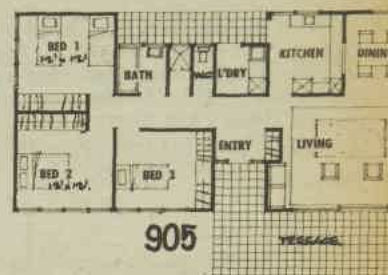
901—Timber: 10.5 squares; £3500-£4000. Brick: 11.3 squares; £4550-£5150. Two-bedroom house planned round courtyard. Patios, verandas, and courtyard ensure privacy on a site overlooked by other houses. A gallery divides the living and sleeping wings.



607 — Timber: 11.5 squares; £3900 - £4400. Brick veneer: 12 squares; £5200 - £5700. Compact home for suburban block or holiday home is in three sections — service wing, living-dining wing, and sleeping wing. Two private terraces lead off living-dining and bedroom wings.



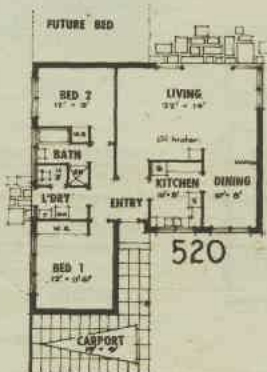
905 — Timber: 11.8 squares; £4200-£4700. Brick veneer: 12.5 squares; £5100-£5600. Rectangular design for three-bedroom house with low-pitched gable roof extending to form wide, overhanging eaves shading the large windows.



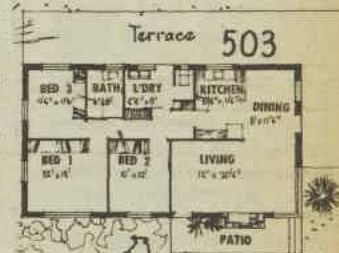
956—Timber: 11.6 squares; £4000-£4500. Brick veneer: 12.3 squares; £5000-£5600. Split-level house for a slightly sloping site. One half of rectangular plan contains living area, kitchen, and laundry, the other, three bedrooms and bathroom.



520—Timber: 11 squares; £4300-£4800. Brick veneer: 11.8 squares; £4750-£5250. Two-bedroom home with provision for a future third bedroom. Carport and entry are connected by a covered way. Bathroom, toilet are separate.

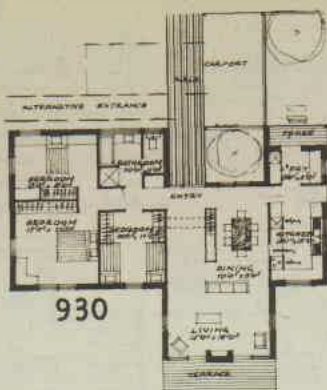


503—Timber: 10.8 squares; £3700-£4200. Brick veneer: 11.6 squares; £4700-£5200. Three-bedroom home is suited to a regularly shaped site with a northerly aspect to the rear of the block to get maximum use from the rear terrace. The living-dining area could be divided if desired.

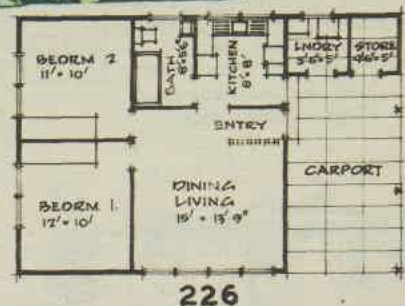




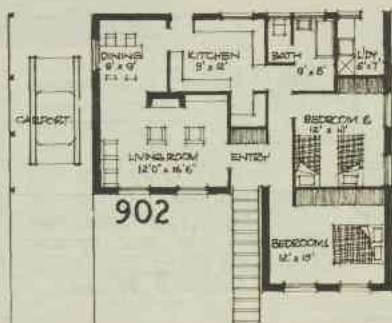
930—Three-bedroom brick home of 12.6 squares was built for Mr. S. Ford at Marino, S.A., by Ian Wood Homes Ltd., for approx. £4250. The plan was supplied by our Home Plans Service. To estimate cost in other States and other materials, see page 2.



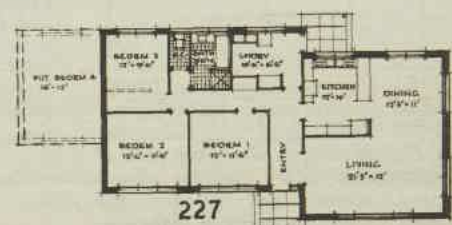
226—Timber: 6.6 squares; £2200-£2700. Brick veneer: 7.4 squares; £2800-£3200. Small, flat-roofed design with two bedrooms. Roof extension provides carport. A small storage or work shed and a laundry have access from the carport. Laundry also has direct access to back garden. Both bedrooms have built-ins.



902—Timber: 10.2 squares; £3500-£4000. Brick veneer: 11 squares; £4300-£4800. Two-bedroom home for 60ft.-wide site, or angled to suit 50ft.-wide block. Large kitchen has a walk-in pantry. Dining-living areas are combined but could be partitioned off if desired. Laundry has direct access to back garden. Roof extension provides carport at side of house.



227 — Timber: 12.75 squares; £4500-£5000. Brick veneer: 13.9 squares; £5500-£6000. Three-bedroom family home with provision for a future fourth bedroom. Bathroom and toilet are separate, large laundry has direct access to backyard. Servery divides kitchen and dining area.





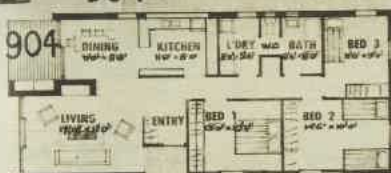
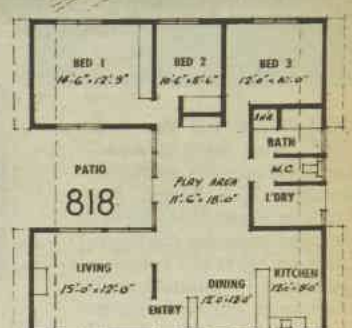
506—Timber: 13.85 squares; £5100-£5600. Brick veneer: 14.7 squares; £5650-£6150. House with patios on two sides is suited to a corner site with a view. Large family room is separated from living and dining areas by a glass and brick screen. Kitchen and dining area look out on to a side patio.



517—Timber: 13.75 squares; £5050-£5550. Brick veneer: 14.6 squares; £5600-£6200. Three-bedroom family home has covered veranda at rear off kitchen, family room, and laundry. Separate entry from veranda could be made to bedrooms 2 and 3. Bathroom and toilet are separate.



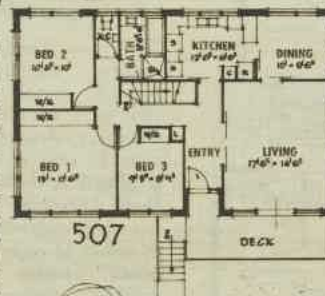
818—Timber: 11.5 squares; £3900-£4400. Brick veneer: 12.4 squares; £5050-£5550. Three-bedroom house built round a terrace on a narrow 50ft. block. Main entry can be as shown or from terrace.



904—Timber: 11.6 squares; £4000-£4500. Brick veneer: 12.7 squares; £5200-£5800. Three-bedroom home has outdoor living area with built-in barbecue designed as an extension of living-room fireplace. Terrace is close to kitchen and dining area for easy outdoor entertaining.



507—Timber: 12.8 squares; £4500-£5000. Brick veneer: 13.5 squares; £5350-£5950. Design can be adapted to land almost any size, and could be enlarged to become a two-storey home. Internal stairway leads down to basement laundry and garage where other rooms could be located. There are three bedrooms.

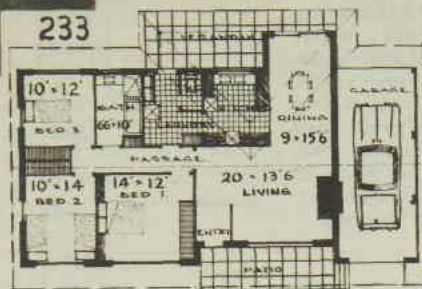


501—Timber: 10.8 squares; £3700 - £4200. Brick: 11.6 squares; £4700-£5200. Compact, three-bedroom home. Laundry and bathroom are combined for economy, but separate laundry and carport could be located beside bedrooms 2 and 3. Living-room opens to sheltered sundeck.

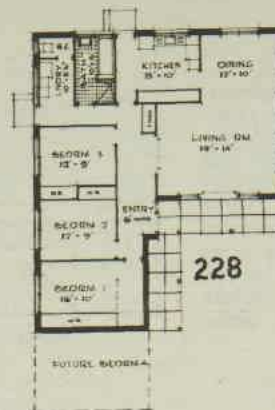




233 — Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Ford's brick home at Woodlands, W.A., was built by Peverett and Tilston Pty. Ltd. Our Home Plans Service supplied plans for the three-bedroom house of 13 squares (garage 3.15 squares), built for approx. £4800. See page 2 for costs in other States and other materials.



228 — Timber: 12.75 squares; £4500-£5000. Brick veneer: 13.5 squares; £5300-£5800. Three-bedroom home with provision for a future fourth bedroom. Large living-room opens on to a sheltered veranda. Laundry, toilet, bathroom, and kitchen are adjacent to reduce plumbing costs. Each bedroom has built-ins.



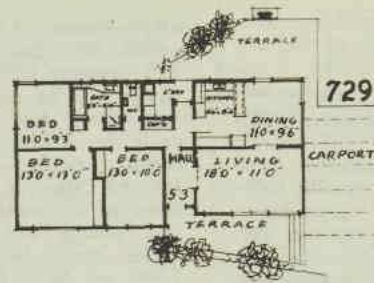
330 — View from rear of R. H. Ferguson's brick home, 13 squares, at a north-side. The three-bedroom home plans drawn by our Home Plans Service by R. D. & A. J. Phillips, price of £6250. To estimate costs in other States and other materials.



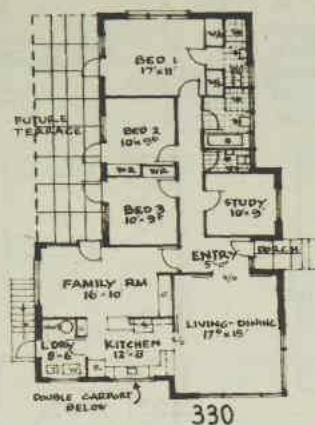
232 — Timber: 13.1 squares; £4800-£5450. Brick veneer: 15 squares; £5950-£6600. Mr. and Mrs. M. T. Carter's three-bedroom home in East Bentleigh, Vic., was built by N. T. Leahy Pty. Ltd. from plans supplied by our Home Plans Service. Garage could be located at the side of the house as shown, or as a carport and front entrance combined.



729 — Timber: 12 squares; £4300-£4700. Brick veneer: 12.9 squares; £5100-£5600. Compact, rectangular plan to suit a flat or sloping block. There are three bedrooms. Sleeping and living wings are at opposite ends of the house. Servery divides kitchen, dining area.



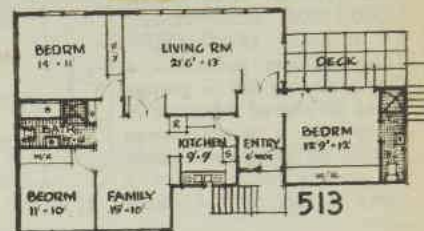
231 — Three-bedroom brick home (above) built in Brisbane suburb of Indooroopilly for W. F. Shenton by Neil Duncalfe. The square home cost £4 Living-room opens on a veranda. To estimate costs in other States and other materials, see page



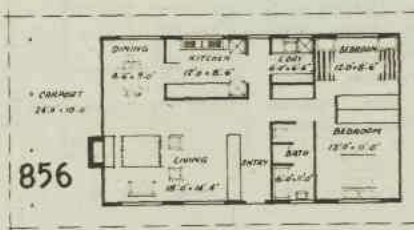
519 — Timber: 11.8 squares; £4200-£4700. Brick veneer: 12.5 squares; £5100-£5600. Perspective (above) shows front and back sheltered verandas off living-dining area. There are three large bedrooms. Bathroom and toilet are separate. Sliding glass doors open from living-room to front veranda.



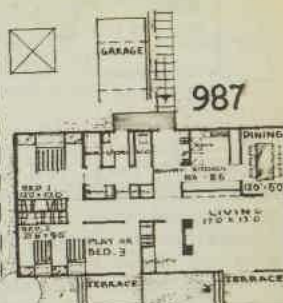
513 — Timber: 12.75 squares; £4600-£5100. Brick veneer: 13.6 squares; £5400-£5900. Three-bedroom home with family room off kitchen, private shower room off the main bedroom, and carport and laundry below. Stairway from the main entry is protected by wide roof overhang.



856 — Timber: 10.5 squares; £3600-£4100. Brick veneer: 11.25 squares; £4400-£4900. Two-bedroom house with roof extending to provide carport. Second bedroom accommodates two beds. Living-dining areas are combined. Both bedrooms have built-in wardrobes.

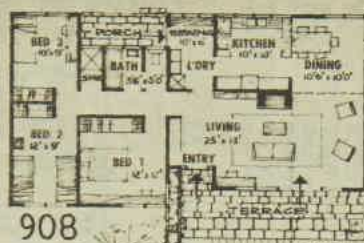


987 — Timber: 12.5 squares; £4600-£5100. Brick veneer: 13.25 squares; £5300-£5900. Compact, rectangular design for a site with a northerly aspect to the rear of block. Second bedroom opens into playroom which could become third bedroom. Bathroom, toilet are separate.

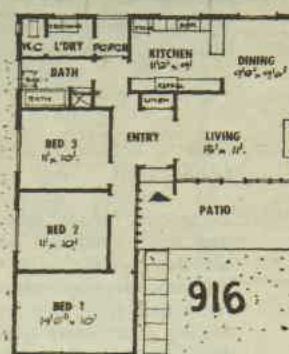




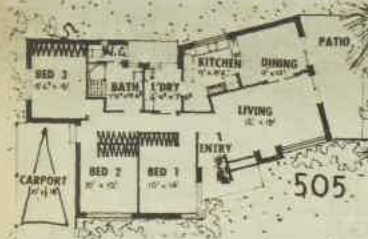
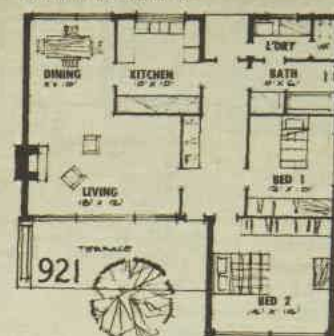
908—Timber: 12.2 squares; £4500-£5000. Brick veneer: 13 squares; £5200-£5800. Three-bedroom house for a flat or sloping site — garage could be placed adjacent to living-room or at rear. Large terrace off living-room would be perfect for a site with views to the front of house.



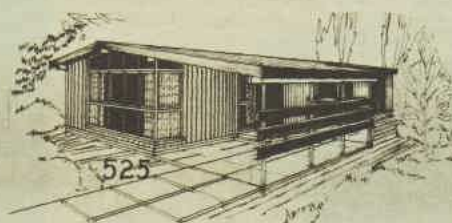
916 — Timber: 10.8 squares; £3650-£4150. Brick veneer: 11.5 squares; £4700-£5200. Large family home in small area, suited to 50ft. or wider block, depending on orientation. Wide, overhanging eaves shade windows, rafters extend over front terrace to form a pergola.



921—Timber: 9.25 squares; £3100-£3600. Brick veneer: 10.2 squares; £4400-£4900. Two-bedroom, L-shaped home for a small suburban block. Glass wall of living-room overlooks a terrace. The toilet and bathroom are separate.



505 — Timber: 12.3 squares; £4550-£5050. Brick: 13.2 squares; £5300-£5900. Three-bedroom plan to suit a block of unusual shape because kitchen, living areas, and patio are angled away from other rooms. Bathroom (with step-down Roman bath) and toilet are separate.



525—Timber: 13 squares; £4800-£5400. Brick veneer: 13.85 squares; £5450-£6050. Three-bedroom home with large living-dining area opening into family room. Living-dining area has exposed beams in ceiling, allowing windows up to roof line.

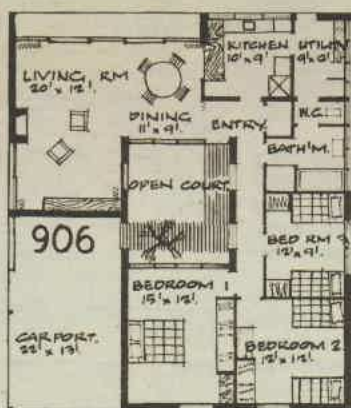


532—Timber: 11.6 squares; £4000-£4500. Brick veneer: 12.5 squares; £5100-£5600. Two-bedroom home with provision for a future third bedroom. Dining- and living-rooms open on to partly roofed terrace. Large laundry-utility area has adequate space for sewing and ironing.

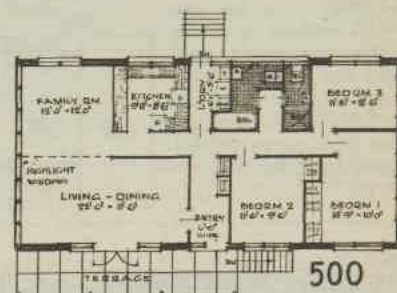




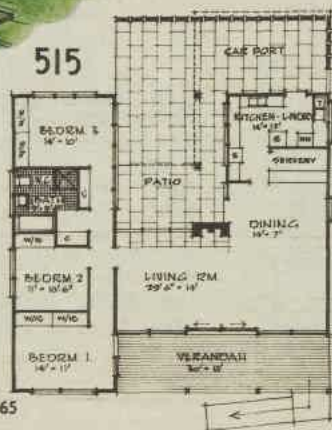
906 — Mr. S. J. South's 13-square brick home at West Beach, S.A., cost £4250. The three-bedroom home, designed by our Home Plans Service, was built by Theil and Van Meerveld. Planned round an inner courtyard, it is ideal for a small suburban block with a view to the rear. (See page 2 for approximate costs in other States.)



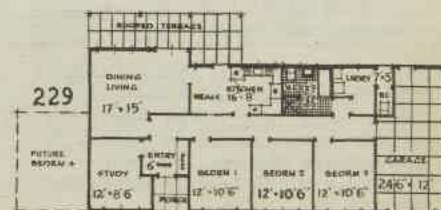
500 — Timber: 12.25 squares; £4500-£5000. Brick: 13 squares; £5200-£5800. Rectangular plan for 60ft. wide site. Garage and workshop area could be located underneath or on same level as house. There are three bedrooms, two bathrooms with a toilet in each. Family room is off the kitchen, terrace off the living area.



515 — Timber: 13.25 squares; £4900-£5500. Brick: 14.3 squares; £5500-£6000. Flat-roofed house with provision for outdoor living areas at the front and rear. Living-room opens on to these areas. Kitchen and laundry could have a dividing partition. Servery divides kitchen and dining areas. Three bedrooms have built-in wardrobes.



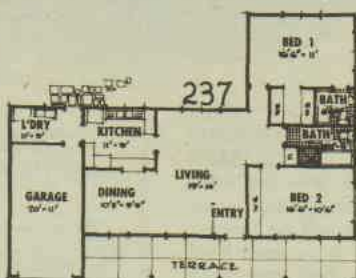
229 — Timber: 16.3 squares (including garage); £5900-£6400. Brick: 17.5 squares (including garage); £7100-£7600. Plan has three bedrooms (a fourth could be added later) and a study. Large kitchen and living-dining area open on to a rear terrace.





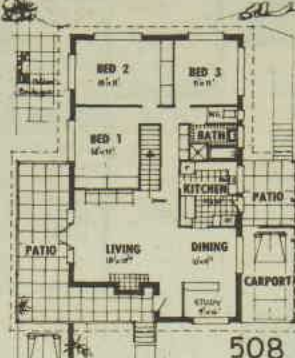
237

237 — Timber: 13.5 squares (including garage); £5200-£5600. Brick veneer: 14.6 squares (including garage); £6300-£6800. Two-bedroom house with sleeping accommodation for four people. Main bedroom has its own bath-room and walk-in wardrobe. Living-dining area and second bedroom look out on to sheltered front terrace.



508

508 — Timber: 12.2 squares; £4500-£5000. Brick veneer: 13.4 squares; £5800-£6300. Compact three-bedroom home has outdoor living areas suited to a site with views. There are three bedrooms, study, two carports. Internal stair leads up from carport and rumpus room.

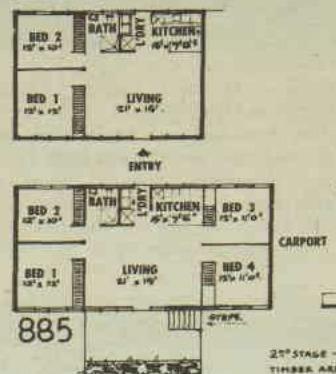


508

885 — First stage: Timber: 8 squares; £3150-£3550. Brick veneer: 8.85 squares; £3850-£4350. Holiday home has two bedrooms — a further two bedrooms and carport can be added later. House has flat roof.



885

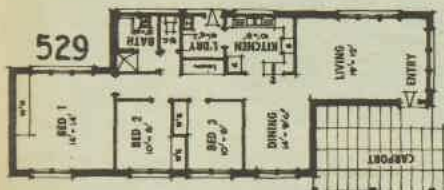


885

2nd STAGE -
TIMBER ARE



529



529

529 — Timber: 11.75 squares; £4100-£4600. Brick veneer: 12.6 squares; £4900-£5400. Suited to a narrow block, this versatile design provides for addition of future fourth bedroom, and could also be adapted to split level for sloping site.



518

518 — Timber: 11.25 squares; £3900-£4400. Brick veneer: 12 squares; £5200-£5800. Plan is ideal for site with sun and view to the rear, as dining- and living-rooms open on to roofed outdoor living areas at the rear. Carport provides a covered way to entrance. There are three bedrooms.

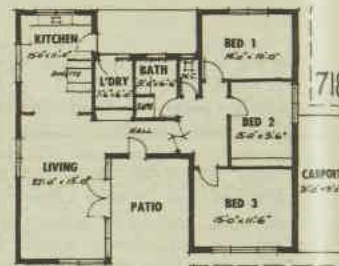


518

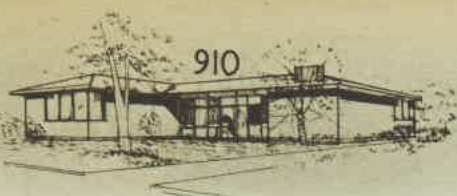


718

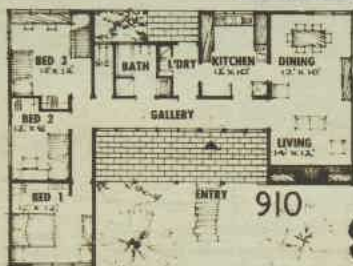
718 — Timber: 12 squares; £4500-£4900. Brick veneer: 13.4 squares; £5900-£6500. H-shaped three-bedroom house with front and rear outdoor living areas. Large lounge-room has windows and doors which open out on to front patio. Entrance hall divides sleeping and living wings of the house.



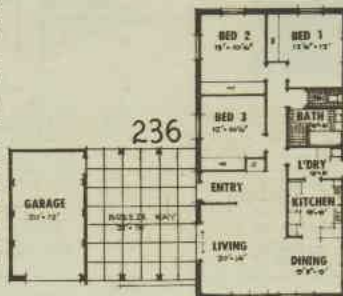
718



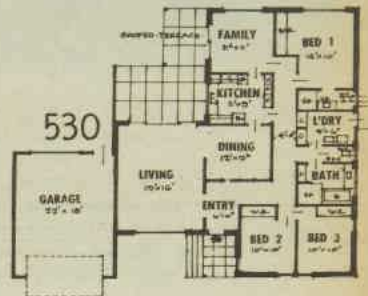
910 — Timber: 13 squares; £4800-£5400. Brick veneer: 14 squares; £5500-£6100. Designed for large site, house has recessed terrace under main house roof which makes an ideal winter living area. Gallery divides sleeping and living wings. There are three bedrooms.



236 — Timber: 11.65 squares (excluding breezeway); £4100-£4600. Brick veneer: 12.5 squares (excluding breezeway); £4900-£5400. Compact three-bedroom home has breezeway connecting garage and house. Entry is from this sheltered area, and living-room opens on to it.



530 — Timber: 14.5 squares; £5660-£6150. Brick veneer: 15.75 squares; £6800-£7300. Large family house with three bedrooms, two bathrooms, and double garage. Living-room and family-room open on to a partly roofed terrace.



819 — Timber: 11.5 squares; £4300-£4800. Brick veneer: 12.4 squares; £5200-£5800. Three-bedroom home with large formal and informal living areas. Bathroom and toilet are separate. Bedrooms 2 and 3 can accommodate two beds each. House would suit a narrow or wide block.



235 — Timber: 14.8 squares; £5750-£6250. Brick veneer: 16 squares; £6750-£7250. Large family home with three bedrooms, spacious living-dining area, and large laundry-utility area. Main bedroom has its own bathroom. Bedrooms 2 and 3 accommodate two beds each.

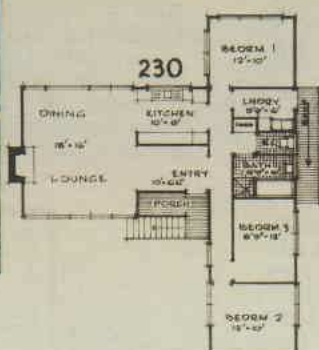


504 — Timber: 13 squares; £4800-£5400. Brick veneer: 13.9 squares; £5400-£6000. Family home with front and back patios, large family-dining room off the kitchen, and three bedrooms with built-in wardrobes. The large tiled laundry (with separate toilet) has access to patio.

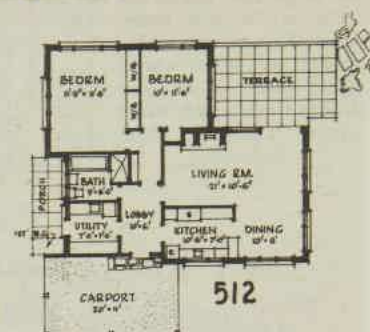




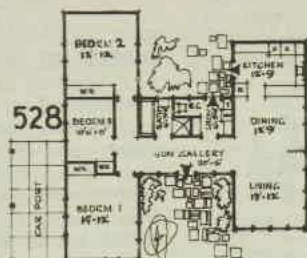
230 — T-shaped, three-bedroom timber house of 11.25 squares built for £4000 for Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Dixon at Kenmore, Brisbane, by N. A. Hoskins, from plans supplied by our Home Plans Service. Lower section of house will be bricked in later. To estimate cost of this house in other States and other materials, see page 2.



512 — Timber: 9.4 squares, £3200-£3700. Brick veneer: 10.25 squares, £4400-£4900. Two-bedroom home with possible sleeping accommodation for four people. A small design, but open planning gives feeling of space. Living-dining area opens on to terrace.



528 — Timber: 11.25 squares, £3900-£4400. Brick veneer: 12.25 squares, £5300-£5800. H-shaped plan providing two protected courtyard areas. Sun gallery containing bathroom, laundry, and toilet divides the sleeping and living wings. Walls overlooking courtyards have large areas of glass so that rooms seem larger. There are three bedrooms.



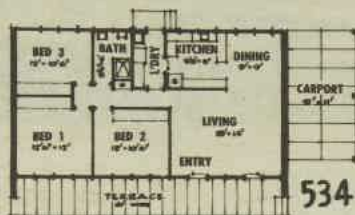
516 — Timber: 13 squares, £4700-£5300. Brick veneer: 13.8 squares, £5400-£6000. Three-level plan for a site with approx. 12ft. (or more) fall on length of house, which is 55ft. Internal staircase from basement entry leads to wing containing three bedrooms, then to upper living-dining level.





534

534 — Timber: 12 squares; £4500-£4900. Brick veneer: 12.8 squares; £5400-£5800. Simple rectangular plan of three bedrooms. Flat roof extends to provide shelter for front terrace and entrance. Sliding glass door opens from living-room to terrace. Bathroom, laundry, and kitchen are adjacent to reduce costs.



534



533

533 — Timber: 11.2 squares (excluding basement); £4600 - £5100. Brick veneer: 12 squares £5400-£5800. Three-bedroom house for a sloping site has garage underneath and an internal stair leading to main level. There is a roofed terrace at the rear leading off kitchen and dining-room.



533



812

812 — Timber: 11.6 squares; £4400-£4900. Brick veneer: 12.4 squares; £5200-£5800. Contemporary home for large family has an extended entrance-cum-play area-cum-living area. Compact open kitchen-dining area could be separated from living area.

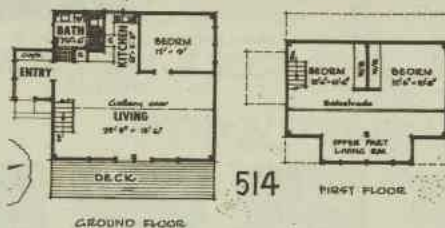


812



514

514 — Timber: 9.6 squares; £3400-£3900. A-frame house with window wall on one side, which has double doors opening on to a deck. There are three bedrooms; laundry and bathroom are combined. Window wall provides vertical wall in major part of living-room, gallery on upper floor overlooks this area.



514

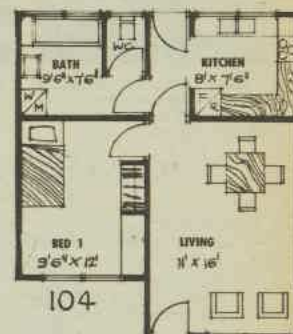
GROUND FLOOR

FIRST FLOOR



104

104D—Timber; 5.5 squares; £2100-£2400. Brick veneer: 6 squares; £2600-£3000. Compact, one bedroom home (plan has been mirror-reversed in perspective drawing to show semi-detached cottages). Living-dining area is combined, bathroom and toilet are separate. Large bathroom has space for washing-machine. Bedroom size could be slightly increased to accommodate two beds if desired.



104

TWO HOLIDAY HOMES

For functional beauty
inside and out—always
choose **MASONITE**

For exterior beauty...
WEATHERTEX
WIDE-LINE WEATHERBOARD

by MASONITE



The "Mater Home" in Brisbane featuring Weathertex Wide-Line Weatherboard.

Here's the new look of elegance in contemporary styling... the long, low-line effect that blends so handsomely with masonry and other building materials. It's the new 12" width that has proved so popular overseas.

As practical as it is beautiful, Weathertex withstands bumps, scrapes and dents — stays new looking years longer. So easy to keep clean, too. Weathertex combines all the natural advantages of wood with none of the disadvantages. And, for

added durability, Weathertex comes primer/undercoated and treated to resist termites. Give your home modern styling, convenience and long life with Weathertex wide-line weatherboard by Masonite.

For interior beauty **CHOOSE FEATURE BOARDS BY MASONITE**

Here are 5 sophisticated feature boards you can use to add personality and variety to interior walls of your home.



TIMBERTONE: The effect of natural wood panelling. 6 rich wood grains, in plain or random grooved styling.



SEADRIFT: Embossed paneling with a sculptured wood-grain effect. 7 subtle colours.



LUSTREBOARD: Ideal for kitchens and bathrooms in a smooth, scrubbable baked satin-finish. 14 sunny colours.



LUSTRTILE: The practicality of Lustreboard with the extra beauty of white-lined grooves. 15 colours.



LEATHERBOARD: So richly grained, with the look and feel of Spanish leather. 5 luxurious colours.

8 beautiful patterned boards you paint yourself

These attractive pattern boards come to you primer/undercoated by the exclusive Masonite Readi-cote process. You paint them any colour you choose.

*Available in N.S.W. and Qld. only.



Pagoda



Seadrift



Weavetex



Ridgeboard



*Harlequin



Leatherboard



Pebblegrain



Fluteboard

For further details of any of these products see your Masonite dealer or write/phone Masonite:



Sydney: 126 Dunning Ave., Rosebery. 67 2221

Melbourne: Simla St., Mitcham. 874 0301

Brisbane: 768 Boundary Rd., Coopers Plains. 47 3033

Cairns: 57 Abbott St. 2673

Adelaide: 222 East Terrace. 23 1500

Perth: 469 Hay St. 21 7690



● Continental porcelain

CAN you give me some information about the two plates I own. They are crudely made of a bluish-grey texture. One has the number 12 on the back; the other has no mark at all.—Mrs. E. Dewe, Harvey, W.A.

These 19th-century plates are French faience—a tin-glazed pottery, hence the bluish-grey texture of the glaze, which covers a cane or creamish pottery body. It is difficult to give an exact date on such wares, as the type of ware was popular throughout the 19th century and was produced in a traditional style. Tin glaze pottery is called Delft in Holland and England—Majolica in Italy.



● John Wesley plate

I WOULD appreciate any information you can give me about a "John Wesley" plate which belonged to my mother. Could you give me its age? On the back of the plate are the words Wesley's Centenary, Rd. No. 168944, C. Challinor and Co. Fenton, England.—Mrs. A. Starrett, Gorokan, N.S.W.

This interesting Wesleyan plate was made during the early part of this century. The design is transfer-printed under the glaze. The registered number which appears on the base indicates that Challinor and Co. registered the design against "piracy" by other potters about 1900.

OUR TRANSFER



GAY motifs for the kitchen are from Embroidery Transfer No. 195. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Price: 1/6 each or 2 for 2/9, plus 5d. postage.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

THE enclosed color slide shows a figurine which has been in our family for three generations. I am curious to know more about this statue, which is hollow moulded, about one-sixteenth of an inch thick throughout, and with what appears to be an identification mark inside near the base. The mark is 3J. I hope you can satisfy our curiosity.—Mrs. G. W. Herkess, Bundaberg, Qld.

Your figurine is Continental porcelain

made about 1880 to 1890. It is probably German made, although similar specimens were produced in Vienna (Austria).

★ ★ ★
CAN you tell me the origin and value of these vases?—Mrs. J. Smyth, Yass, N.S.W.

Your pair of vases (right) are late 19th-century porcelain. They are of German origin in the Dresden style.



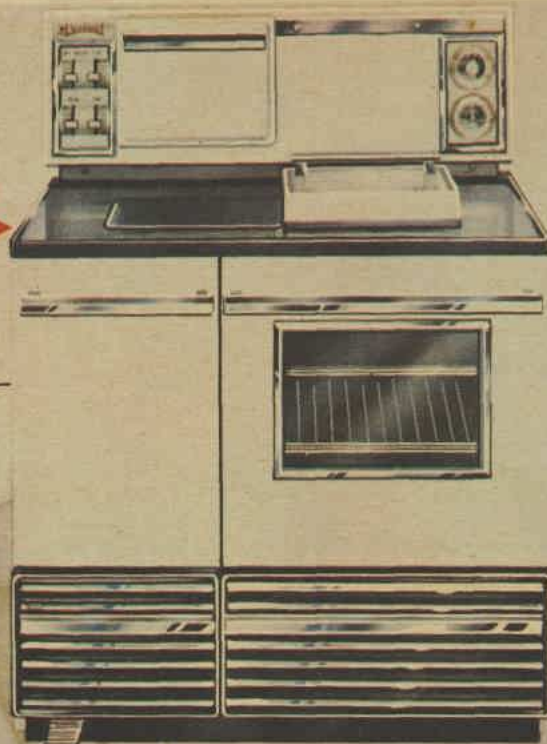
● Porcelain Vases

cooking is
a beautiful experience
with the

EVERHOT

DE LUXE 204

SLOW COMBUSTION RANGE



It looks beautiful! It cooks beautifully! And the Everhot Deluxe 204 gives you all the free hot water you can use—while its low running cost really makes the penny worth something again!

With its elegant styling and many exclusive features, Slow Combustion cooking the Everhot way is as modern as tomorrow. The built-in minute timer—centralised finger-tip control panel—barbecue griller and toaster—picture window oven are just a few of the reasons why this is the finest slow combustion range you can buy. Your nearest Everhot dealer will be only too pleased to tell you about the hundred-and-one others. See him, and Everhot, soon.



EVERHOT ONEFIFTY

Everhot's compact, low cost slow combustion cooker. Packed with more features—more value than any other cooker in its price bracket.

See Everhot now—there's a dealer near you. Or write for full information.

DRAFFIN EVERHOT LIMITED □ MELBOURNE: 43 CITY ROAD, SOUTH MELBOURNE □ SYDNEY: 400 PACIFIC HIGHWAY, LANE COVE □ BRISBANE: WILLERS & CO. (DIST.) PTY. LTD., NEWSTEAD AVENUE, NEWSTEAD □ ADELAIDE: F. L. RUNGIE & SONS PTY. LTD., 230 HALIFAX STREET □ PERTH: E. F. HODGE & CO., 65 BREWER STREET □ TASMANIA: MARSDEN BROS., 116 ST. JOHN STREET, LAUNCESTON

**EVERHOT
BONUS!
FREE HOT WATER!
LOWEST RUNNING
COSTS!**





for colour, softness and friendly warmth

IV.148



... just add  GLENWEAVE

the new 'textured' vinyl foam furniture fabric

'Glenweave' is here! Soft, warm, friendly as a kitten. 'Glenweave' is an entirely new vinyl foam furniture fabric with a unique 'woven' texture. It also has a supple softness and springiness that no other fabric can equal. 'Glenweave' is here, in eight beautiful, new, high-fashion shades, to give this year's furni-

ture a bright, inviting look, a welcoming warmth and more exciting colour than ever before. It's colour that is easy to care for, too; colour that sponges clean in a wink.

Enjoy the cloud-soft comfort and unmatched beauty of 'Glenweave' soon. You'll find it on the really modern suites at all good furniture

stores. Look for a warmer, more inviting colour. That will be 'Glenweave'. It's shown here, with its subtle, 'open check' pattern, on the new Flermont chair by Fler.

 GLENWEAVE - A 'VYNEX' VINYL FOAM FABRIC
MADE IN AUSTRALIA BY THE FABRICS DIVISION OF
IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LTD



HARVEST GLOW

CHESTNUT

DELL FERN

SHETLAND HAZE

LOCH BLUE

WILD BERRY

OATCAKE

WARM BRONZE



KEEP the forehead beautifully smooth by using vitalizing cream every night. Firmly coax the nourishment into the skin from brow to hairline, using the fingers of both hands in upward movements. To smooth out vertical forehead lines and to give the forehead smooth beauty, place both hands on the centre of the forehead with the fingertips interlocked, then pull the fingers apart, smoothing the Ulan vitalizing night cream right across the forehead to erase those unwanted lines.

Continued from page 31

THE WANDERER

from Brad that Scott had been caught in a trap briefly several years before; but he was long ago divorced and free as air.

He gave us an elaborate silver wine cooler from Cartier's as a wedding gift, insisted that we borrow his airline credit card for the honeymoon, and hosted a champagne party in a private hotel suite a week before the ceremony.

Shortly after we were married, Scott was transferred to the California office of his company, and it was then that the yearly holiday visits began. He would report briefly at the New York office; but the rest of the trip was his holiday (a term he had acquired in his times in England), and we were always a part of it.

He always arrived laden with souvenirs of his travels. His assignments were largely in the Far East and India

now, and there were lengths of jewelled silk, pieces of jade, trophies from Hong Kong, saris for me, carved pipes and smoking jackets for Brad.

Scott arranged to have everything shipped, so that it would arrive approximately when he did; he is a perfectionist of the frivolous. After the children arrived, there were all sorts of things for them, and from the time they could walk they adored him.

When he is around, the atmosphere is always festive and always somehow special. In addition to the family things (we are his only family, and we trim the tree together and watch the children glow on Christmas morning), there are theatre parties and supper parties and night drives to odd places.

Tiny, undiscovered spots in New York are discovered; strangers at the next table

are cultivated and turned into friends. He invariably has a long telephone list of models, post-debutantes, and sleek career girls, and while the list varies from year to year, as the girls are married off, there is always at least one to make it a foursome and ride the waves with us while he is in town.

If one grows serious about him (and one usually does), she is discreetly eliminated and another is acquired.

When Brad and I had been married five years, we took a cruise in early spring. As we were sitting in deck chairs on the last afternoon, Brad tapped me and said, "You know, if Scott were here, that fellow would be an international spy, at least." He pointed to a gentleman strolling the deck.

"Or a smuggler," I said. "And there would be a movie star aboard and a girl who

would chase him through cabins."

"Adventure just doesn't happen to us, I guess. Is that it?" he said.

I was raised in a series of small apartments by a mother who spent her days waiting for a husband to return from his adventuring and who finally locked the door and didn't bother waiting any more, and I put a hand on Brad's that afternoon and said, "I'm happy. I'm perfectly happy with what I have."

And it was true. But it was true also that I still remembered the enchantment of the times when my father came home — and in the same way it was not quite the same without Scott.

So every year there was Scott around the town, and there was Christmas in the air, and the one was almost indistinguishable from the other. We did our holiday shopping together, the three of us, swinging past the bright store windows, sitting in the Rainbow Room and looking at the huge, improbable tree below, going to eggnog parties. ("Would you please tell me," Brad said, "how he can come from Hong Kong and find himself invited to a party by a girl he's never met who has just moved into East Sixty-Third Street?")

From Thanksgiving onward, I began making preparations for the season, assembling a wardrobe for the days ahead, amassing a list of babysitters to be on hand at a moment's notice. Then, one day, the telephone call would come; after that, it was always Christmas morning.

It was not precisely that way at the start. Scott returned from the coast for the first time after his transfer when Brad and I had been married about a year.

"I have been waiting for a lobster dinner for months," he told me on the phone. "You can't find a decent one in California. Tell me, sister, can you cook them?"

"I don't know," I said. "I can try."

"Wonderful. Look, I'll scout around and locate a few, and I'll be up around seven. Good enough? Say, did you get your Christmas tree yet?" It was about a week before Christmas.

I looked at the small, impoverished tree suspended out the apartment window to keep it alive. "Yes," I said.

"Because I just passed a window with a pink feather one in it. I'm not sure you are the pink-feather-tree type, but — well, I will bring my own mistletoe anyway, honey."

After I hung up, I walked through our apartment and looked at it — the way Scott would do. We had never really finished furnishing it. Brad was still on a minimum salary, and things had been tight from the start.

I was expecting a baby in two months, so now there was that. We laughed at the improvisations we made in the course of daily living; but that day none of it seemed funny. It all looked barren and makeshift, void of any charms or graces. A lone holly wreath dangled forlornly at the living-room window, and a few of our Christmas cards were taped at random to the curtains.

FROM THE BIBLE

● *The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof.*

— Psalm 97:1.

I sighed, then squared my shoulders and set to work to do the best I could with it.

When Brad returned at six o'clock, I was still in a frenzy of activity. I had raced to the store and bought Christmas greens and holly and plunged them into vases and set them about the room, filling the bare spots.

I had polished the silver and had purchased red candles and a centre-piece of scarlet balls. The good linen cloth was pressed and laid on the table. There was a bottle of wine in the cooler. I was still wearing old slacks and was struggling over a salad-dressing recipe when Brad walked in.

To page 47



Who took the sting out of shampoo?

Johnson & Johnson did. This shampoo will remove marmalade and plasticine, and the other things children seem to collect in their hair. But it's specially made not to sting or burn the eyes. It takes the tears out of



shampoo time, puts a fresh young lustre back into hair. (Along with a pleasant, natural smell that seems to whisper: Cleannnnnnnn).

Johnson's BABY SHAMPOO

Home Plans Service for our readers

HUNDREDS of home plans are available to readers at our architect-directed Home Planning Centres. All these plans can be modified to suit individual needs.

- Full plans and specifications from £10/10/-.
- Alterations to suit site if wanted.

Headquarters of our Home Plans Service is now located in our Head Office in Sydney. Readers in Adelaide, Melbourne, and Sydney can now write direct to the Service headquarters to the box numbers given below:

Sydney: 168 Castlereagh St. (Box 3304, G.P.O.; Sydney. 2-0666, ext. 2358).

Melbourne: Box 3304, G.P.O., Sydney.

Hobart: FitzGerald's, 28 Criterion St. (2-7221).

Adelaide: Box 3304, G.P.O., Sydney.

Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St. (Box 409F, G.P.O.) (22-691).

Perth: Western Building Centre, 10 Milligan St., (21-4788).

Fill in coupon below and post it to your nearest Home Planning Centre.

Please make all cheques payable to "Women's Weekly Home Plans Service."

COUPON

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

☐ Please send the series of booklets showing illustrated plans for homes. (I enclose 10/- to cover complete cost.)

WHEN YOU PLAN A BACK GARDEN

By R. H. ANDERSON

● What are the features you should consider for a good back garden? The primary requirements are a private garden for outdoor living, a service section for garden and disposal work, a vegetable garden, play areas for children, facilities for drying clothes.

THE GARDEN AREA should be planned to give pleasant outdoor living with sufficient privacy from neighbors. Aim at simplicity, with the main lawn as spacious and uncluttered as possible. Shrubberies, flower beds, and borders can be made around the lawn.

Remember that curving lines make for restfulness; straight lines and square patterns can be more exciting. Stepping-stones are often more attractive than solid paths, although the latter are best for young children.

The garden area should be clearly visible from the main windows of the house, or from the veranda or patio.

Plant trees—perhaps fruit trees—to give shade where needed and to fit in with the general garden picture.

A 6ft. paling fence is far from attractive in itself, but it gives privacy and can be hidden by careful planting.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 195

High fences tend to give a feeling of isolation or of being penned in, but may be justified.

Short, free-standing fences or ones jutting out from the main fences can be skilfully used to separate activities. They may screen off unattractive parts, to make interesting divisions of the internal space, to give privacy to selected areas or define a vegetable garden or cut-flower plot. They give a pleasant unexpected air to the garden which can't all be seen at a glance.

These fences need not be solid and can be built in many patterns and of a variety of materials. Climbers may be grown over them, or fruit trees and other plants espaliered on them.

You might like to screen off the vegetable garden with a hedge or low fence, but many people think that a well-kept vegetable patch is an adornment in itself. The site must have plenty of sunlight and be free from invading roots of over-aggressive trees and shrubs.

Because space is limited in back gardens it is generally necessary to use the main lawn for drying clothes.

A separate drying area is ideal but not always possible. The clothes hoist can be placed to one side, where it is as inconspicuous as possible. Be sure it is reasonably close to the laundry and has sufficient sun and wind.

In a secluded corner you need space for an incinerator, compost bins, manure, and soils, and if possible a shed for working, and for storage of tools, pots, and the hose.

Screen off this **SERVICE AREA** with a fence, hedge, or shrubbery. It is not always necessary to hide the shed. It is evidence of your interest, and, if reasonably well constructed, can be effective as part of the screening.

Children need to use the back garden for a **PLAYING AREA**. It's rather futile to allocate a particular part for them as they tend to use the whole area, and many parents would prefer them to do so.

If you have it in mind to surrender the back garden to undisputed use as a play area, then it would be best to pave as large an area as possible for the use of tricycles and wheeled toys, while still having a good-size lawn for the children to romp on.

The average parent would prefer to set up some facilities for play, and at the same time to have a pleasant garden for adult use. If a paved area is included in the design this can be used by children as well as adults. Beds can be raised around it and provided with low walls.

The play area will change in character as the children get older, and this should be kept in mind when planning. A well-constructed sand-pit when

no longer needed can be converted into a plant box or small pool.

A space can be provided for swings or other play equipment. Any play area should be readily seen from the house for easy supervision. Planning for children's use is not easy, as they have a habit of disregarding set play areas and selecting their own.

A **PATIO** or **TERRACE** next to the house makes an ideal outdoor extension of the living-room.

It should be big enough to be functional, but always kept in scale with the house and garden. It is desirable to have a path around the patio leading to the garden so that people do not have to cross it when it's being used as an adults' lounge or children's playground.

Having decided on your requirements, now **DRAW UP A PLAN** which provides for each item and makes a harmonious whole. Few of us are blessed with the flair and training of a landscape designer, but if you are interested and follow a few basic ideas you can get worthwhile results.

First obtain some graph paper, preferably 24in. by 36in., marked off in squares. On this plot the exact dimensions of the block of land and the position and size of the house upon it. Other existing permanent features such as trees should be marked.

This gives a base plan.

Now get some sheets of transparent tracing paper and lay one on the base plan. From this point you can sketch designs to your heart's content, being limited only by the quantity of paper and your imagination. Draw the various items for the back garden to scale and vary their positions on the base plan until you feel satisfied.

Gardening Book, Vol. 2—page 196

Cut out and paste in an exercise book



Malay satay 'à la genuine thing—with tamarind and spices.

Who discovered SINGAPORE?

We did! The travel agent started it by explaining it wouldn't cost a penny more to stop-over in Singapore, on our way to Europe. On those terms who would miss the chance to go on a voyage of discovery! So we came to Singapore. The friendly, cosmopolitan people welcomed us to their fascinating country and we were set fair to uncover an array of spectacle and excitement that gave real meaning to the saying—"You see more of the Orient in Singapore." Take a glimpse at this magical island with us and you too will be taking the first steps towards discovering wonderful Singapore.

FOOD—Singapore—kitchen to the world!

A person can eat just so much in four days—but with all this pageant of sumptuous dishes, where do you start—or stop!? Malay satay 'à la genuine thing—with tamarind and spices beaten and mixed for hours on end, to give you a relishing feast. Chinese food is a way of life! We sat down to 12 courses last night. Each one a wonder of exotic tastes. Then there are the stimulating Indian muslim foods, spicy and aromatic. There is an endless variety of the world's best European food served in the many seaside night clubs and palm fringed modern hotels.



WEST AUSTRALIANS, do you know that it is almost as cheap to travel to Singapore as it is to visit Sydney. In about the same time that it takes to fly from Perth to Sydney you could be setting foot in the heart of the Orient—Singapore.

For lots of exciting information, consult your travel agent about your stop-over in Singapore or write to Singapore Government Tourist Information Service, 15 Grosvenor Street, SYDNEY, 343 Little Collins Street, MELBOURNE or Industry House, CANBERRA.

Singapore



Keymatic's vigorous washing-action has the extra power to get even this spotless!

YOU REALLY COULD POUR OIL on your husband's best shirt... if you had a Keymatic!

No other automatic washes with such power. Keymatic's exclusive pulsator combines with washbowl movement to create extra-turbulent currents of near boiling water. These currents surge through every single fibre of your toughest wash, flexing and loosening the most impossible dirt and grease. Whites and coloureds come out absolutely spotless. No need to pre-soak or rinse. This is the most powerful, the most thorough washing-action of all!

Gentle washing action. Keymatic's second exclusive washing-action is designed to take the gentlest possible care of your most delicate and precious garments — easing out soil with all the care of hand-washing.

One simple control. No fussy dials or settings — just a unique keyplate. Click it in and an entire wash-cycle automatically goes into action. That's all you have to do.

8 wash-programmes — marked on the Keymatic keyplate. There's a complete and perfect programme for every type of fabric you wash.

Deep immersion rinses — at reducing temperatures, warm, lukewarm, finally cold. You can see all the suds are gone by the clear, clean final rinsewater.

Driest spin-dry. Keymatic spins fastest of all automatics — therefore removes more water. Long spin for heavy things—short spin for delicates.

10 lb. washload. Compact outside — big inside; no space wasted on useless gimmicks. Keymatic handles your full family wash with ease and economy — uses less hot and cold water than any other automatic.



WASHES CLEANEST — CARES FOR CLOTHES

New Keymatic  RELIABLE AUTOMATIC WASHING

HK1175 WWFPC

SORE THROATS NEED Secrets

LOZENGES

A PHARMACEUTICAL PRODUCT OF MERCK SHARP & DOHME (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LIMITED



*TRADE MARK MC AU 7164

Advertisement

New Hair Beauty



BEAUTIFUL, silk-soft hair with the exquisite jewel-like translucence of amber or a precious stone, is reflected in your hair when shampooed with the modern "Peek-In" Glow shampoo by Delph.

CLEARBAD SKIN

To clear your skin soft and smooth—free from pimples, blemishes, red blotches, blackheads and spots, use NIKODERM, the NIKODERM from your chemist. Clears skin, white and clear.

FEATURES
JOKES 16
FICTION
for all the family in
Everybody's

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 7, 1965

Continued from page 44

THE WANDERER

"Hey, now," he said, "what's going on here? Are we giving a party I don't know about?"

"You'll never guess," I said. "Scott's in town. He's on his way here for dinner."

He walked into the tiny kitchen and looked around, his eyes travelling from the french pastry to the miniature rolls in the warmer.

"Well, good for him," he said. "But what are you doing? Catering for him?" He glanced at the dinette, the table, the cloth, the candles, the shining silver. "Now look here, Julie," he said, "this is crazy. You've been working like a slave. You're supposed to take a nap in the afternoon. He is only my brother, you know. If he wants to come and have a hamburger with us, let him, but this —"

I was bone tired and my back ached, and the whole seven months of pregnancy weighed upon me. I glared at Brad. "I most certainly will not let him," I told him. "I wouldn't let anybody. Don't you think I want a little more myself? Don't you think I want a home that is a home? I've spent all my life in apartments that never got finished. Don't you think when it's Christmas that I want it to be Christmas?"

I started to cry. It was dreadful, inevitable feminine refuge, and I knew it, but there wasn't any help for it. "It's not for him," I sobbed, "or for you or for me. It's just because — things ought to be that way. Does everything always have to be just pipe-dreams?"

Sometimes it takes years to find out what a marriage is about; sometimes people never do. We were lucky.

Brad crossed the room and put his arms around me and held me very gently, as if I might break. "Don't call them pipe-dreams, Julie," he said. "I never do. I've been trailing Scott all my life, but now there's you, and all I want are the things you want, too. Suppose we just concentrate on working on that together?"

"Now go wash your face and put on something pretty and come and sit in the candlelight."

Scott arrived later, triumphantly bearing the lobsters, which he himself proceeded to cook. Dinner was flawless and for the balance of his stay in Manhattan we toured the town. All Christmas week was wonderful.

But after that Brad and I really began being married. We had the baby and a larger apartment and another baby and the house in the suburbs and another baby. Sometimes Brad held two jobs to help finances and he would be exhausted when he arrived home. We had illnesses and sleepless nights and job problems and small crises and new expenses.

We had the things we wanted; but we worked for them. We had happiness; but it wasn't easy — the way happiness so seldom seems to be. Brad's income improved. We were pillars of the community and we worked at being pillars. We were in the

PTA and the church group and the country club with the eighteen-hole golf course and the swimming-pool privileges.

And every year, like a bright thread woven through the other days, we had the visit from Scott. We were quite the envy of the friends we made; tales of Scott's adventures all over the world made conversation for the balance of the year.

"Kennedy Airport 3.30 p.m. the — twenty-seventh," the telegram read. It arrived on the night of the twenty-sixth.

I handed it to Brad. "I'm supposed to go to that hospital luncheon tomorrow," I said. "And that won't even break up until three-thirty or later. Why does he want to be met, I wonder? He never did before."

"Who knows?" Brad said. "But he wants to be met, that's for sure. And I've got a lunch date and a meeting at the office at three. Sweetie, I'm afraid you are elected. Give up the girls for the afternoon."

KENNEDY Airport became Scott. In its vastness, with its flying flags and its colors, he looked completely at home. He was as bronzed as ever, if a little thinner, and if a few more lines had been added they were indiscernible behind the sweeping sunglasses until he approached me, pulled off the glasses, pecked me on the cheek, and said, "Well, little sister. Let me take a good look at you. I'm delighted that you're the one doing the chauffeuring."

"Where to?" I said. "Why, home, dear, home."

"Home?" "Your home, sweetie — naturally. Oh, don't worry. I am not moving in. I was just talking about the general locale. There must be a motel or a hotel or something in the neighborhood, where I can settle down temporarily."

He held the car door for me, then climbed in the other side. As I turned the key in the ignition, I had the odd feeling that I had never before driven a car in which Scott was a passenger. When Brad had not been driving, Scott had always done it. Now, however, he made no offer, so I started the car and turned on to the road that curved out past the terminal.

"Well, there is one new motel," I said, "but how come? Aren't you a city boy?"

"I told you I had a surprise for you," he said. "Just wait and see."

We drove in comparative silence after that, mingling on the parkway with the stream of traffic headed out of the city. At our exit we turned off and wound down one of the still suburban streets, with their stripped trees and their leaves piled at the curbs and the smell of smoke in the air.

Scott checked into the motel, took some gifts from his bag for the children, and we drove to the house. He

flung open the front door, the children screamed, and it was like every other year — it was like the fourth of July. Scott was back again. Everyone talked at once; packages were ripped open and papers tossed about; I forgot to put the casserole in the oven; and the children were completely out of control.

"Hey," he said, following me into the kitchen, where I was wrestling with the oven light. "I forgot that you're a housewife as well as a glamorous girl. Why don't you forget that and I'll take the two of you out to dinner?"

"No babysitter," I said. "Besides, it's your first evening back."

"I'll feed the children separately," I said.

So the children subsisted on scrambled eggs, and when they finally had been banished and the three of us were alone, Scott leaned back in his chair, regarded us, and said, "Take a good look at me, both of you. You are looking at a man who has retired."

"Retired?" I said. "Oh, come on, Scott. You're joking."

"Retired?" Brad said. "Now, wait a minute. Even you are not that old."

"I am forty-five years and five months old, but I've got a heart that evidently is about eighty. It's beating, but that's the best you can say for it. They found out all about it in my last physical. So since they had me insured they have paid me off and now I am about to settle down and live on the fat of the land."

"But," I said, "but — Scott —" I glanced at Brad, who was looking at his brother with utter disbelief.

"No buts, ifs, or ands," Scott said. "And do you know something, kiddies? I had a lot of time to think while they were probing away at me, and I decided one thing. New York City is too big for me. If I'm going to settle down I've got to have some roots. And having none of my own handy —" he smiled at us — "I thought I would borrow a few of yours. You are the only family I've got and you live the good life here. I'd like to live a little of it with you. I'm going to get an apartment near you, furnish it, and live like an old man."

"Scott," I said, "don't say that."

"Well, a naughty old man maybe, but an old man." He looked from one of us to the other. "Now, tell me, what do you think?"

For a moment Brad said nothing. He had a strange expression on his face; it had changed from disbelief to something like dismay.

"Why — why, it's wonderful," I said quickly. "I mean, it's awful, but —"

"It is neither awful nor wonderful. It is just plain fact."

"You'll be bored as hell in three weeks," Brad said.

To page 48

Read this true story:



"my 'nerves' were even affecting my health..."

"About 8 months ago I started to feel very nervy and run-down. Everything was too much trouble and even trifles upset me. In the end, my 'nerves' were even affecting my health. My husband and I both knew about Sanatogen, so we decided the sooner I got started on it the better. After even a few weeks of Sanatogen I began to feel a lot better. Then after a full course I felt 100% fit again, and still do. It's certainly a wonderful product."

MRS. I. HEWITT, ALBION.

Sanatogen can help you, too

If you are feeling "nervy", run-down or tense, start on a course of Sanatogen today. After even a week you will begin to respond to its strengthening effect. But this is important: **continue on Sanatogen for the full course of eight weeks.** For just as it takes time for "nerves" to develop, so it takes time for your body to assimilate the **essential protein concentrate** and glycerophosphate it contains. However, after a full course of Sanatogen, "nerves", tension and that "run-down" feeling will have disappeared. You will feel **completely well again**, able to cope with and enjoy everything that life has to offer.



Sanatogen

an investment in good health

At chemists only: 10/6, 19/6, 37/6

MANUF. BY GENATOSAN LTD., A MEMBER OF THE FISSON GROUP OF COMPANIES

G52851.16.W

Vital Statistics 36-24-36



SLIM AND TRIM — thanks to FORD PILLS

and the Ford Pills Diet Chart

A grateful lady writes—

My weight came down 22 lbs. I have been taking Ford Pills and I follow the Diet Chart for overweight. The Ford way is the safe way, and I thank you. Y.R. of Bondi, N.S.W.

Other happy ladies state—

I've now lost fourteen pounds. Ford Pills are wonderful. M.J. of Kurnell, N.S.W.

I was too overweight but now have lost three stone. L.M. of Inman, S.A.

I take Ford Pills and follow the Diet Chart for slimming and I praise them to my friends. P.K. of Wahroonga, N.S.W.

I took off seven pounds in one week. J.Y.K. of St. Peters, Sydney.

I'm back to normal and so much better in health, I can really highly recommend Ford Pills. C.E., Clayton, Vic.

START FORD PILLS SLIMMING PLAN TO-DAY!

Ford Pills will quickly help you regain the vigour and vital statistics of youth as your unwanted pounds and unlovely inches are banished. Ford Pills are dependable, absolutely safe and not habit forming, as they contain natural extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you well in Nature's way. Ford Pills are tried and approved as a gentle, painless, thoroughly reliable laxative, ideal for all your family.

Get YOUR Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes, 6/6 and 3/9 EVERYWHERE.



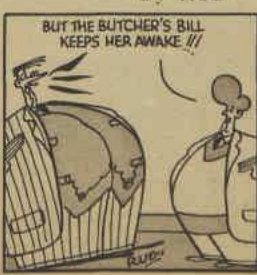
FORD PILLS

Page 47

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD





"Don't shoot him in the head — I want that as a trophy!"

Continued from page 47

Scott frowned. The lines around his eyes were very evident that night in the lamplight, and despite the suntan there was a distinctly grey look to his skin. "I don't think so, Brad," he said slowly. "I told you I had a lot of time to think after — after this thing. And that's one thought I never had."

He leaned back and smiled. "So tomorrow, if you will give me a lift, I will do some apartment hunting."

That was the beginning. Scott was a creature of room service. He had no idea of the intricacies of apartments, the matter of leases, the multitudinous details of everyday living in one place. He bought

a car and failed to get immediate delivery.

We spent three weeks alternately chauffeuring him to apartments in the area and waiting for him to return the car from one of his own jaunts. When he had finally located a place that suited him, the business of furnishing it began.

"It appears that I need things like sheets and towels," he said one evening. "Sweetie, would you run out one day this week and collect an armful? Have Saks look up my account. And I've shipped a crate of things here from the coast. Will you watch for it? Just some prints and a few books."

"Let him buy his own sheets," Brad said to me later. "You're not

his housekeeper. He'd have you moving furniture in the apartment if you'd let him, you know."

"Not likely," I said. "He doesn't have any. There's a six weeks' delivery on everything." I watched Brad as he folded the newspaper with some irritation. "You know," I said, "it isn't right for him to be in that barren place all by himself. He isn't exactly well, and we are his only family, and he's always been so good to us."

"He's lived in hotels for years and been happy as a clam," Brad said. "What's so different now?"

"He is," I said. "Or he thinks he is. You heard him yourself. So I thought — well, we have the study standing empty. Just for a couple of weeks, let's ask him to come here." He slapped down the newspaper; but before he could answer I put a hand on his arm and said, "You know, it would look better, too, Brad. People will think it's strange if you let your own brother stay in an empty place when there's no need for it."

Brad paused, leaned back in his chair, and gazed up at the ceiling. "You're right, I know," he said slowly. "It's damnable, but you are. All right, let him move in. He always has moved into my life when he came within shouting distance, anyway. Why should this be any different?"

AND so it was that, early in December, Scott came to live with us. The children were in a fever of excitement, as well they might be. Every morning he would stroll down for the newspaper and invariably return with something for them.

He listened gravely while they explained the intricacies of the latest toy they'd seen on television and in a day or so the toy would appear in the playroom.

"Stop it," Brad said to him one evening. "You're going to make them impossible to live with, and they won't give a damn about Christmas when it does get here. This way they have Christmas every day."

"Why, I'm the indulgent uncle," Scott said amiably. "I can do as I please. You are the one who has to be rough."

"It's only for a few weeks," I said to Brad soothingly that night. "They won't be ruined by that. Make light of it."

"It is not for a few weeks," he said. "It is for the rest of our lives. Whether he is under the same roof or not makes very little difference."

Our social schedule was thoroughly scrambled; our club meetings had gone by the board; I had forgotten such things as ordering Christmas cards and the gifts that must be monogrammed. And the atmosphere in the house was edgy.

We gave a party to welcome Scott and he was as charming as ever, urbane and witty, a delight to the ladies.

"I have a sister," one of them said, "and I just wish she were here tonight. You two would like each other so. We must make a date."

"I would not like her sister," he said to me in the kitchen. "I can tell by the look on her face that I would not like her. Don't let me get involved in that."

"She's very nice," I said. "She was divorced once years ago, and—"

"Dear," he said, "I didn't come from China to be chased by grass widows. And don't forget, I'm not old enough for the girls who are the right age for me. I'll find my own."

Later, he was relating a story of an episode in Hong Kong. We had heard it before, and I caught Brad's eye and realised that he was thinking we had heard it before. I had a sudden, melancholy thought of all the parties we would give and all the parties we would go to and all the stories we would hear over and over.

The Christmas dinner dance was the biggest event of our local social



New Kotex brings you an accident barrier!

This polythene barrier in the base of new Kotex* napkins stops moisture coming through. And above it, special layers of softest cellucotton give twice the absorbency. You're comfortably safe in a way never possible before.



In 4 types . . . Regular, Stenderline, Economy, Luxury

KKETS-A * registered trade mark Kimberly-Clark Corp.

season. It was held at the club the Saturday night before Christmas, and it was invariably preceded by, among other things, a cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. Redman Stone. The Redman Stones gave the best cocktail parties in town.

They had the large, opulent house for it, the proper credentials (he was on the board at the club, she was a past president of the women's group), the proper maid to pass the hot hors d'oeuvres, the proper talent for mingling so many people that it didn't matter and having it all work out smoothly. Invitations were coveted and we were among the lucky ones on the list.

"And bring that charming brother-in-law of yours," Nan Stone said on the telephone. "We can't wait to meet him. We've heard so much about him."

"Why don't you bring someone along for the evening?" I said to Scott later.

"How am I going to meet the local girls if I import my own?" he said. "No, I'll play the field."

"Listen," Brad said, "this is the land where mating already has taken place. There are darned few local girls available."

"Don't worry about me," Scott said. "I usually make do."

Continued from page 48

Cindy's smile was the one that had been smiled at Scott for twenty years; it never changed. "Oh, Mr. Wilding," she said, "I'd love it if—"

"Call me Scott or I won't move an inch," he said. "Now, come on over here and get to know me. Find out if I pass with you."

The party lasted for some time, and he was never away from her side after that. Occasionally, even over all the noise in the room, you could hear the light, delighted sound of her laughter.

"What's he up to?" Brad said. "When is he going to begin acting his age?"

"Oh, let her have her little thrill. I imagine it's quite harmless," I said.

THE WANDERER

"You imagine?" he said. "Come on, let's get him out of here and over to the club, at least. Break this thing up."

Scott followed us in his car to the club, but when we arrived he threaded his way to the dance floor with Cindy and, for an endless time, stayed there. Brad sat and watched them, fuming.

"Oh, Brad," I said, "stop fussing. Nobody's paying attention."

"That is what you think," he said. "Look at old Stone. He's paying plenty of attention. That's his daughter, and he doesn't like the idea of some aging roue grabbing her. And I don't blame him."

I looked across the table at Redman Stone, and it was perfectly true. He was glaring toward the dance floor, his hand moving restlessly on the table.

Someone stopped and tapped him on the shoulder. "Red, you had better watch that little girl of yours," she said. "She looks awfully susceptible to me."

Redman Stone gave a sound like a snort and peered more closely at the dance floor. It did him no good. The set had ended, the dancers were returning to their tables, and Scott and Cindy were nowhere in sight. Voices floated down the table. "I'm surprised at Nan—encouraging that."

"Well, what could she do? She was the hostess."

The soup was served and grew cool at their places; the entree was served, and still they were not there. I watched Redman Stone play with the food on his plate and finally give it up, put down the fork, and stand up, banging his chair, and stalk across the floor to the exit. A row of french windows led to some small rooms off the main dining-room.

He disappeared through one of them and was gone for several minutes. When he reappeared, Scott and Cindy were walking behind him.

Scott looked as contained as ever; Cindy was glowing. "We never even realised that dinner was being served," she said breathlessly. All

To page 50

BRAD drummed his fingers on the table. He was growing increasingly restless with his brother, forever starting to say something, then stopping and stalking out of the room.

That night, however, Brad simply studied Scott thoughtfully for several minutes, then said, "I am not worried about you. I do have a suggestion for you, though. I heard about this only yesterday. A client of ours is opening a plant in Puerto Rico, and he wants somebody to set up the business for him — get it started, then manage it."

"Good for him," Scott said. "What does it have to do with me?"

"It's a perfect job for you," Brad said. "No travel involved. You could handle it with one hand tied behind you, and it would be — good for you."

Scott gave him an odd look. "Therapeutic, you mean?" he said. "Or serviceable in keeping me out of mischief?" He stood up and plunged his hands into his pockets. "Sorry," he said. "I'm afraid not. I don't want to go to the ends of the earth again, Brad. I find that I like it here."

Cindy Stone wore a red velvet dress and a holly sprig in her dark hair. Cindy was a radiant blossom of a girl, slim as a wand, quick and graceful as she moved among the guests at the cocktail party in the bright Christmas room. She was eighteen and about to come out at one of the New Year cotillions.

"Cindy is bearing up marvelously," Nan Stone said, laughing, "considering the fact that she is a wallflower. Her date broke a leg skiing and they haven't put a walking cast on yet, so he can't be here. She is very lone and lorn."

"Not any more she isn't," Scott said. He had taken Cindy's arm and led her, with a flourish, to her mother. "I'm aging, but I am extremely available, and I can't think of a nicer assignment." He turned to Cindy. "Would you let me take you to the dance?"



Antiseptic needed quickly.

Is your household disinfectant good enough?

Unfortunately, it isn't.

When one of your family gets a cut or scratch, a household disinfectant is just not good enough — even if labelled "antiseptic."

Any disinfectant can kill certain germs under ideal test-conditions.

But in real life, in real wounds, there can be many dangerous germs. Nothing you can buy will

safely kill germs like the classic germicide and antiseptic: "Dettol."

It is the antiseptic recommended in over 450 medical text-books and papers. It is for sound reasons that "Dettol" is favoured by doctors; trusted by nurses; and used in so many of our great teaching hospitals.

When sympathy is needed: so is "Dettol."



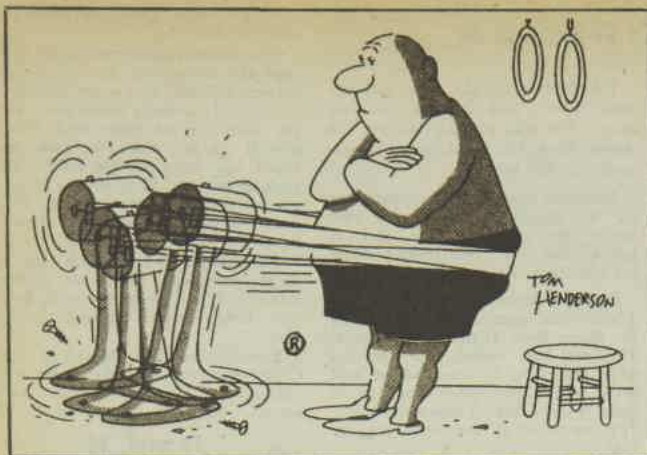
For soothing, healing protection, apply "Dettol" Antiseptic Cream. Recommended for chapped and rough hands, sore lips, cold sores, and other skin affections.

FROM CHEMISTS ONLY

HP1238

RIVETS





Continued from page 49

the eyes at the table eyed her. "I completely forgot about time." She smiled over her shoulder at Scott. "I've been learning all about the Orient. Really, it was an education!"

Nobody said a word; the silence was deafening.

"Sit down and eat your dinner," her father said. "It's cold now."

"Mr. Stone," Scott said amiably, assisting Cindy into her chair, "your daughter is fascinated by the inscrutable oriental mind. I've been trying to explain it to her." He patted Cindy's creamy shoulder, then sat down across the table from us.

Brad leaned forward and looked at him. It was the weeks in the past and the months that lay ahead;

it was all the little things that had piled up. Otherwise he never would have said it. "Tell me one thing," he said, "why in hell don't you go back to China, where you belong?"

He did not raise his voice, but in the silence of the table his words rippled down the length of it.

Scott looked up in amazement.

"Or if you are going to make an old fool of yourself, at least do it where we're not around to see it," Brad said.

"I beg your pardon?" Scott said, frowning.

"You don't have to," Brad said. "You heard me." There was a crash of music as the orchestra began again. Brad stood up abruptly and led me to the dance floor. By

the time we returned to the table, Scott had left.

His car was not in the parking lot when we left the club; he was not at home when we arrived.

"He's probably at the apartment," I said. "What's he going to do — sleep on the floor?"

"He is a big boy, Julie," Brad said. "He will do precisely as he pleases. He always has." We undressed for bed in silence. "I didn't mean to be rough on him unnecessarily," Brad said. "I think he deserved it. And I guess it's been under my skin." He stretched out in bed. "What we need is sleep," he said. "This rat race of a houseguest can do you in."

He turned off the light and I lay down beside him and listened to the even sound of his breathing. I have no idea how long it was before I heard the click of a door downstairs, then footsteps, a light-switch clicking, then silence. I slipped out of bed, tied a robe about me, found my slippers in the darkness, and went quietly downstairs.

Scott was sitting on the sofa in his dinner suit with the tie undone and dangling about his neck. The only lights he had lit were those on the Christmas tree and shafts of blue and green made eerie patterns on the walls. Even in shadow, his face looked all at once as old as it was and more; his whole figure had an aura of age about it. He just sat there, gazing at the tree, unaware of me until I had started into the room.

"Oh, Julie," he said. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to wake you up."

"You didn't."

"I had no business coming here anyway, I suppose," he said.

"Don't be silly."

"It is not silly. It is true." He leaned forward, clasping his hands, resting his elbows on his knees. "But do you know something?" he said. "I have no place to go." He smiled at me. "Now, that is silly, but it's true. It's more or less the story of my life. Wouldn't you say?"

He leaned back and gazed beyond me at the tree lights, which flickered off and on, off and on. "The wanderer comes home," he said. "Except the wanderer never can. He never, never can."

"What makes you say that?"

"Well, it is quite obvious, my dear, that Brad doesn't want me around. He's made that pretty plain." A silver ball had fallen from the tree, and he picked it up and turned it in his hands, watching it catch the light. "You know, Julie," he said, "I've always patted myself on the back because when Christmas

To page 51



You'll be the woman he wants you to be

All woman.
Cutex Purrrrring colors on your lips and fingertips are an open invitation. More feline. Most feminine. Pale yet vibrant. Wear them. He'll wonder what's hit him. You're not demanding attention yet he's only got eyes for you. Wear them. You'll look wonderful... in the wickedest way of all.



Purrrrrrring
Colors by
CUTEX

X177



came I had a family. I didn't need the blue-plate turkey special at some godforsaken restaurant. I had my own.

"I had you and Brad and after a while the kids. I had everything you see in one of those damned pictures on the Christmas cards. You'd be surprised at the dates I juggled and the jobs I switched around to get here every year. Well, you were my Christmas, and maybe I wasted the rest of my life, but please — leave me that."

He shrugged. "And that is it, I guess," he said. "It works for a day or a season, but you can't make it work for good."

I was sitting on the ottoman at his feet. I stared up at him — at Scott, our soldier of fortune, our Santa Claus, the one who we thought had made our Christmas, when all the while we had been Christmas to him. Because it is never made of gifts and tinsel and silver balls; it is made of people who are together. It is permanency and caring and home.

Like happiness, it has to be worked at, and it is not easy; but when you have made it, it is wonderful. On that long ago first Christmas I never would have had to polish all that silver; all I had to do was be there with Brad.

"So where do we go from here, boys?" Scott said.

I FOLDED my hands and avoided his eyes. He was right. I knew that, too. The wanderer never can go home for good and never does — and isn't meant to try. Still I did not have to do what I did then. He is designed for bright moments, for skyrockets, and he breaks hearts when the lights go out of the sky. The woman who shares her life with him pays for it for years. If he ends up with nowhere to go, maybe he deserves it. Quite possibly he does deserve his fate.

"Scott," I said, "it's true. Brad doesn't want you around." I held out a hand to my father, who ended with nowhere to go and afraid of age, which came and wouldn't go away again.

"I told you that," he said. "I know it very well."

"But don't you realise why?" You can give a dream to someone, the way you give a Christmas gift — if you're lucky enough to be there when he needs it.

"I can think of a number of reasons," he said. "What he believes to be my escapade of this evening being only one of them."

I shook my head. "No," I said. "Scott, girls fall in love with you like flies. Brad told me that before I ever met you. They always have and they always will. Don't you think —" I looked at him — "don't you think if you were around here all the time that I might not escape?"

He stared at me. "What?" he said. "What are you talking about?"

"It isn't impossible," I said.

"But, Julie, you must be joking. You've got to be joking. Why, you have — you have Brad. He's the rock of Gibraltar. You have the children. You, of all people—" He bent over and took my chin very lightly in his fingers and gave me a look of great tenderness. "No, Julie," he said, "never, never. Absolutely no."

He straightened up and, as he did so, shed some of the years he'd been wearing like a coat since he'd come in. "Well, it's not going to happen," he said. "That's for sure." He smiled at me and his face brightened; the shadows went away and he looked young again. "Ah, Julie, you must be crazy. A naughty old man like me, with a bad heart to boot?"

But he wasn't an old man now; he was the adventurer, the purveyor of glamor, our personal soldier of fortune. "I will get out of here fast. I'll call about that job on Monday morning. Listen, Julie, you flatter me, you know. Why, if a smart girl like you can say that, maybe there's a chance. Maybe I'll get a girl and settle down."

He never would, but he had the dream for a little longer now. And

THE WANDERER

he would not quite forget it. It might come back on lonely nights and do some good. I flattered him, but what is wrong with a little flattery?

He patted me on the head. "Now go to bed and get some sleep," he said. "And tomorrow you can make some airline reservations for me."

Kennedy Airport became Scott. He blended right into the crowd — the people carrying boxes, the children clutching Christmas toys, the ones in tears, the merry ones, and the inexorable loudspeaker voice booming over them all: "Flight number seventeen leaving."

"Now listen, you two," Scott said. "I'll quit this job if they don't give

me a holiday. I'll be back by Christmas at the latest."

"Oh, you've got to be back for Christmas," I said.

He smiled at me. "Don't you worry," he said. "I haven't missed yet, have I?"

"You know," Brad said later, as we watched Scott embark, "he's right. It wouldn't be Christmas without that guy."

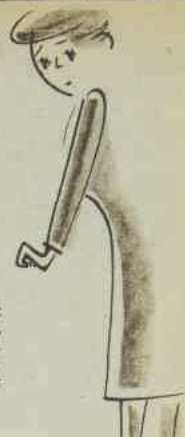
Perhaps one day I would tell Brad — not everything, but a part. But at just that moment I simply took his arm and held it tight and watched the plane glide away — the wanderer departing the way the wanderer must, in order to return again.

(Copyright)

LULUBELLE



Ella



"I know I don't look old enough to wear them . . . but if I wore them I'd look older."



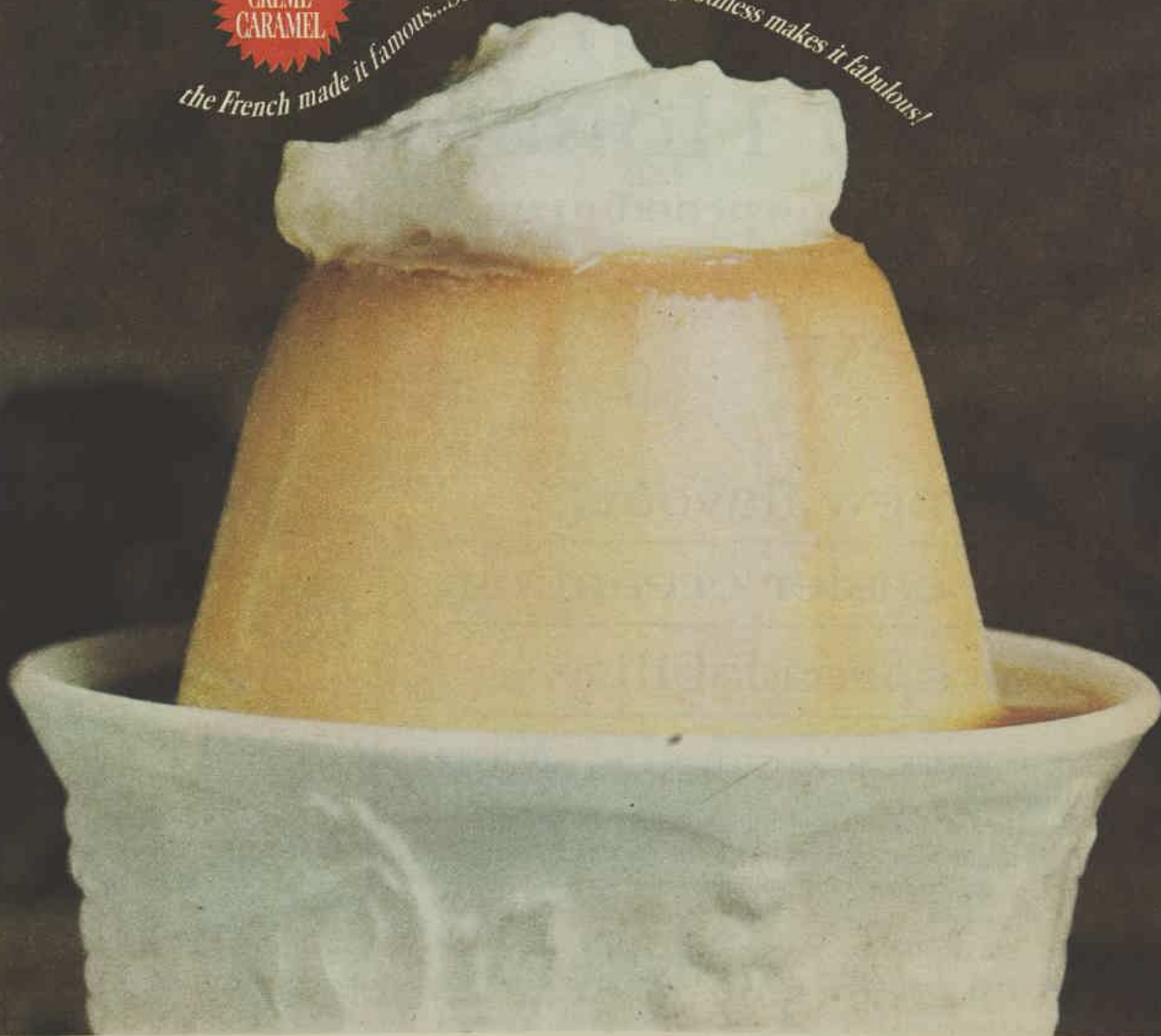
HOW TO MAKE SUNSHINE CRÈME CARAMEL

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup* granulated white sugar, water, 1 cup SUNSHINE Full Cream Powdered Milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints hot water, 4 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 tsp. vanilla essence, 3 tbsp. rum (optional). * Use 8 oz. measuring cup.

METHOD: Place sugar in saucepan and add sufficient water to moisten. Brown over low heat, stir occasionally. When golden pour into 8" sandwich tin and cover base and sides. Allow to stand until caramel hardens. Whisk Sunshine into hot water. Beat together eggs, sugar and vanilla. Pour hot milk slowly into egg mixture whisking between each addition, add rum (optional). Strain. Pour into tin. Place into baking dish containing hot water and bake in moderate oven for approx. 1 hour (or until firm). Allow to stand until cold, carefully loosen custard from side of dish with knife, invert and turn out onto platter. Serves 6-8, as above, or in individual moulds.

SUNSHINE
CRÈME
CARAMEL

the French made it famous... Sunshine's full-cream goodness makes it fabulous!





Britain awards first Good Housekeeping Seal

ever to be awarded to an Australian cooking margarine

to new **TULIP** MARGARINE

For new flavour.

For easier creaming.

For spreadability.

FREE RECIPE: If you would like the new Tulip Chelsea Layer Cake recipe, interstate and country readers write to the Daffodil and Tulip Cooking Demonstration Centre, 4th Floor, McDowells, King St., Sydney. If you live in the Sydney area call personally at the Centre.



YOUR GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

A PRODUCT OF VEGETABLE OILS PTY. LTD.

OYSTERS

● Oyster-lovers maintain that the best way to eat them is straight from the shell, lightly touched with lemon juice. But oysters are deliciously savory, too, when used in the special dishes given in this two-page feature.

RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN

If oysters have not been your favorite food in the past, you will find that cooking them as the following recipes suggest will present them to you in an entirely new way.

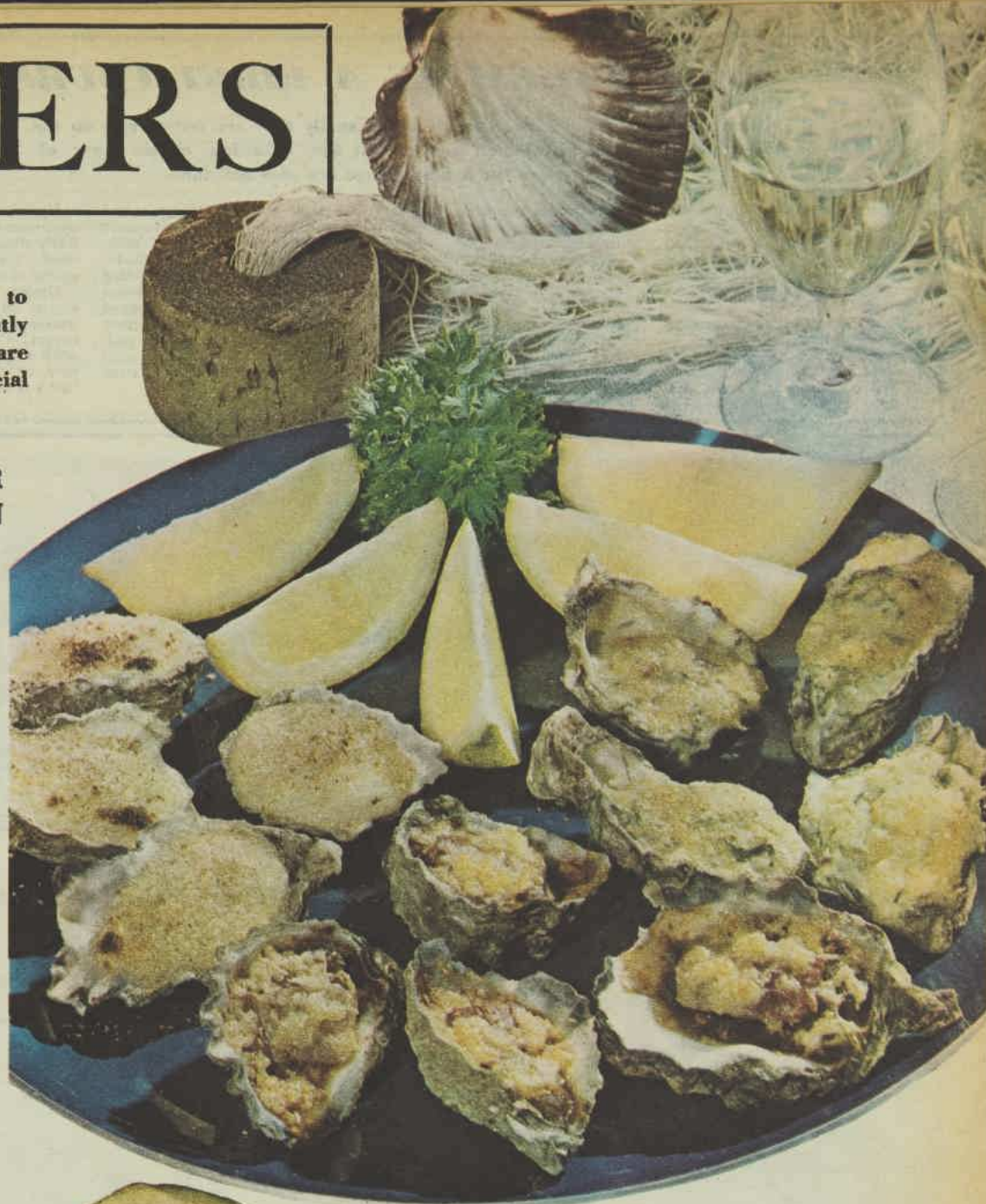
Have you resisted oysters because you haven't liked the thought that they are eaten raw? If so, poach them in their own liquor for 5 to 7 minutes, just until the edges curl slightly; this will plump the oysters quite firmly and give them a different texture — one you will be able to enjoy. The savory taste — which is too good to be neglected by those who enjoy food — will still be there.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used in the recipes. Quantities will serve four to six, unless otherwise stated.

OYSTERS BIRTLEY

Two avocado pears, lemon juice, about 20 oysters, little wine vinegar, salt and pepper, brown bread and butter.

Halve the avocados, remove stones, brush flesh with lemon juice, sprinkle lightly with salt. Fill centre of each avocado half with about 5 oysters. Sprinkle with wine vinegar and pepper. Allow to stand at least 4 hours. Serve well chilled with brown bread and butter.



FIRST COURSE DISHES above are *Oysters Mornay*, *Oysters Kilpatrick*, and *Oysters Rockefeller*. Below are *Creamy Oyster Chowder*, *Oysters Birtley*, *Sole* and *Oysters Florentine*.

OYSTER BOUCHEES

Two bottles oysters, Sauce Normande, small puff-pastry cases.

Empty oysters and their liquor into saucepan, heat gently. Drain (reserve liquor) and chop. Prepare Sauce Normande, stir in the oysters. Fill into prepared pastry cases, reheat in moderate oven. Serve very hot.

Sauce Normande: Two dessertspoons butter, 2 dessertspoons flour, 1½ cups reserved oyster liquor (if necessary, add water to make up quantity or use fish stock), 2 egg-yolks, ½ cup cream.

Melt butter and flour. Stir in oyster liquor, cook over moderate heat until thickened; simmer 5 minutes. Combine egg-yolks and cream, add a little of the hot sauce. Stir this mixture into remaining sauce. Reheat without boiling.

CREAMY OYSTER CHOWDER

Two bottles oysters, 2 medium-sized potatoes (peeled and diced), 1 carrot (finely chopped), 2 pieces celery (chopped), 1 quart liquid (made up from liquor drained from oysters, and milk), 1 small onion (chopped), salt and pepper, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1½ tablespoons butter, chopped parsley, salted water.

Place potatoes, carrot, and celery in saucepan with small amount of salted water. Bring to the boil, simmer until tender. Drain and add milk and oyster liquor, onion, salt and pepper. Bring to the boil. Cream the flour with the butter, gradually add to the boiling soup, stirring. Cook until soup thickens, remove from heat, add drained oysters. Sprinkle with parsley, serve at once.

OYSTERS BORDEAUX-STYLE

Three dozen oysters on shell, 2 dozen tiny cocktail sausages, salt and cayenne, lemon wedges.

Arrange the oysters on 6 individual serving dishes. Sprinkle with salt and cayenne. In centre of each dish place a small plate containing 4 sizzling-hot fried or grilled cocktail sausages. Serve immediately with lemon wedges.

Continued overleaf



SERVE THEM AS A FIRST COURSE

● Oysters are an easily prepared first course. Usually they are served raw on the half shell on a bed of crushed ice with lemon wedges, but the following classic ways of preparing oysters for a first course are also delicious.

Oysters Bordelaise: Moisten the oysters with a little red wine, flavored with salt, paprika, and chopped shallot. Then sprinkle with fine breadcrumbs and melted butter; bake in hot oven.

Fried Oysters: Dip each oyster in beaten egg, then roll in crumbs. Deep-fry in hot oil. Drain well on absorbent paper, serve with fried parsley and lemon wedges.

Oysters Czarina: Top each

oyster with a teaspoon of caviar and squeeze of lemon juice. Sprinkle with pepper. Serve oysters on bed of crushed ice; garnish with lemon wedges.

Oysters Mornay: Coat oysters on the shell with well-flavored cheese sauce, sprinkle with a little grated cheese and melted butter. Place under griller until cheese browns, or heat in hot oven.

Oysters Bercy: Season oysters on

the shell with a little salt and pepper. Then make up white sauce (use fish stock instead of milk, and soften a little chopped shallot in the melted butter before adding the flour). Add a squeeze of lemon juice and a tablespoon of chopped parsley to completed sauce. Spoon a little of this sauce over each oyster; bake in hot oven until golden brown and bubbling; serve at once.

Oysters Rockefeller: Cover oysters on the shell with mixture of finely chopped, cooked spinach and onion. Top with fine crumbs and grated cheese. Brown in hot oven.

Oysters Kilpatrick: Season oysters on the shell with a little worcestershire sauce, salt, and pepper. Cover oysters with 1 or 2 small strips of bacon. Heat in hot oven, or place under griller, until bacon is crisp.

OYSTERS

... from previous page

OYSTER SOUP

Two bottles oysters, 1½ cups milk, ½ cup cream, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 teaspoon butter, finely chopped parsley, paprika.

In top of double saucepan, over boiling water, combine oyster liquor, milk, cream, salt, and pepper. Stir until soup is very hot; do not allow to boil. Add oysters, heat through; swirl in the butter. Pour into heated soup plates, top with a little chopped parsley, sprinkle with paprika.

OYSTERS A LA KING

Two or 3 bottles oysters, milk, ½ cup each finely chopped celery and green pepper, 4 dessertspoons butter, 3 dessertspoons flour, salt and pepper, buttered toast, chopped parsley.

Simmer the oysters in their liquor until the edges curl; drain. Strain liquor, add enough milk to make 2 cups of liquid. Saute celery and peppers in the heated butter until soft. Remove from heat, stir in flour, cook few minutes, stir in milk. Stir over moderate heat until sauce boils and thickens. Add oysters, season to taste. Warm the sauce gently until oysters are heated through. Sprinkle with parsley, serve on hot buttered toast.

OYSTER OMELET

Six eggs, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 dozen oysters, flour, breadcrumbs, crisp bacon, chopped parsley.

Beat eggs, season with salt and pepper. Melt half the butter in frying pan. Roll oysters in flour, dip in beaten eggs, then in crumbs. Drop into hot butter, brown on both sides.

Pour remaining egg mixture over oysters, cook gently until eggs are set. Cut omelet in half, turn each half over. Slip remaining butter into bottom of pan beneath omelet, continue cooking until omelet is lightly brown. Transfer to heated serving platter, garnish with crisp bacon and finely chopped parsley.

SOLE AND OYSTER THERMIDOR

Four large fillets of sole, 1 dozen oysters, ½ lb. mushrooms (sliced), 2 tablespoons finely chopped shallots, 2 tablespoons chopped green pepper, 2oz. butter, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, ½ cup dry sherry, ½ cup grated parmesan cheese, salt and pepper, ½ teaspoon dry mustard.

Arrange fish fillets in greased baking dish; place 3 oysters on each fillet. Saute mushrooms, shallots, and green pepper in melted butter, stir in flour. Gradually stir in milk until blended. Add sherry, cheese, salt, pepper, and mustard. Cook, stirring, until smooth.

Spoon sauce over fish and oysters. Bake in moderate oven 20 minutes or until fish flakes easily when tested with fork. If necessary, place under heated griller to brown top lightly.

OYSTER CANAPES

Brown bread, butter, mustard, oysters, mayonnaise, sieved hard-boiled egg-yolk, finely chopped chives.

With scone cutter, cut out 2in. circles from bread slices; toast on one side only. Spread untoasted side with butter into which a little prepared mustard has been mixed, top with oyster, which has been dipped in mayonnaise. Decorate with egg-yolk mixed with chives.

OYSTER COCKTAIL

Two dozen oysters, 1 teaspoon horseradish sauce, 1 dessertspoon worcestershire sauce, 4 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, ½ teaspoon anchovy sauce.

Arrange oysters in 4 small-stemmed glasses. Combine all remaining ingredients, chill well, spoon over oysters. Serve with lemon wedges.

ANGELS ON HORSEBACK

One dozen oysters, 6 strips bacon (rind removed), paprika, lemon juice, rounds of fried bread.

Drain oysters, set aside. Half cook the bacon strips, cut them in two. Place an oyster on each piece of bacon, sprinkle with paprika and lemon juice. Roll up bacon, secure with wooden cocktail sticks. Grill under moderate heat, turning once or twice. Remove cocktail sticks, serve on rounds of fried bread.



Marmie says:

If children won't eat vegetables
Spinach, peas or scallions
Here's the answer for the Mother
Who really knows her onions.

Take a tip from Marmie's book
On how to get them roaring
Marmite topped with sweet chopped nuts
Their health rate will go soaring!

(Marmite spreads, nourishes, satisfies. To say nothing of how beautifully peaceful it makes meal times)



Young lions roar for Marmite, the appetite builder

BANANA CAKE WINS £5 PRIZE

A MIXED-IN-ONE-BOWL, moist banana cake wins first prize of £5 in our weekly recipe contest. Ingredients are economical and make a nice, big, family-size cake.

Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

BANANA RING BUN

One cup brown sugar (lightly packed), 1 egg, 6oz. self-raising flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 3oz. butter or substitute, 4 table-

spoons milk, 2 large bananas (mashed), chopped nuts.

Place in basin the brown sugar, egg, and half the sifted flour, salt, and spices. Melt butter or substitute, add to the milk. Pour into dry ingredients and beat 3 minutes. Add remaining sifted flour and mashed bananas, beat further 3 minutes. Place in greased 8in. ring tin and bake in moderate oven 45 minutes. Glaze while still hot and sprinkle with chopped nuts. Serve freshly made with butter.

Glaze: Combine 1 teaspoon gelatine, 1 dessertspoon sugar, and 1 dessertspoon boiling water. Stir until dissolved.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Webster, 13 Dalby Avenue, Morphettville Park, S.A.



BANANA RING BUN wins this week's prize.

READERS' HINTS

● Readers win £1/1/- for each of these useful household hints.

CUTTING up quinces for jelly is hard work. Avoid an aching hand by using a kitchen hacksaw. Mine has a 10in. blade and wooden handle, and is the type usually sold for jointing rabbits. — Mrs. I. C. de Meyrick, "Ben Nevis," Bundanoon, N.S.W.

Father's frayed shirt can be converted into a painting smock for a pre-school child. Cut round the neckline and gather to fit the child, then cut sleeves to fit and gather at the wrists with elastic. — Mrs. R. Westen, 4 Stockdale St., Dickson, A.C.T.

A few sprigs of boronia or lavender stored in an envelope with your writing-paper will ensure a continuous supply of scented note-paper with a soft pleasing fragrance. — Mrs. W. Marsh, Tarn Valley, R.M.B. 536, Collie Rd., Kojonup, W.A.

Fish won't break or stick to the pan if, before cooking, you heat two tablespoons salt in the pan and wipe it out with kitchen-paper. — Mrs. Murielle Zanardi, 3 Third Ave., Rutherford, N.S.W.

A few dozen pipe-cleaners make a good inexpensive toy for a convalescent child. Even toddlers can have fun twisting them into a variety of shapes to make stick dolls, birds, or other animals. — Mrs. M. B. Maddison, 32 East St., Mount Hawthorn, W.A.

Tomato Rice: Fry a chopped onion until soft in 1oz. butter, add salt and pepper to taste, then $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped tomatoes, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, and 2 cups cooked rice; cook 5 minutes. Serve with an ice-cream scoop as a change from potatoes. — Mrs. J. F. Millar, 6 Lynch Rd., Fawkner, N15, Vic.

To make a quick and tasty filling for biscuits or cakes cream together 3oz. butter with 8oz. icing sugar and beat in 2 teaspoons sherry. — Mrs. M. Piercy, 7 Fenchurch St., Glen Innes, Auckland, N.Z.

If you are having trouble settling a new puppy down at night, wrap a ticking clock in an old jumper and put it down beside him. He will think the clock is his mother's heart-beat and settle down quietly. — Mrs. V. E. Martin, 9 Jinda Rd., Koon-gamia, W.A.

Cream makes a delicious accompaniment to hot, boiled cauliflower. Serve it in a sauce jug and pour it over as you would white sauce. It saves time and washing-up. — Mrs. R. D. Llewellyn, 66 King William Rd., Goodwood Park, S.A.

Dig a hole below the garden tap and fill it with gravel to stop drips forming a puddle and fostering weed growth. — Mrs. Glaister, Flat 2, 245 Wellington Rd., East Brisbane.

CHOCOLATE RECIPE IDEA FROM CADBURY'S



CHOCOLATE BUTTER LAYER CAKE

Bournville Cocoa makes it richer, keeps the texture smooth

INGREDIENTS: 4 ozs. shortening, 7 ozs. castor sugar, 8 ozs. self raising flour, 3 tablespoons Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 3 eggs.

METHOD: Blend the cocoa with the milk. Cream the shortening and sugar, add the eggs one at a time, beating well after adding each egg. Sift the flour with a pinch of salt and fold in alternately with the milk. Divide the mixture into two 7" sandwich tins which have been greased and lined on the bottom with paper. Bake in a moderate oven 325° or Regulo 4 Gas — 375° Electric for 30-40 mins.

When cold join together with whipped cream and top with Chocolate Butter Cream. Decorate with walnuts, almonds, cherries, etc.

CHOCOLATE BUTTER CREAM: 1 oz. butter, 3 ozs. icing sugar, 1 tablespoon Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa, boiling water, vanilla essence. **METHOD:** Cream the butter, and gradually add the sifted icing sugar and cocoa. Add sufficient boiling water to make a soft spreading consistency. Flavour with a few drops of vanilla essence.



It's all here — the deep, velvety colour, the rich, dark taste of chocolate. And, all because Cadbury's take such care in selecting the best cocoa beans then grinding them to silk-smooth fineness for famous Cadbury's Bournville Cocoa. Three tablespoonfuls is all you need to give this recipe the unmistakable chocolaty flavour that makes everyone ask for more.

PUT THAT 'PERSONAL TOUCH' INTO ALL YOUR COOKING WITH

CADBURY'S BOURNVILLE COCOA



It's the sneezin' season



Time for Kleenex* tissues because...
only new Kleenex tissues
have wet strength for big
sneezes plus super
softness for tender noses



In pink, yellow, aqua, lilac, white. 100's, 200's, 300's.

Stole and rug- in one pattern

● Television addicts will wrap themselves cosily in the rug to watch late-night shows; party girls will find the stole a glamorous addition to new winter ball gowns and party dresses.

THE rug is also a good stand-by as an extra blanket for a single bed when guests stay overnight unexpectedly.

For our rug we chose vivid red for vibrant warmth.

Other marvellous colors available in the mohair are a glowing burnt orange, a lively chartreuse, black, and white—as well as the perennially popular pastel tones and a wide range of combination colors.

Materials—Stole: 14 balls Emu Filigree Mohair. Rug: 30 balls Emu Filigree Mohair; 1 pair No. 3 needles; crochet hook.

Measurements—Stole: 24in. x 65in. without fringe. Rug: 48in. x 65in. without fringe.

Tension: 3 sts. to lin.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; st-st., stocking-stitch (k 1 row, p 1 row alternately); w.fwd., wool forward; tog., together; d.c., double crochet.

Using No. 3 needles, cast on 78 sts. for stole or 150 sts. for rug. Work in st-st. for 6 rows, commence pattern as follows:

1st Row (right side facing): * K 6,

(w.fwd., k 2 tog.) 3 times, rep. from * to last 6 sts., k 6.

2nd Row: Purl.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows twice.

7th Row: K 12, * (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 6, rep. from * to last 18 sts., (w.fwd., k 2 tog.) 3 times, k 12.

8th Row: Purl.

Rep. 7th and 8th rows twice.

These 12 rows complete the pattern.

Continue in pattern until work measures 64in., ending with 6th or 12th row. Work 6 rows st-st. Cast off.

FRINGE

Cut 2 lengths of yarn 12in. long. Keeping them together, fold in half and draw the loops through the edge of the knitting with a crochet hook, 3 sts. in from edge, from right side of work to wrong side. Thread the 4 ends through the loops and tighten up. Repeat fringe along edge to within last 3 sts. Work other end in same way.

TO MAKE UP

Press very lightly on wrong side of work with a warm iron over a damp cloth. Turn back the 3 sts. at either end and slip-stitch neatly into position.

MAKE this handsome stole (or rug) in luxury soft mohair for weightless winter warmth. Both are knitted to the one pattern and finished with wide fringing. Stole takes 14 balls, rug 30.



The most lovely motion picture event of all!...

MY FAIR LADY

from Warner Bros.

STARRING **AUDREY HEPBURN · REX HARRISON · STANLEY HOLLOWAY · WILFRID HYDE-WHITE**
GLADYS COOPER · JEREMY BRETT

THEODORE BIKEL · From the play by BERNARD SHAW · Production & Costumes by CECIL BEATON · Choreography by HERMES PAN · Music Supervised by ANDRE PREVIN

Screenplay by ALAN JAY LERNER · Produced by JACK L. WARNER · Directed by GEORGE CUKOR · **TECHNICOLOR® · SUPER PANAVISION® 70**

Based upon the play "My Fair Lady"
Book and Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER · Music by FREDERICK LOEWE



General Exhibition

EXCLUSIVE N.S.W. SEASON comm. Hoyts CENTURY Theatre, SYDNEY, THURS., JULY 29

Twice daily at 2 p.m. & 8 p.m.

Preceded on Wednesday, July 28 at 8.15 p.m., by a Gala Charity Premiere sponsored by The Spastic Centre and under Vice Regal Patronage.

HOW TO BE ONE OF THE FIRST TO SEE
the fabulous winner of 8 Academy Awards, including "Best Picture"

BOX PLANS OPEN JULY 1ST FOR THE FIRST FOUR WEEKS OF THE SYDNEY SEASON
(comm. Thursday, July 29th) of the one motion picture that everybody has been waiting for.

BOOK IN SYDNEY at CENTURY THEATRE, George St.; DAVID JONES Theatre Bookings, Market St. Don't delay, because "MY FAIR LADY" is the most unprecedented, international success in screen history! Prices:—Lounge Circle & De Luxe Stalls, Ev. 20/-, Mat. 15/-; Stalls, Ev. 17/6, Mat. 12/6; Front Stalls, Ev. 12/6, Mat. 10/- Children half price all matinees.

PREFERENTIAL MAIL ORDERS for exclusive season commencing July 29.

Write with cheque or money order payable to Hoyts Theatres Ltd., and stamped, self-addressed envelope to Century Theatre, George Street, Sydney. Please state session and nominate 3 preferred days and dates, each date at least 14 days apart.

GROUP BOOKINGS:—For Parties of 20 or more, contact Mrs. Mitchell, Group Party Office, Box 110, G.P.O., Sydney, or phone (Sydney) 28 9889, 28 3821.

WHAT A LOV-ER-LY WAY TO CELEBRATE THAT SPECIAL OCCASION!





Winter again!

Your family's comfort and protection are part of your chemist's care.

Let the cold winds blow, it's comforting to have your family chemist to call on. That winter wonderland of a shop . . . home of reliable, proven products and knowledgeable service . . . comfort and protection to help you happily through the treacherous season of sniffles and sneezes. Your family chemist is well-equipped to recommend the cough remedies, throat sprays, cold tablets and other preventive items and remedies that fight winter ills. The kind of service he offers is a personal one, going beyond the simple selling of tested products: because he

knows you and your family, all his training and experience equip him to help protect you against winter's wiles. Special care through all the seasons is part of your chemist's dedication; it goes to make his shop the most reliable, pleasant, and friendly place you can shop. Call on him at any time.

YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST
PERSONAL SERVICE
WITH PROFESSIONAL CARE



For coughs and sore throats . . .

You can rely on your family chemist to provide you with proven products. At his pharmacy you'll find a wide range of remedies . . . cough mixtures for both adults and children, throat sprays and throat lozenges—to bring swift relief.



For colds and 'flu ...

Your family chemist stocks the cold tablets, nasal drops and head-clearing inhalants that make breathing easier, reduce temperature and speed you on to a quick recovery from the miseries of colds and 'flu.



Winter warmers ...

As comfort for the sick bed, or for the simple luxury of warmth on chilly nights, you'll want two or three hot water bottles on hand. Look for the wide choice among the special winter weather items at your family chemist.



For aches and pains ...

Early signs of winter are here—sniffles, headaches and chilly discomfort. Ask your family chemist about the proven reliable products that ease the discomforts of minor winter aches and pain. He carries a wide and varied range.



Soothing skin care ...

When winter winds whip dryness into your skin, cause chapped lips, chapped hands and painful chilblains see your family chemist. He will recommend soothing creams and lotions to protect and nourish the most sensitive skin.

PG30



Do you like being pampered? That's the beauty of **AVON CALLING.**

If you've never experienced the bliss of trying on a new fragrance . . . smoothing on a feather light skin cream . . . selecting a harmonising make-up shade *right in your own home* . . . you have a marvellous adventure to look forward to. Your neighbourly Avon Representative literally brings beauty home to you, shows you new and exciting cosmetics, fragrances and toiletries, all beautifully packaged, of unsur-

passed quality from the world's largest cosmetic company. Each and every one of them with an UNCONDITIONAL MONEY BACK GUARANTEE. Your Avon Representative brings you the latest make-up ideas, pampers you with personal attention, personal service. This is a new and wonderful concept of beauty. This is beauty as you like it. This is AVON CALLING. Do welcome your Avon Representative when she calls.

AVON
cosmetics

NEW YORK LONDON MONTREAL SYDNEY

Avon Products Pty. Limited, 291 George Street, Sydney, New South Wales Telephone 29-8051 for a Representative to call

AV17A

A PLACE FOR JIMMY

Although Steve and Barnaby regularly challenged me, they did so with a clumsy and innocent recklessness. In Jimmy I sensed something far more formidable. Beneath the surface of his charm lay something unyielding — the quiet and merciless fatalism of a boy who had learned too much too soon.

We climbed the wooden steps from the shore and circled past the grey asphalt tennis court. Suddenly Jimmy asked, "Do they have an archery range here?"

"I don't think so. Still, it shouldn't be too difficult to set up something. Are you good at it?"

"I took first place at camp last year." Then he added with a slight shrug, "Of course, the competition wasn't too keen."

I looked at him. "Do you win everything you get into?"

For the first time, he grinned with just a touch of shy pleasure, then returned to his earlier detached manner. "If you can win, you might as well do it."

"Is it really that easy for you?"

"Oh, I work at it. I always practise a lot. What else is there to do in camp?"

"You don't make it sound like much fun."

"Fun?" He looked at me, and then shrugged, as if the idea had never occurred to him and wasn't very important anyway.

"You've spent a lot of time in camp for a boy your age."

"I've always gone to camp," he said. "The first time I was five years old. The camp didn't take anyone until he was six at least, but Mum said I was six because she wanted me to have the benefits. This is the first summer I haven't gone."

"Your buddies will miss you."

He looked at me gravely. "Nobody will miss me," he said.

"Why didn't you go this year?"

I was aware that my questions were verging on the impertinent but he answered in a tone that was quite subdued.

"My mother got married again last Christmas. I guess she thought it would be a good idea for me to get acquainted with my stepfather. He's all right."

Just then we came to the main fork of the path and

abruptly Jimmy turned toward the main lodge. "See you again some time, Mr. Thomas," he said quickly, and then he was gone.

I felt that I had just been dismissed.

As I opened the door of the cottage I smelled bacon cooking and heard a reassuring tumult. Upstairs the boys were loudly quarrelling over a pair of blue jeans, heedless of Kathie's shouts from the foot of the stairs explaining that each of their articles of clothing had been carefully marked. The twins were overtired and keyed up from the trip.

It would be, I thought, a day of sudden collisions and sudden tears — the kind of a day it is best simply to ride out. I went on into the kitchen where Sarah, our Swedish housekeeper, was cooking breakfast and Susan sat in a high chair studiously spooning porridge down her front. She kindly offered me some, but I declined and kissed her instead, an act she generally ignores, but which cheers me greatly.

Kathie came in. "Twins," she said. "What did I do to make heaven cross at me?"

"The way you talk," I said blandly, "the children might get the notion you don't like them."

"There are times when I don't," Kathie said firmly. "Sometimes I worry. If they just weren't the same age, the same size, this terrible rivalry."

"It's not terrible, it's natural. Sure they're rivals, but they're different. Steve likes to study, Barnaby's all hot pursuit and hollering. Our problem is to keep them from driving their differences into extremes."

Kathie threw me a wry look. "What gave you such a calm, detached view of life — the morning air?"

"Possibly. I think it may rain."

Kathie shuddered. "And pen us in with these monsters while we're unpacking!"

The boys pounded downstairs, protesting loudly when we sent them back to comb their hair. At breakfast Kathie and I could manage only the barest communication between interruptions. I was reflecting sombrely on my obvious incompetence to maintain an orderly household when for the fifth time I was required to arbitrate an argument I didn't even understand. I rebelled.

"You fellows put me on the spot every thirty seconds. Cut it out. Who do you think I am — Solomon?"

Steve looked at me thoughtfully. "Who's Solomon?" he asked.

I saw the ambush and tried to fluff the question: "He was a wise old king a long time ago. Don't they tell you about these things in Sunday school?"

"Sure they do," Barnaby announced. "He's the king that split up the baby. He was wise all right — ugh!"

"Good grief," I said to Kathie. "Is that what they teach them in Sunday school?"

"Barnaby," said Kathie "you've got things mixed up. When the two women claimed the same baby, Solomon had to use a trick to get the truth — that's why he suggested they divide it in half. When one of the women offered to give up the child rather than see it hurt, he knew at once she was the real mother."

"You see — it's really a story about love, not blood-thirsty at all."

The boys stared at Kathie. "Hey," Steve said softly, "that was neat."

"Sometimes," I remarked, "you'll have to admit I'm pretty smart after all."

Barnaby turned to me. "Why?"

"For marrying your mother — that's why."

Kathie blew me a little kiss as reward, and I began to feel we were going to get through the day after all.

Gradually things did settle

To page 62

Enter the Osram

"NAME THE MYSTERY VOICE" Contest

£1000

Cash- First Prize

Pick up an official entry form at your Osram dealer now. Dial the Osram number*, listen to the voice of a world-famous film star, identify him, complete your entry form, and send it in. You could win £1,000 or a valuable consolation prize—a G.E.C. Mastermatic Electric Range for the best entry from each state, plus 100 consolation prizes.

*COUNTRY READERS, listen to your local commercial radio station for the Osram Mystery Voice.

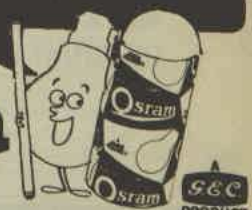
RING THESE NUMBERS

PHONES: SYDNEY, 29 8595. MELBOURNE, 34 9221
ADELAIDE, 23 1107. BRISBANE, 2 1102.
PERTH, 21 5300. HOBART, 3 2555.
LAUNCESTON, 2 1047. NEWCASTLE, 2 5524.

Entry forms
wherever
you buy
Osram Lamps.

LOTS OF VALUABLE
CONSOLATION PRIZES!

for an
Osram



DEC. 000N.W. 22



Dandruff is easy to get.

Of all the ways to get rid of it, new Dannex is the easiest.

Just rub in Dannex after a hair wash.

And leave it in.

Don't rinse it out.

Dannex stays in your hair to keep dandruff out.

Simply, easy.

Dannex has a hidden extra—it conditions hair, too.

NEW..

Dannex

9/11 at chemists and leading department stores.



Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"MOYHA."— This smart, one-piece frock is available in powderhouse - pink, cameo - brown, white, and red rage pure wool flocking. Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/5/-; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/7/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £4/10/-; 36 and 38in. bust, £4/12/6.

Postage and dispatch 6/- extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 74. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex Street, Sydney, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays. They are available for six weeks after publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



THE FIGHT



The fight was a sellout, the crowd on their toes. But the champion kept stalling and blowing his nose. "It's a certainty now that I can't win this fight, For my throat is red raw and my chest is so tight." His trainer said, "Champ—cop this quick! Woods' of course will do the trick."

Woods'

GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND

Combats Coughs, Colds and Influenza

ARE YOU BUILDING A HOME?

Our Home Planning Centres throughout Australia will help you with every aspect of planning your new home. See our Home Plan this week.

INCREASE WEIGHT

More-waste tablets add pounds of firm, healthy flesh where you need it most, quickly and safely. Write today enclosing 5d. stamp for full information to Rice Research Laboratories Pty. Ltd., Dept. 528, Box 7, George St. North P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

Continued from page 61

down. After breakfast the boys headed for the beech tree to see if their tree house had survived the winter gales, and later dashed off in the direction of the lodge to renew friendships among the staff. Kathie and Sarah and I began the task of getting the family installed in the house for the summer.

As I had expected, the day gradually darkened and the wind whistled in from the sea with increasing strength. By early afternoon, when Kathie and I went out to the point, rain was greying out the off-shore islands and we watched it move landward until at last it struck at us with great, heavy drunks.

Kathie paid no heed, but stood her ground, slender and erect, while her light tweed coat darkened with moisture. Her off-blond hair held back by a kerchief, she turned directly into the weather

A PLACE FOR JIMMY

with the carelessness of a woman who uses little make-up or none at all.

Wet now by the rain, her face had the cool clarity of marble, and looking at her I felt again a perennially astonished pride, not simply in her effortless beauty but in something which seemed equally a part of it — a steadiness with which she looks at things, some quality of unspoken, natural courage which touches her smallest acts.

And I felt, too, a pang of resentment against that ironic process by which marriage divides its partners, that winter-long attrition by which the daily demands of work and children steadily narrowed our margin of quiet intimacy.

But if winter was a time of gradual estrangement, summer had become for us a time of rediscovery, of

emergence into the vivid world of the senses — of morning chill, of colors vibrating in the sunlight, of a buoy languorously tolling, of the taste of salt and iodine after swimming.

Kathie herself became a kind of summer creature, some ephemeral and impossibly attractive being, a thing of firm brown skin and golden hair whose low, soft laughter seemed the sound of the summer dusk. And falling foolishly in love again with this familiar stranger, to whom I have been married for nearly seventeen years, tends to make us both a little awkward and shy.

Kathie must have known my thoughts, for she gave me a look of gentle appraisal. "You are a nice man," she said.

"You know," I told her, "after all these years a remark like that throws me off. I don't know how to react."

"You don't have to react," she said lightly. "All you have to do is be what you are — a nice man who happens to be my husband."

"It seems to me," I said, "that the great success of this family is being what we are. It's chaos."

She looked at me, amused. "That's what makes us a good family, Allan — what keeps us going..."

"We don't know how to stop."

SHE grinned, took my hand as we started back toward the cottage.

"Listen," I said. "This is our first day. We've done enough — anyway, you have. Let's have dinner at the lodge."

"Are your intentions dishonorable — or are you inviting the whole family?"

"Why not just us? Let Sarah fix something light for the boys."

Kathie gave it a moment of thought, then shook her head. "Not tonight," she said. "In fairness to Sarah I think we ought to make it a family party. Save our wild romantic fling for another evening."

"Only if you insist." She reached up and kissed me lightly. "Besides," she said mischievously, "we could make it an early evening."

As it turned out, Sarah stayed home with Susan, who had become tired and cross, and Kathie and I took the twins to the big panelled dining-room at the lodge.

Scrubbed, wearing ties and jackets, Steve and Barnaby were for the moment on their best formal behaviour. Each decided, predictably, on shrimp cocktails and chopped steak while we greeted Anna — the shyly warm, bright-checked country girl who had waited on us for several summers.

Anna was about to leave when she remembered something and leaned toward us. "Oh, Mrs. Thomas, there's a Mrs. Kra—" She checked the spelling on her pad as she tried to pronounce the name. "A Mrs. Kreutzer — who says she knows you."

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2000 to 4000 words; short stories 1100 to 1400 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Names and addresses should be written on manuscript as well as on envelope.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

"Mrs. Kreutzer?" Kathie looked blank.

"Across the room — the table near the ferns."

Kathie turned her head curiously. Toward the end of the room, looking eagerly in our direction, was a startlingly pretty blonde at a table opposite a lean, darkly tanned man wearing a monogrammed blazer and a cravat at his throat.

Between them, his back to us, sat the vaguely familiar figure of a boy, and after a moment I realised that it must be Jimmy. As Kathie stared, the blonde rose and hurried toward us, swivelling her way among the tables.

"Well, for goodness' sake —" Kathie exclaimed slowly as recognition came. "Millie Stoddard — I don't believe it."

"It's nobody else, darling," Millie said as they beamed at each other. "You look absolutely marvellous!" Her eyes flickered over the rest of us.

"Millie, I want you to meet my family. This is Allan, My boys — Steve, Barnaby."

Millie bent over, keeping one hand loosely clasped on an emerald pin at the low-cut V of her dress. "Hello, Allan! Hello, boys—" For an instant the perfume, the seductive intimacy of her voice, were like a caress. Then she turned back to Kathie.

"Darling, you've filled out! You're so — womanly."

"Marriage does things for you," Kathie replied.

"Marriage does things for everybody, darling. I absolutely believe in it. I think husbands are the greatest invention — I wouldn't be without one."

"You've remarried?"

"Last winter. That's him over there now, glowering at his meat and potatoes! Isn't he darling — middle Europe all over! I'm sure he's terribly annoyed at my table-hopping, but I just had to talk to you. It's been years — and since you were married I've never heard a word about you. You just dropped out of sight, darling. That's naughty."

"It's very easy, when you're married."

"But darling," Millie fully touched Kathie's shoulder and stood back, "if I didn't keep getting married I'd never be mentioned in the old college news — they wouldn't have anything to print! You know, in number of husbands I'm at the head of the class." She giggled and looked at me.

"Isn't that an awful thing to say?" She sighed. "Three times. I'm afraid that's a terrible indication of character, makes me seem unstable or something. But I'm so happy now."

"That's wonderful, dear," Kathie said without conviction.

"I've got to get back before daddy blows his top, the darling," Millie said, darting a glance toward the man in her life, whose mood I assumed must be darkening rapidly. "What about a brandy after dinner, in the lounge?" Millie asked. "The boys could play ping-pong in the games room. I so want you to meet Franz."

"Really, Millie—"

"And my boy Jimmy must be just about the age of your boys. I'm sure he'd adore them. Just one drink after dinner."

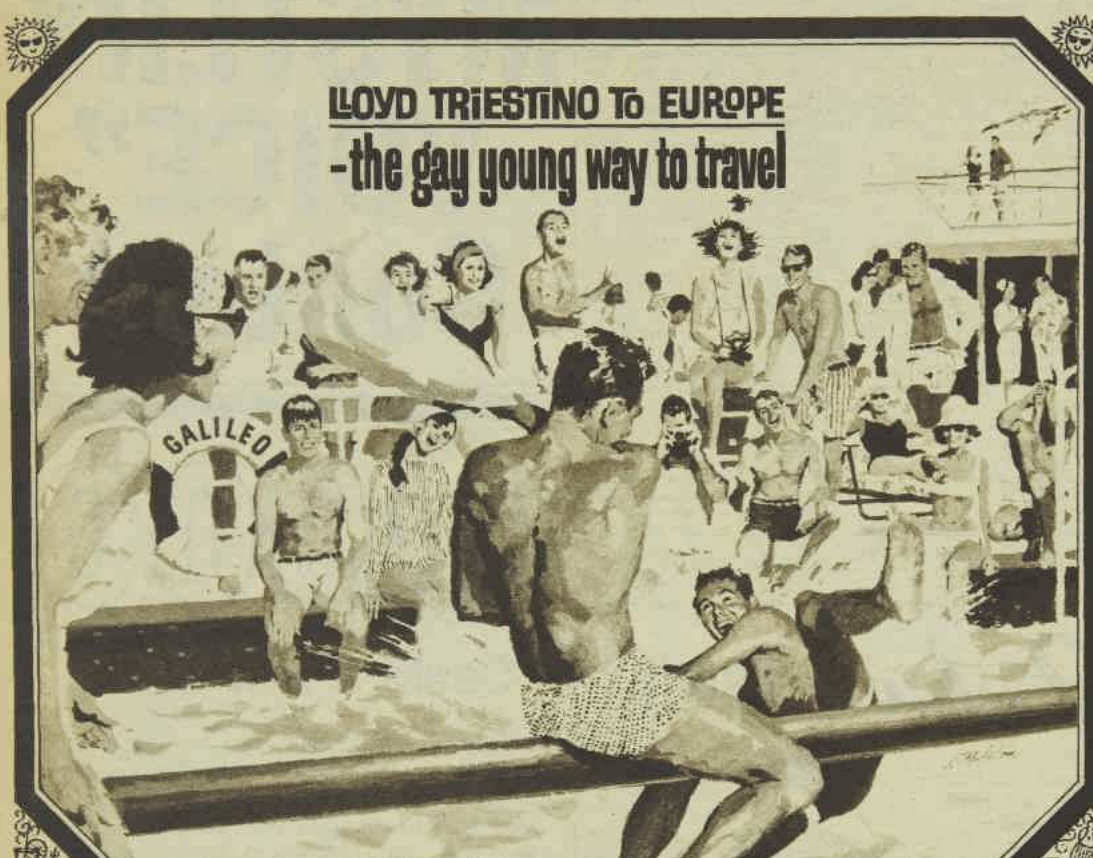
Kathie gave me a quick look, asking my indulgence, and said, "Fine, Millie — we'll try. But we won't be able to stay long."

"Wonderful, wonderful, darling — see you later, then." She squeezed a quick smile at all of us, and was gone.

The boys stared after her in disbelief. "W o w!" Barnaby's staccato whisper

To page 64

LOYD TRIESTINO TO EUROPE —the gay young way to travel



Your European holiday begins first day at sea— aboard one of our splendid new ships, GALILEO and MARCONI. We have our own big band to entertain you... bright records in the jukebox... an entire deck of glamorous social rooms, bars and lidos... a well-equipped "gym" to keep fit... wide-open decks where you can laze in a deck chair and turn brown in the sun... sports!—tennis—cricket—quoits—and so on... a clay-pigeon shooting gallery... your own tile, filtered swimming pool. If you are up on deck all morning in the sparkling sea air, you will certainly be ready for a hearty meal in the Restaurant. And what a

glorious international cuisine you'll have to choose from! Perhaps before luncheon you will arrange to meet some friends at one of the many delightful bars, sit on a high stool and sip a "special" cocktail. At night there will be dancing, a game of "bingo," a race meeting—and later at the night-club until the early hours. Imagine! all this just for the price of your fare and including landing fees (a practice exclusive to Lloyd Triestino).

A one-way ticket, tourist class, by Lloyd Triestino costs from £146 off-season and £184 full season, even less from Melbourne, Adelaide and Fremantle.

LOYD TRIESTINO LINE

GALILEO & MARCONI

REGULAR MONTHLY SAILINGS TO EUROPE VIA THE EXOTIC ORIENT

Ask your travel agent for literature, a list of fares and sailing schedule

General Agents—Sydney: Gilchrist Watt & Sanderson Pty. Ltd., 17 O'Connell Street. Tel. 25 5801. Melbourne: John Sanderson & Co. (Shipping) Pty. Ltd., 505 Little Collins Street. Tel. 62 0441. Adelaide: George Willis & Co. Ltd., Gilbert Place (off Currie Street). Tel. 51 1211, also Pt. Adelaide (4 1641). Perth: George Willis & Co. Limited, 133 St. George's Terrace. Tel. 21 9421. Brisbane: Willis Gilchrist & Sanderson Pty. Ltd., 262 Adelaide Street. Tel. 31 1551. Hobart: C. Piesse & Co. Pty. Ltd., 7 Elizabeth Street. Tel. 2 5057.

DOLLS RECALL FRANCE'S STORY



FRENCH noble-woman Roxanne and Cyrano de Bergerac, the poet-soldier who fell in love with her but, because he was so ugly, never revealed his feelings to her.

EMPRESS JOSEPHINE and her husband, the great general Napoleon. Napoleon divorced the childless Josephine in 1809 and later married Marie Louise of Austria.



● These exquisite dolls are part of a collection of 60 made in Nice for Madame Roger Levy by "Jany," a small shop which specialises in hand-making and dressing dolls. They represent famous women — most of whom have played an important part in French culture or politics — and the lovers of some, such as de Musset with George Sand, and Cyrano de Bergerac with Roxanne. Each doll is elegantly dressed to the finest detail in the typical garb of the period in history it represents.



MADAME LEVY (above), of Sydney, wife of the Commercial Counsellor for France, M. Roger Levy, with part of her collection of sixty exquisitely dressed dolls representing famous women of history. "They are a novel way to illustrate our history to friends we make in other countries," said Mme. Levy. "I take a collection with me to every country I visit and when I leave I find these miniature dolls are delightful gifts to give the friends I leave behind."



NOVELIST and dramatist George Sand (real name Armandine Dupin) and her lover, poet Alfred de Musset. She was a member of a talented group, including Chopin, Liszt, de Balzac, and Delacroix.

HEROINE of Alexandre Dumas' famous tragedy, *La Dame aux Camélias* (centre), with Anne of Cleves (left), fourth wife of Henry VIII of England. At right is the beautiful Madame de Pompadour.



RHEUMATISM IN THE BACK

When faulty kidney elimination is a contributory cause of your rheumatism in the back, De Witt's Pills are recognised as a helpful treatment. World-famous De Witt's Pills are an effective diuretic and they contain a mild antiseptic to safely correct minor bladder infections.

Start a course today. Like thousands of sufferers before you, within twenty four hours you will have visual evidence that De Witt's Pills have commenced their beneficial action. 9/6 and 5/9.

De Witt's Pills

HUNDREDS OF HOME PLANS are available from our Home Planning Centres located in leading retail stores throughout Australia. See the coupon in this issue for details and centre addresses.

NEW RX FOR ASTHMA

New Improved Laboratory-tested MENDACO is certified to stop attacks of Asthma, Bronchitis, Sinusitis and Hay Fever. Stops wheezing, coughing—lets you breathe easily and sleep like a baby. Get MENDACO at chemists money-back guarantee. Only 8/6



Continued from page 62

must have been audible halfway across the room.

"Barnaby," Kathie said, "none of that!"

"I follow his meaning," I said. "Whoever Millie is, she's rather overpowering."

"Men walk into trees whenever Millie goes by," Kathie remarked wryly. "They always have."

"Schoolgirl rivals?" I asked.

"Never." Kathie looked up at Anna who had reappeared with our dinner and it was some time before the conversation got back to Millie.

From the sparse facts Kathie would mention in the presence of the boys, and from what I learned later, Millie had made the understatement of the week in suggesting that she was unstable.

Born into a minister's family, she was from the beginning alien to the stony hills and winter-stripped trees of Massachusetts. She be-

longed to warmer places, to cloudless skies and palms and drumming surf, to servants and brilliant birds in cages, to the gulf streams of the world. She laughed and giggled and tossed her eyes like a magnolia belle — incessantly, incorrigibly, hopelessly sexy.

At Smith, where Kathie had known her, Millie in her junior summer had run off to the Indies with a Dartmouth halfback, the son of a Minneapolis milling family sufficiently rich and determined to stop the marriage service from being performed.

After graduation and a brief whirl of modelling in New York, she had married the senior partner in a Boston firm of underwriters, and barely three years later she inherited a fortune when her husband died of a heart attack during a skiing holiday in Switzerland.

Still under thirty, Millie

then had married William Schuyler, a young philosophy instructor from Duke University. Of all her marriages it lasted longest — nine years — and produced Millie's only child, Jimmy. It also seemed to have been the most mysterious of her marital excursions, the reason no doubt that it became the subject of so much speculation among her former classmates.

In their talk, Schuyler became at varying times a consumptive or an alcoholic who beat Millie in rage and frustration at his own sense of failure. His death by gunshot, the gossip insisted, was intentionally self-inflicted. At the time, Millie and he had had the last of a series of exhausting reconciliations — and Jimmy, I gathered, had already begun his round of boarding schools and summer camps.

We found Millie and her new husband in the main lounge after dinner, their ponies of cognac on a low table in front of their sofa. Beyond them, at a separate table, Jimmy was working at a large jigsaw puzzle. As we entered, Millie arose quickly and came toward us.

"I'm so glad you could stop for a drink," she said, seizing our hands. Everything about Millie was a little too eager. She seemed frightened of pauses, and needed the interruptions, the sudden diversions quickly seized upon, to save her from — what, I did not know.

She drew us toward the sofa. "I've so wanted Franz to meet you, I've been telling him about you," Kreutzer had risen to his feet to acknowledge the introduction.

He was quite probably the handsomest man I have ever seen — very tall, very sinewy, with the hard, taut features of the strenuously active man. He also had the aristocrat's immovable poise that required no exertion, only his presence, and I felt an unexpected sympathy for Millie, so uncertain and anxious, allied with this formidable assurance.

Millie called impatiently for Jimmy to join us. Unhurriedly he finished setting a piece in the jigsaw puzzle, then rose and walked erectly toward the group. Millie put her arm about his neck, her hand fussing at his lapels and collar as she presented him. "And this," she said, "is my Jimmy."

He greeted Kathie and the boys with grave formality, and turned to me without obvious recognition. I smiled down at him. "Jimmy and I already have met," I said.

"Why Jimmy?" Millie turned toward him, carefully drawing a lock of hair from his forehead. "Where in the world did you meet Mr. Thomas? You never mentioned it." Then she said to us, as if in explanation, "But there are so many things Jimmy never mentions—"

"It was down at the beach this morning, Mother," Jimmy said in a curiously flat tone.

"I thought there was a chance we might get back his boat," I said, and suddenly wished I hadn't. "But the surf down there is pretty strong—"

Millie darted an anxious look toward Franz. "Oh, yes, the sailboat—" She wheeled Jimmy toward her, straightened his tie, then gave his shoulders a little push. "Off you go, dear — you know where the games room is. Wouldn't you boys like to play a game of ping-pong with Jimmy?"

ALL characters in serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

A PLACE FOR JIMMY

Briefly, as the boys took off, Franz's cool, reflective gaze seemed to follow Jimmy, then he turned and invited us to sit down. "Drink?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, Franz, do let's have a drink," Millie said. "I'd love another brandy, too." While Franz gave our order, she seemed fretful and distracted. Her fingers kept working at the little napkin beside her empty cognac glass, shredding it. "Really, I know I probably shouldn't mention it—"

She hesitated as she glanced at Franz, then went on, "but sometimes I feel concerned about Jimmy. Oh, he's wonderful, polite, and considerate and, well, just everything a boy should be, but sometimes he seems so apart, almost a stranger—"

Millie drifted off a moment, took a deep breath. "Well, the boat. It was a lovely boat, simply lovely and terribly expensive. I got it at Schwarz's last week so Franz could give it to Jimmy, a sort of get-acquainted present, you know—"

Franz, who had been listening patiently, shrugged in mild reproof. "Millie," he said in his carefully inflected English, "I think you are making this too important."

She faced him, almost pleadingly. "I'm sure Kathie and Allan will understand. They've children of their own. Kathie's one of my oldest friends, and well—" She plunged on. "Anyway, the boat. You see — Jimmy didn't lose it at the beach this morning. It's in his closet, wrecked."



She looked at us in a kind of vague bewilderment. "He seems to break the things we give him so quickly — absolutely no regard for their value."

There was a moment of strain. Then I heard Kathie saying in a pleasant but dead-level voice: "Perhaps the boat has a different value to Jimmy than it does to you."

It was as if she hadn't spoken. Franz gazed steadily at Millie for a moment, then turned and smiled as if to discount the whole matter. "Boys," he remarked, "are complicated animals. All of them do crazy things sometimes. Tell me, Mr. Thomas, he said, "you have been here before?"

"Every summer. Regularly," I said. "We like it here."

"It is a good habit," he said agreeably. He looked at me with polite curiosity. "And you never find yourself thinking that maybe this year we will try another place, some place new?" he asked.

"Yes — but at our stage with the children this seems best," I told him. "The family stays for the summer. I spend my vacation here and come up for the weekends later. It works out very comfortably."

"Of course," he said smoothly. I was irritated by

To page 68

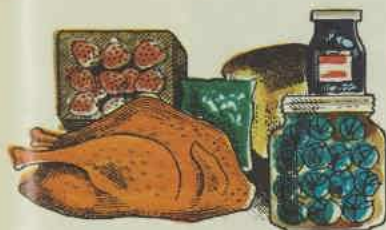
"TEAL" LUXURY TALC BY Johnson & Johnson AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.



A newcomer to the great
French perfumes.
(P.S.: You can only get it in
"Teal" luxury talc.)

("Teal" is perfumed by Robertet of Paris)

WHAT MOTHER NEVER TOLD **YOU** ABOUT FOOD AND FREEZING



It wasn't that Mother forgot. It's just that so many changes have taken place since first the iceman used to call, and then Mum bought her first refrigerator. Remember how tiny its frozen food chest was? Room for a carton of ice cream and not much else!

Yes, things have changed a lot since then. These days a refrigerator is more than just "a place to keep food cold". Now it's the key to living better, eating better, working less, relaxing more.

But did you know that it can save you money? Save you shopping trips? Give you quicker, more luscious meals?



Because it's the age of the 2-door refrigerator

Manufacturers didn't just put 2 doors on their refrigerators to make them look more glamorous. Certainly they do (just look at the Kelvinator 2-door Foodarama above!). But there's a more important benefit than styling. With

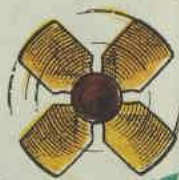
2 separate doors you get 2 separate appliances in one. At the top, a real deep freezer. The deep freeze isn't just a frozen food chest — it can safely freeze food for months and there's no need to open the refrigerator door when you need something from the freezer.

If you're thinking of buying a 2-door refrigerator, then heed this warning...



Don't let anyone tell you they are! Some have automatic defrost in the refrigerator section but there is only one 2-door refrigerator that you don't have to defrost the deep-freeze section by hand. Name? Kelvinator "No Frost" Foodarama. Thanks to "No Frost", frost is locked out of the freezer, frozen food packages never stick together and their labels can always be clearly read. And you never have to defrost either the deep freeze or refrigerator.

How can Kelvinator — and only Kelvinator — do this? Simple!



A VERY SPECIAL FAN

We won't bother you with the technical

details! Very simply it's this — a fan in the deep freeze section circulates dry sub-zero air — and so prevents frost from building up.

"No Frost" is the biggest thing to happen to refrigeration since Mum first bought one. The biggest thing that's ever happened in refrigeration!



Life's a breeze with a freezer

Especially if your 2-door has a freezer section with "No Frost". With a big deep freeze in your refrigerator you can buy foods in bulk — when prices are lowest — and store them for later use. You can enjoy out-of-season delicacies anytime of the year. You have less shopping trips. And, over those long week-ends you'll always have fresh bread if you store it in the deep freeze.

Did we say earlier that there's been big changes in refrigerators? And how! Just look at the Kelvinator above — it's the only one with 2 vertical doors and "No Frost". Stores over 500 lbs. of food — great for growing families.



Serve dinner for 8 or more in half an hour

You can do it — even if you're a working housewife... thanks to the deep freeze section of your Kelvinator Foodarama. You simply prepare meals in advance then heat them up before

guests arrive. So fresh and delicious, they'd never guess you made them weeks before.

So now you know the things Mother never told you about food and freezing — why not let her in on the secrets?

Get your Kelvinator Freezer Booklet

Packed with tips on freezing, it's yours simply by writing to Kelvinator Australia Limited, Box 1347, P.O., Adelaide, enclosing a postal note for 2/6.



Name _____

Address _____

State _____

**LUSCIOUS
LIVING**

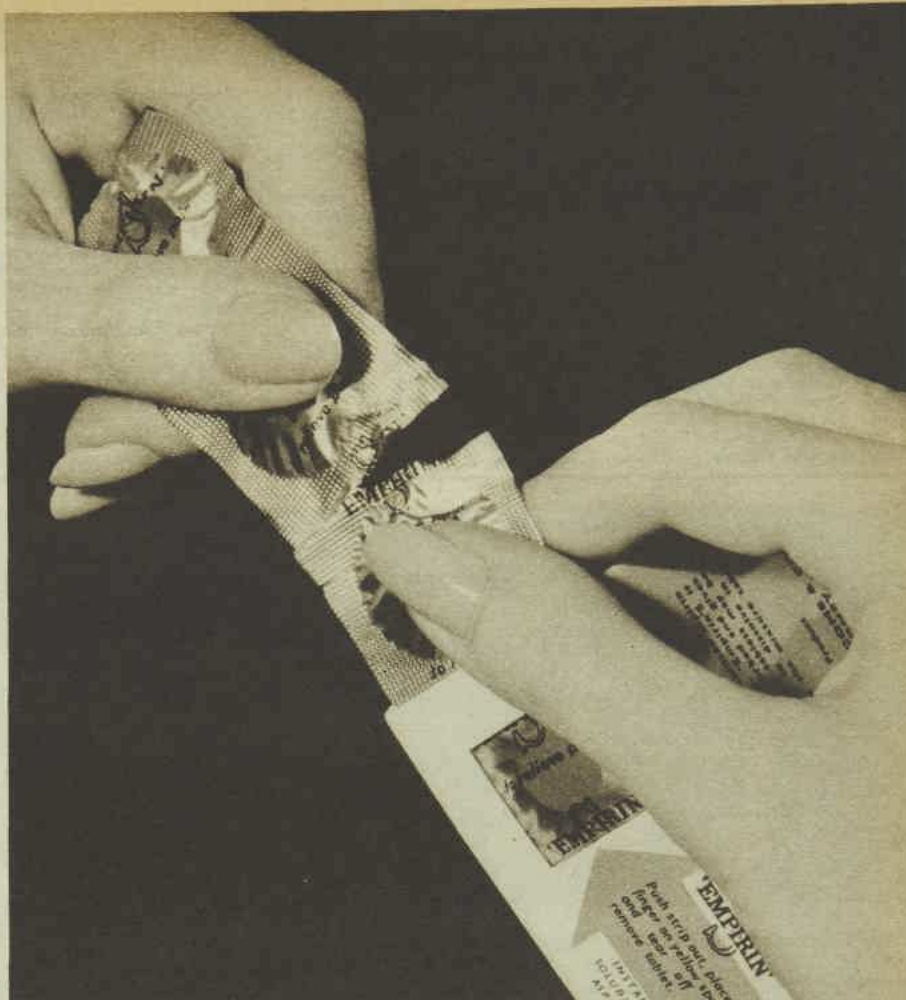
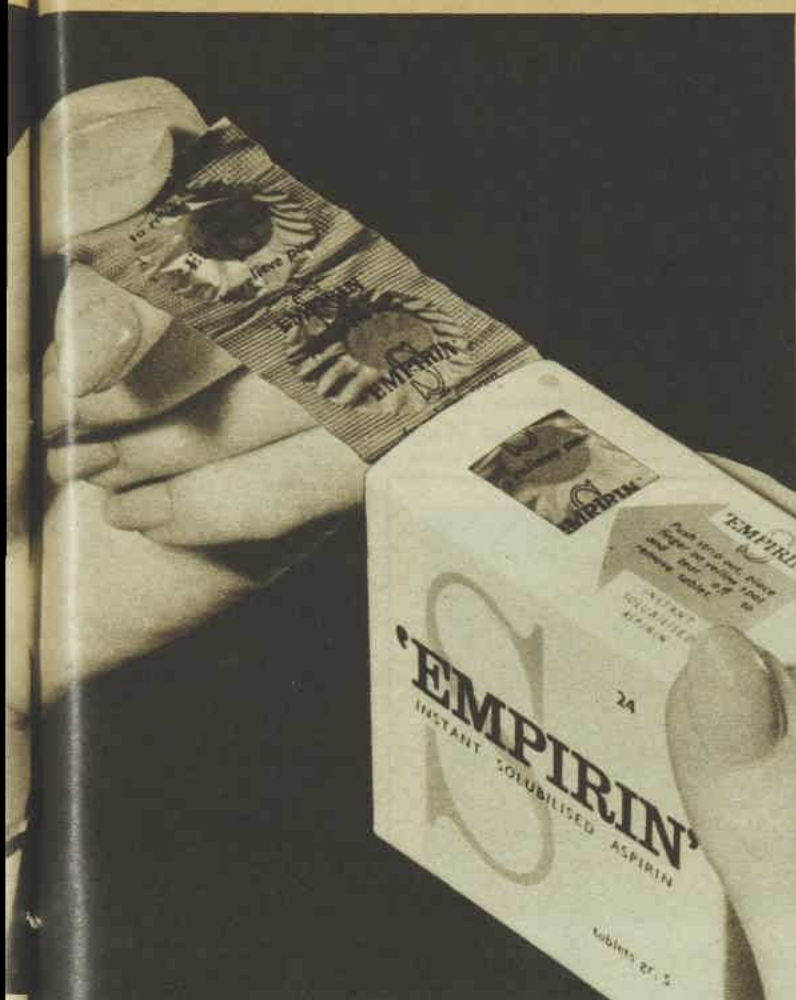
WITH
Kelvinator



NEW to relieve pain... in a convenient



get at this fast acting, quick dissolving aspirin...



dispenser that makes it so very easy to



New, fast relief from headache, toothache, periodic pain, neuralgia, rheumatic pain and the discomforts of colds and 'flu. 'Empirin-S' tablets are pleasant to take, quickly absorbed and safe for all the family. Wrapped in an easily identified, printed gold foil strip that's handier for purse or pocket, 'Empirin-S' is available from your Family Chemist in dispensers of 24 tablets — **3/3**

'EMPIRIN'



A Wellcome Product

BURROUGHS WELLCOME & CO. (AUSTRALIA) LTD.

when you need it

the suggestion of indulgence in his voice.

Millie broke in. "You don't understand, Franz. With his family and his job in New York it's perfect for Allan. You've never really had to face it, darling."

Franz turned to me with that spurious self-disparagement of the man who knows he is better off than you are. "What Millie is saying is that I play for a living."

"Really, Franz," Millie protested. "People would think you're just a playboy, darling. You have plans — marvellous plans."

Franz shrugged. "Ah, but that is not work," he said, and turned to Kathie and me. "We are thinking perhaps to buy a ski lodge."

"In New England?" Kathie asked.

"I do not think so," Franz replied. "Perhaps Canada — or may-

Continued from page 64

be Chile or New Zealand." He smiled. "Then I could follow the snow — ski the whole year!"

"Isn't it exciting?" Millie exclaimed.

We agreed it was. We consented to another round of brandies and talked of other things, mainly of Franz — of his youth in Cologne, of his war years in the African panzers, of his later period as a ski instructor in the Austrian Tyrol where Millie had met him.

I gradually realised, with a kind of admiration, that Millie, by question and suggestion, was keeping the conversation in orbit around Franz. In some curiously pathetic way she seemed to be trying to serve him — as if by her adoration and

submission she could achieve the shelter of an identity she herself did not have.

At last, as the talk swung back to a planned autumn trip to South America and New Zealand, Kathie asked, "Are you taking Jimmy with you?"

"Ah, no," Franz frowned disapprovingly. "At his age a boy must be in school, he must be learning something."

"One could take a tutor, I suppose."

"Ah, no — impossible!"

Kathie smiled, then glanced at me. "I think it's time we got the children into their beds, father."

I went and rounded up the boys from the games room where Jimmy

was steadily defeating the twins at ping-pong, invited him to go swimming with us as soon as the weather cleared, then said our good-nights to the Kreutzers. As we herded our boys through the doorway, I glimpsed Jimmy back at his table, already absorbed in his next move on the jigsaw puzzle.

Outside, the rain had slackened. As we followed the path to our cottage I touched Kathie's hand.

"You there?"

"I'm here," she said. After a moment she added, "I was thinking of Millie."

"Not that magnificent husband of hers?"

Kathie chuckled softly. "You're such a fool. Of course Franz is mag-

nificent, he's a schoolgirl's dream of heaven. But everything he is, all of him, is held carefully on view — a shell one millimetre thick. He isn't real. Millie is. She's crazy, she's tangled —"

"She's also beautiful."

"The one asset she's sure of. But somehow it never quite buys the things she thinks, she's getting — happiness or whatever. But she does want, so desperately. I guess it's the wanting that makes her sad, and real, too."

"I like Millie," I said, a little surprised that it was true. "I never saw anyone work harder at a marriage." We walked silently a little way before I went on. "It's Jimmy I don't understand. What was he — just an accident in Millie's life?"

"I don't know," Kathie thought a moment, said finally: "I doubt it. I imagine Millie did want him, wanted to have a baby. She probably cuddled him to death until she found out babies aren't dolls — they grow. I doubt Millie's ever seen Jimmy for what he is, a person himself. So he baffles her. She doesn't know him at all."

"Jimmy's a baffling child."

"That's the trouble — he's not a child. He's more like an imitation adult."

"You didn't like him, did you?"

Kathie hesitated. "I pity him — and it's hard to pity someone without liking him a little. But he's so inside himself, so hermetically sealed. He won't let anyone in. He doesn't dare."

"It might help if Millie paid a little less attention to that new husband and a little more to Jimmy — not just leave him to work jigsaw puzzles by himself."

"Millie doesn't know how."

AGAIN I felt angry, partly, I suppose, because I was struggling irrationally against a problem about which I could do nothing. "All the boy needs," I said, "is a little affection, a little interest — not just in what he wears."

"Not a little. A lot. A whole world of it," Kathie said coolly. "Probably there's only one person that can give it to him, and she's too mixed up to do it. Love doesn't always find a way, darling." She looked up at me. "You upset?"

"I guess I am," I admitted. "Why do people who're so damned selfish have children at all?"

"I don't know, Allan, but they do." She tucked her arm through mine, reached up to peck my cheek. "Anyway, right now I'm selfishly grateful just for ourselves."

I smiled, pressed her arm. By the time we caught up with the boys near our house I had almost forgotten my annoyance.

The main weather front passed Casquacum during the night, but in the morning the surf thundered against the point, and on the north side we could see the spume rising above the bluffs. Not until the third day did the weather break warm and clear. At midmorning we took a picnicbasket to the unfrequented cove beyond the lodge's protected beach.

While the twins trotted along the tideline looking for shells, Susan and I built sandcastles, but at last I retired to the shelter of the umbrella. I let Susan cover my legs with sand while I idly listened to the murmur of Kathie and Sarah's voices, marvelling again at that powerful equanimity of women that could be attentive to a child's demand, that could say "after lunch, Sue" — then you may have a cookie, — then flow on around the interruption like water.

Only once was there a hesitation. Sarah had casually remarked that Susan was bearing an increasing resemblance to me, and for a moment the knitting stopped while Kathie's gaze went to the baby.

In that brief silence, I knew, lay the suddenly remembered knowledge that Susan was our last child, that there couldn't be any more. When I had brought Kathie home from the hospital that last time she had said: "It's a fact of life, Allan. I have to live with it." I hadn't answered right away. I was struggling with some obscure sense of outrage against which there was no possible redress.

To page 69



Wonderful Hoover feeling

cleaning
is done
and you've time
to enjoy!

For the home with carpeted floors—

Hoover
Convertible—
the world's finest
cleaner— it beats
as it sweeps,
as it cleans!

If your carpets never seem to be clean (though you spent hours with them only yesterday) — change to Hoover Convertible! It's the only cleaner that gets out the deep-down destructive grit that is trodden into your carpet. That's because only Hoover beats, as-it-sweeps, as-it-cleans — the three-way action recommended by leading carpet manufacturers all round the world. The Convertible gets out all the dirt that other cleaners leave behind.

Hoover cleans better — faster. It's designed to create leisure time for you to enjoy.

For the smaller home or apartment, there's the Hoover Lark. All the advantages of the Convertible — on a smaller scale. Light weight, low-priced and it beats, as-it-sweeps, as-it-cleans!

For cleaning above floor level, attachable tools are available for both machines.

See the Hoover Convertible, and the light weight Lark, demonstrated at any Hoover retailer. Don't delay. Special trade-ins are now being offered.



GIVE YOUR HOME THAT SPOTLESS HOOVER LOOK!

A PLACE FOR JIMMY

Continued from page 68

Then I had said: "We both have to live with it." That was over a year ago and we had seldom spoken of it since, but sometimes there were moments like this one, and when they came I usually knew.

Then Kathie resumed her knitting, the murmur of voices went on, and we were past it. Through half-closed eyes I gazed out at the sea's hard glitter. Within the cove the bathing float was vacant, and beyond it, almost at the opposite point, a solitary dinghy rocked at a buoy. The day itself hung in a kind of shimmering suspension, until the appearance of a boy in white trunks. Like a seal leaving the water, Jimmy lifted himself on to the diving float, poised an instant at the edge, then dived — all in a single, fluent, self-erasing act.

I was not surprised to see him. It was entirely consistent with what we knew of Jimmy that he would choose to appear, as if by casual accident, and allow himself to be discovered.

Indeed, an outbreak of distant yells could only mean that the twins had also seen Jimmy, and presently all three heads bobbed into view swimming back to the float. Once more I marked the difference between Jimmy and our boys. Steve and Barnaby were fair swimmers, but they loved to clown. They delighted in being thrown off balance by the sudden tilts of the float, sprawling grotesquely into the water with whoops of joy.

But Jimmy never allowed himself to fall, and when he did dive he made hardly a splash. Sometimes at the top of the dive he seemed almost to belong to air, a figure of lonely perfection for a timeless instant freed of gravity and doom.

I DOZED off. When I awoke Kathie was shaking me. "Allan," she said, "I think you'd better check on the boys."

I stared out toward the float. It was vacant. "Where are they?" I asked.

"They were out there until just a few minutes ago, just lying on the float and resting. When I looked again they were gone."

I got up slowly and scanned the water. I saw nothing. "They must have swum ashore," I said. "They're probably back at the lodge buying soft drinks."

"Maybe they did," said Kathie, not quite satisfied. "But it does seem odd that I didn't notice them."

"They'll show up presently — yelling for food," I told her. I felt no anxiety. Like all boys, the twins frequently disappeared briefly on errands of their own.

Mainly to reassure Kathie, I waded out and plunged into a low-crested wave. The water was cold, and I swam hard until I reached the float. I pulled myself out of the water, then stood up and again looked about.

Near the mouth of the cove the anchored dinghy rocked endlessly, but it seemed only to emphasise the day's blank stillness, the vacancy of the swells rising and falling with unhurried regularity. Even the beach seemed curiously desolate. There was no sign of the boys anywhere.

Then some far-off object in the water abruptly caught my attention. After a moment I saw it was Jimmy, swimming

a direct and steady course toward the dinghy. Then, far behind him, I glimpsed the flash of an arm and saw the heads of Steve and Barnaby quite close together on the side of an incoming swell.

They were nearly midway to the dinghy and already had far exceeded any distance they had swum before. Even now they seemed close to exhaustion, lifting their arms not in a stroke swimmer's clean, unhurried stroke, but clumsily, without power.

I cupped my hands and yelled, but there was no sign the boys had heard me. Desperately I yelled again, and a third time. At last a face — whether it was Steve or Barnaby I could not tell — turned in my direction. While I waved urgently, the boys seemed to call to each other, then the twins turned back toward the float. Jimmy continued steadily toward the dinghy. I plunged in and struck out toward the boys.

When I reached them, Steve was at the limit of his endurance, but came grimly on. Barnaby was too exhausted to speak. His arms moved feebly, hardly breaking the surface, his head lay awash as his body increasingly yielded to the force of the swells. "Try resting a moment, Barnaby," I told him. "Then we'll go for the rest of the way."

He turned on his back, limply, barely managing to float while I began to tow him. Up ahead I could see Steve hold on to the edge of the diving platform until he had the strength to draw himself out of the water. A little later I helped Barnaby out on to the float, then painfully crawled on to it myself. I looked back.

Jimmy was sitting in the dinghy, as isolated and self-contained as a gull on a wave. For nearly a quarter of an hour the boys and I lay on the float, gasping and speechless. At last I raised myself. "Who started this nonsense?" I asked.

"It was a race," Steve answered. "I suppose it was Jimmy's idea."

There was a moment of uncomfortable silence before Barnaby said, "Nobody wants to be chicken."

"Better chicken than dead," I retorted angrily. "I thought you fellows had more sense. You've never swum half that distance before."

Steve looked off toward the dinghy where Jimmy still waited. "I think maybe we could have made it," he said. "Jimmy thought we could."

"I don't think so, and maybe doesn't justify the risk. Besides—" I added, "Jimmy can outswim both of you. He's been in swimming events since he was a baby practically. He knows what he can do. You don't. Now let's not have any more of this dare-devil, follow-the-leader stuff. You're allowed as far as this float, and no further. Is that clear?"

"Yes."

"All right, let's swim ashore."

When we got back to the umbrella I gave Kathie a quiet look, and she made no mention of our scare. While she opened the sandwiches and cold lemonade I saw Jimmy leave the dinghy and swim leisurely toward shore. He walked out of the surf like a careless young god, picked up his towel, and slowly approached us while he dried himself.

"Hello, Mrs. Thomas — Mr. Thomas," he said easily. "Hello, Jimmy," I said, not very cordially. "You had me worried out there."

"About me, sir? I could

To page 70

AS I READ THE STARS

By ELSA MURRAY
Week starting June 30

ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, violet, green.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Gambling colors, white, gold.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Saturday.

GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, red, yellow.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Gambling colors, green, tan.
★ Lucky days, Sunday, Monday.

VIRGO
AUG. 23-SEPT. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Gambling colors, jade, silver.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Tuesday.

★ You could begin a new phase, when the tempo of life quickens considerably and a lot of clutter is cleared away. However, 5th-7th should be handled with care. Ideal romance-wise.

★ All to do with love and marriage has an aura of the unusually dramatic, especially at the weekend, which is wonderful for romance. However, the 5th-7th could present problems.

★ The week offers plenty of opportunities for pleasant gadding about, much to-ing and fro-ing. Weekend favors the family visit. Care and routine, 5th-7th, especially if born June 7-9.

★ As I've mentioned, this is your No. 1 period, and your luck is still holding, so get cracking with that important business. Excellent for self-promotion, except that 5th-7th is adverse.

★ You, too, are in the good graces of the Zodiac. The star of love has moved into your sign and is in gracious mood. Finance favored, too. But try to avoid contracts, etc., 5th-7th.

★ Mars, which has been in your sign since last November, has now passed on. This week is highly propitious for romance. Marital problems can be solved by discussion. However, 8th adverse.

LIBRA
SEPT. 23-OCT. 23
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, rose, lilac.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.

SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Gambling colors, red, gold.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Friday.

SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
★ Lucky number this week, 7.
★ Gambling colors, black, white.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.

CAPRICORN
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Gambling colors, blue, grey.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
★ Lucky number this week, 8.
★ Gambling colors, tricolors.
★ Lucky days, Sat., Tuesday.

PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Gambling colors, green, tan.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Monday.

★ Mars has entered your sign and is in very good aspect, so this week should prove stimulating, and you could get going. Personal affairs are under happy auguries. Snag is on the 6th.

★ Things have been steadying for you lately—less confusion and muddle. Ideal to launch a new project, particularly if you deal in words and ideas. But you could miss an opportunity, 6th.

★ Besides favoring romance, the stars could stimulate you to perceive broader horizons. If you're a homebody, now is the time to decorate and be the busy handy-woman. But 6th troublesome.

★ Cupid is in high good humor for you. As well, the stars beckon you to success and achievement. Friends could provide pleasant surprises. But handle 6th with caution. It's not lucky.

★ Romance is in bud, but main focus could be on career. You could get some daring ideas to help you in the big, wide world. However, the 6th could see some emotional loss.

★ If you regard the 6th as allergic—especially if married—the rest of the week should prove happy and fortunate, with friends helping and Lady Luck herself bestowing windfalls.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.)



Most women who buy tampons prefer Meds* (without applicators) because:

Meds need no bulky, 'hard-to-dispose-of' applicators. Meds Tampons are more absorbent; more comfortable. Meds will give you 'five days of new freedom'. Meds cost less — 2/9. Pack fits the daintiest purse.

For free booklet, mailed in plain wrapper, write to:
NURSE REID, JOHNSON & JOHNSON PTY. LTD.,
BOX 3331, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

STATE _____

W.W. 7.7.65

Johnson & Johnson

* Reg'd Trade Mark.

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 7, 1965

Page 69

swim that distance easily — a lot farther, even."

"Well, the boys can't."

Jimmy seemed suddenly contrite. He glanced at the twins, quietly munching their sandwiches, then back at me. "I'm sorry, Mr. Thomas, I guess it was my fault. I shouldn't have suggested it, but—"

"But what, Jimmy?"

"Well, sir, I guess I thought anybody could swim that far."

I looked at him steadily. "Jimmy, not everybody is good at swimming—at several sports. Other things you might not be good at at all. You wouldn't want someone to take advantage of that, would you?"

"I hadn't thought of it, sir."

Jimmy seemed so genuinely concerned that I decided I had pressed the rebuke far enough. Kathie must

Continued from page 69

have sensed it, because she now broke in pleasantly. "Come and sit down, Jimmy," she said. "Do you like chicken?"

"Very much, Mrs. Thomas." He smiled politely and took the sandwich and lemonade Kathie offered him. Then he curled up contentedly on the sand near us and we spoke no more about it.

Quickly the family fell into the pattern of previous summers. We arranged for the boys' riding and tennis lessons. Kathie and I made our annual tour of the local antique shops in search of Sandwich glass and ironware. Occasionally we attended service at the local church, that strict white-frame structure

whose spire had been lifted like an admonition above the town for more than two centuries.

Mainly we walked, swam, and drowsed in casual sequence. Although we once joined forces with the Muirs and Capalbos, summer regulars like ourselves, for a beach picnic on one of the offshore islands, we saw little of other acquaintances.

Despite one or two eager invitations, we particularly had kept aloof from the Kreutzers, that handsome but oddly disquieting couple. I had an instinctive fear of becoming entangled in Millie's precarious emotional life. Her tensions were communicable, and, though we felt a measure of sympathy, an hour

with Millie was — as Kathie said — nearly as exhausting as crossing Niagara Falls on a tight wire.

Yet, oddly, of Jimmy we saw a great deal. On the Fourth of July the family joined the other guests who spread blankets on the lodge's great lawn to watch the fireworks and the rockets blooming in the night sky, and only late in the evening did I become aware that somehow Jimmy had drifted silently in from the darkness and was sitting among us. Thereafter he was a frequent and welcome presence at our cottage.

There was, I suppose, a seductive mystery about Jimmy — something unexplained — that from the beginning had aroused in Kathie and me

a more than casual interest. He seemed to gaze at all things with a charming and melancholy detachment and, seeing him sometimes with Steve and Barnaby in the days that followed, it occurred to me that he wasn't actually playing — rather, he participated in their activity much as an adult might join a game which really is meant for children.

He still retained an animal wariness and aloofness that avoided commitment — he came without greeting, left without farewell.

Yet gradually both Kathie and I were becoming aware that in his own special way Jimmy had made a tentative sort of alliance with us, but how deep I did not suspect until my vacation was nearly over and I was about to return alone to New York.

That last Saturday morning the family had scattered and I had taken a book out to the lawn chaise on the rear terrace. I had read for a time, when a shadow fell across me. Jimmy stood there, neat figure as always, wearing a dark pullover with a white shirt open at the neck. He carried a bow and quiver of arrows.

"Hello!" I said, and squinted up at him. "Is this a friendly visit? You're pretty heavily armed."

He grinned. "I thought maybe Steve and Barnaby would like to try target shooting. They said they wanted to learn."

"But they're not here. No one is but me. The boys went riding."

"Oh," he said. He was not particularly downcast. One of Jimmy's disturbing characteristics, I had learned, was his instant acceptance of any disappointment.

"I'll tell the boys," I said. "Where could they find you after lunch?"

"I don't really know," he said, as if trying to avoid any fixed appointment. He hesitated, then said awkwardly: "Well — thanks, anyway. Goodbye."

I WATCHED the slender figure, the erect bearing, as he turned and walked off across the terrace. Something — perhaps he was too erect — conveyed to me a sense of bleakness, of isolation. On impulse I called after him: "Jimmy!"

I put my book aside as he turned. "Might I see your bow?" I asked.

"Sure," he said, faintly puzzled. He came back, handed me the bow. "It's yew," he said with pride. "That's the best kind."

I passed my fingers along the carefully waxed surface. Like all bows, it was a thing of grace and surprisingly light.

"Do you shoot, Mr. Thomas?" Jimmy asked as I returned the bow. "No," I said. Then because I sensed his eagerness, I added: "But I'd very much like to see how you do it."

He brightened. "Would you — really?"

"Really."

Together we improvised a target from a beach backrest. While we set it safely against a low rise of ground near the big beech tree and paced off the distance, Jimmy explained the proper method of shooting — the position of the body, the drawing of the bowstring, the use of a point of aim, the release of the steel-tipped target arrow.

At last he stood at right angles to the target with its crudely drawn concentric circles. With perfect concentration he placed the bowstring through the nock of the arrow, gazed an instant toward the target, drew the string as he raised the bow, bringing his right hand back to his jaw. Almost at once I heard the soft, low spung of the string, the whispered flight of the arrow to the centre of the cloth.

"Splendid!" I said quickly.

He paid no heed, but calmly and steadily shot five more arrows — two more into the centre, or the gold, two into the adjoining red, and one into the black. Each was shot with the flawless, fluent progression of the first arrow. Now at last he turned to me.

"Jimmy," I said, genuinely impressed, "that was extraordinary!"

"It's easy—when you do it right," he said. "The arm doesn't draw the bow. It follows the shoulder."

To page 71



The cheeriest way
to get the goodness of rice

Kellogg's RICE BUBBLES*

"THE BEST TO YOU EACH MORNING"

Snap! Crackle! Pop! That's the happy hello of Kellogg's Rice Bubbles meeting milk. That's also the hearty bursting-forth of rice... one of the world's most nourishing grains; the grain Kellogg's uses to put the cheerful crispness of nourishment in Rice Bubbles.



*Rice Bubbles is a registered trademark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

K 465 R

Page 70

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 7, 1965

"In any case, it deserves refreshment. Come on, let's see what we can find."

I started off toward the kitchen and he trotted after me chattering about technical problems of archery while I rummaged about and found, as I had hoped I would, a pitcher of fresh lemonade. I piled some cookies with the glasses on a tray and we went back to the terrace. I leaned back on the lawn chaise, listening to Jimmy with amused interest, struck again by his superb assurance when he felt approval. Then, as he fell silent, I asked idly, "How's your mother, Jimmy?"

The question had been innocent, yet I was at once conscious that something suddenly had been extinguished in Jimmy — some free and magical brightness that had been there only an instant earlier. He carefully finished chewing and swallowing a piece of cookie. "She's all right," he said in a tone of flat uninterest. Briefly his gaze roved the beech tree, then he announced simply, "She doesn't run her life very well. She keeps making terrible messes."

"I wouldn't know anything at all about that."

"I wouldn't mind — if only she'd leave me out," he said. He turned toward me shrewdly. "You think she's a silly woman."

I was unprepared for this. "I beg your pardon?"

"The night you met Mother at the lodge — that's what you were thinking."

"Nonsense," I said quite sharply. "What on earth put such an idea into your mind?"

"But she is, you know," he said, not at all put off. "She's a very childish person. If she's unhappy about something she might just — he made a little gesture, "just go out — and buy a new hat!"

HOW cool and pitiless you are, I thought, and felt a moment of compassion for Millie — how could she know that she might one day have to stand under the summary and formidable judgment of her child. "Sometimes," I said, "that's all one needs just to keep going — something unimportant, a hat."

"Now you're making excuses for her," he said. "Everybody always does."

I waited a moment before I challenged him. "Jimmy," I said gently, "haven't you ever been afraid?"

His expression did not change. He continued to watch me with that curious, enigmatic gaze, as if I, too, were part of some vast adult sham, before he turned slowly away without answering. Suddenly he pointed upward toward the beech tree. "What is that?" he asked.

I followed his gaze. "A tree house."

"Did you build it?" he asked curiously. It was as if Millie had never been mentioned.

"No, it's been there a long time."

"How do you climb up?"

"I think there are some handholds nailed to the lower part of the trunk. Sometimes the boys use a knotted rope to come down."

"Mind if I have a look?"

"Just be careful."

He darted off, circled the tree to find the handholds nailed to the trunk, then lightly swung upward until he at last disappeared among

Continued from page 70

the branches. The tree house must have fascinated him — although I went back to my reading I would occasionally glimpse his figure high in the tree, crawling in and around the little sanctuary.

Not long afterwards, Kathie came back with Sarah and Susan and the boys, and I went to greet them. When we came out to the beech tree Jimmy was no longer about; he had vanished without a word. It was a moment later that I found on the terrace table the small wrapped package that contained Jimmy's parting present, a silver pen and pencil set on which he had had my initials engraved.

I stared in astonishment at this excessive gift so furtively delivered,

and then I thought, good heavens, but this boy needs a lot. I felt vaguely uneasy, as if I had signed a contract of which I had not read all the clauses.

On the Wednesday night, after my return to New York, Kathie called. She tends to think of me as the hapless male adrift in the great city without proper food, clothing, or general supervision, and it causes her to worry. Actually, I rather enjoy my few weeks of bachelorhood, and the loose informal grace that touches New York on summer nights.

I tried to reassure Kathie that I was comfortable, but I was far more interested in the news from Casquacam — that Susan appeared to

be cutting another tooth, that Steve and Barnaby had taken Sarah to a Western movie which she loves, that Duncan Muir had caught a 29-pound striped bass in the surf hardly ten yards from my favorite spot.

It all seemed of tremendous consequence. Sitting in bed and listening to Kathie's strong velvety voice, I lost all track of time. When I glanced at the clock on the night-table it was nearly midnight. "Have to sign off, Kathie honey, I've a heavy day tomorrow. Also the New York Telephone Company does not have me on an allowance."

There was a moment's silence, and then Kathie said quickly, "Allan—?"

"Yes?" I replied, sensing something wrong.

"Don't go yet. There's something else I meant to ask you."

"What?"

"Would you object if Jimmy came and stayed here at the cottage with us for the next week or so?"

"Stay with us? Why? What's happened?"

"Nothing, darling," Kathie said reassuringly. "It's simply, well, Millie called me today and asked — she and Franz want to drive up to Quebec and look over a ski lodge they're thinking of buying."

"Why can't they take Jimmy along?"

"Well—" Kathie said slowly. "It seems Millie and Franz haven't had a chance for a trip alone together since they've been married. I gather

To page 73



What is it
about this girl
that puts
men in a
frenzy?



Frenzy, by Goya.

Can you blame him for being hot blooded, when you light the flame with Frenzy? Teasing, tantalizing, tormenting — the unforgettable fragrance. Wear Frenzy perfume wherever a pulse beats. Wear Frenzy Talc — where, just everywhere!

Mrs. H. WIFE



"Trying to make your first tomato immortal?"

Nestlé's are specialists in infant feeding...



...and that's why **Nestlé's**
make so many different
infant foods.

You probably did not know that there are ten different Infant and Baby Foods made at Nestlé's. Each for a special feeding need. Your doctor is familiar with them all. For your baby's personal needs he will suggest the infant food that is special for him.

Through the years Nestlé's have learned the vital essentials of infant dietary care and have, through their research and experience, filled so many different infant feeding needs.

Lactogen, Liquid Lactogen, Pelargon, Nestogen, Arobon, Nestargel, Maltogen, Nesmida, Strained Baby Foods, Junior Baby Foods.

Babies are very special people—that's why they need very special care



A PLACE FOR JIMMY

they're planning to make this sort of a honeymoon."

There was a moment of silence, then Kathie's worried voice. "Allan? What do you think?"

"I think it's an imposition." "I could hear Kathie give a little sigh. "But, Allan, how can we refuse — really?"

"Hell, this is supposed to be a family holiday, isn't it? You have enough chores and responsibilities just taking care of the children and the household." I grew more irritated as I talked. "I don't see why we should be required to disarrange our lives to cope with Millie's problems."

"Oh, I suppose I should be annoyed at Millie for making such a request," Kathie said patiently. "But somehow, Allan, she seems so helpless — and to tell the truth, I feel sorry for her. She keeps making believe everything is so gay, and yet underneath she seems so desperate."

"If I'm sorry for anyone," I said, "it's Jimmy. And I still think that some of Millie's problems would seem a lot smaller if she gave a little more of herself to the boy."

"She can't, Allan." I could feel, rather than hear, Kathie's conflicting emotions about the whole thing. "I think she's just hanging on the ropes. And, darling, in spite of whatever reservations I may ever have had about Jimmy, I'd hate to see him caught in some crisis between Millie and Franz. Surely we're rich enough to give a small part of ourselves for just one week."

"Suddenly I'm Scrooge." "You're not. You're the most wonderful man who ever lived. You just don't like things sprung on you suddenly. And I know that at bottom you're really concerned about me."

It was true. I was. "All right, Kathie," I said at last. "If you think it'll be good for us."

I submitted to a small mocking impulse. "Of course. It's better to give and so forth—"

"I don't mean that, really I don't. All I mean is, well—" Kathie hesitated before she went on. "I guess I've always hated smugness. We're so lucky, you and I — how awful it would be if we let it make us smaller somehow, ungenerous. How awful if some day, years from now, we'd have to look back at ourselves and say, whatever happened to those mean, happy people?"

SOMETIMES Kathie makes me feel as if I had taken a breath of pure oxygen. "All right, Kathie," I said finally. "It's all your way and I love you. Now go to sleep. I'll call you tomorrow — and be up on Friday."

"Goodnight, darling." Her voice was warm. "I wish you were here with me. I feel close to you."

"I wish I were there, too." As it happened, I was called to Washington next day regarding some tests our engineering firm was running for one of the government agencies, and another week passed before I got to Casquacum again. Kathie met me alone at the Portland station that Friday night. Even before the train halted I glimpsed her on the platform, a slim figure in white summer pumps and pale, sheath dress, a simple gold band gleaming in her sun-bleached hair.

As I swung down, her eyes found me at once among the other descending weekend vacationers. She came swiftly toward me, gave me a kiss that was both warm and discreet, then locked her arm closely in mine as she led me toward the parking lot and the car.

As usual, Kathie's interest so flattered me that in my awareness of her I had hardly gone beyond the warm sense that she was there. But as we walked to the parking lot, I suddenly remembered my first glimpse of Kathie through the train window. I had had a swift impression that only now reached my consciousness, of isolation, fatigue, an indefinable strain.

"Kathie — is anything — what's wrong?"

Her smile faded. For a moment her eyes quickly searched mine. Then she said very simply, "Barnaby

broke his collarbone this morning."

We were at the car then, and for a moment all that passed through my mind was, "Oh, hell — why?" But Kathie tried to reassure me. "It was a clean break, no problems," she said quickly. "Dr. Fitch came over and set it immediately. I suppose we should be grateful really. It could have been so much worse."

I looked up sharply at that, started to ask a question but withheld it. We were silent as I backed out and headed toward the coast highway. Kathie sat near me, quietly waiting. Once or twice she rubbed her fingers across her temple, as if she had a headache.

Finally, I asked quietly, "All right, Kathie — tell me about it."

She made a small hapless gesture.

"He fell — from the beech tree."

I looked at her in alarm. "Not from the tree house!"

"No, thank heaven — at least not the full distance. He fell from part-way up the rope."

"But how —?"

"I'm still not clear on exactly what happened. The boys were playing some sort of game — Steve and Jimmy on one side, Barnaby on the other. The idea seemed to be to keep Barnaby out of the tree house. Apparently he tried to go up the rope, but Jimmy slid down and his feet forced Barnaby to lose his grip."

To page 74

THE BOYFRIEND



"Look! I've taught him to sit up and beg!"



He may not know the name of the things that keep him happy all day. But you do: Johnson's.

1. Johnson's Baby Powder absorbs moisture, keeps skin cool and fresh after a bath.

2. Johnson's Baby Oil helps prevent cradle cap, stops sensitive skin area from drying.

3. Johnson's Baby Cream softens and soothes — is medicated to help prevent nappy rash.

4. Johnson's Cotton Buds clean a baby's ear, his eye corner, his nose — and between his toes.

5. Johnson's Baby Shampoo gets hair singing-clean, but does it without stinging or burning eyes.

6. Johnson's Baby Soap has the special mildness a baby's skin needs — lathers quickly, rinses easily.

Johnson & Johnson

Lemons for Beauty

TO keep your skin clear and fair you need the natural cleansing and bleaching tonic of lemons. Ask your chemist for a bottle of lemon Delph, the latest type skin freshener used by beautiful women throughout the world. Lemon Delph makes the complexion, neck and shoulders fair and lovely as it melts out plugged pores, closes them to a beautifully fine texture. Lemon Delph freshener is excellent for a quick cleanse or to quell a greasy nose. A little brushed on the hair after your shampoo will give it the glamor of sparkling diamonds. This is a luxury skin freshener, cleanser and tonic.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS



No. 282.—GIRL'S TENNIS FROCK
Cute, easy-to-make tennis frock is available cut out to make in white poplin. Sizes 10 years, £1/9/6; 12 and 14 years, £1/11/6. Postage and dispatch 2/6 extra.

No. 283.—SET OF THREE COAT-HANGERS

This pretty set of coathangers is available cut out to make in pink, blue, white, and lemon organdie, ready to embroider. Price is 7/11 for set of three plus 9d postage.

No. 284.—EMPIRE-LINE FROCK

Smart frock is available cut out to make in pink, green, wine, and orange pure wool frocking. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/7/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/9/6. Postage and dispatch 4/- extra.

● Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Frocks, Fashion House, 344/6 Sussex St., Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney, N.Z. readers should address orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

284

282

283

KISS IT BETTER WITH A BAND-AID STRIP

Hurry up the healing

Air vents over the pad let healing air through. Air vents on the tape keep the skin free from wrinkling. Super-stick keeps the bandage put.

BUY BAND-AID BRAND TAPE TOO!

A PLACE FOR JIMMY

Continued from page 73

"Jimmy plays for keeps, doesn't he?" I said grimly. "Besides, it sounds pretty one-sided to me."

"When you have three boys I guess there's always one side that's outnumbered," Kathie sighed. "But somehow, Jimmy never seems to be the isolated one."

"You mean he's the one who throws his weight one way or another — sort of divide and rule?" I tried to keep the anger out of my voice.

"Allan — just do one thing for me, will you?"

"Of course."

"Don't make a scene. Don't be too hard on the boys, on Steve and Jimmy. It won't help anyway, and both of them feel absolutely dreadful about what's happened. Jimmy looked like a ghost when they came to tell me. All afternoon he's been running little errands for Barnaby, can't do enough for him."

I waited a moment before I replied, "Whatever you say, Kathie."

We were both silent then. I watched the road, lowering my beam for an occasionally approaching car, my mind filled with gloomy reflections. It was some little while before I noticed that Kathie had bent her head slightly forward and concealed her face in her hands. I watched her for a moment, then pulled off the road and stopped the car. "Kathie, honey," I said, "are you crying?"

She shook her head stubbornly. As I reached out my arm and drew her to me, her body was rigid and trembling.

"Kathie," I said gently, "it's over now, you can stop worrying. Nothing really disastrous has happened."

"It could have happened." She pressed her face closer against my jacket. "Oh, I didn't want to confront you with a crisis the moment you stepped off the train. You deserve better after your days in town. I feel so incompetent, so guilty—"

"Guilty? Good heavens, why?"

"I do—I do!" Kathie exclaimed. "If we hadn't met Millie this summer, if I hadn't insisted that Jimmy stay with us this past week, none of this would have happened. All he's brought us is bad luck—" She stopped and stared forlornly toward the dark sea. "And yet, you know," she said finally, "for the first time, I feel so terribly sorry for him."

"You seem a bit mixed up."

"That I am." She paused, then went on: "Jimmy hasn't been easy. He needs too much, as you said. And yet, you look around him and all you see is selfishness and fear, people trapped in some sort of Coney Island maze of their own misery—"

"Millie, of course."

Kathie didn't answer me directly. Instead, she said: "The way we planned it, Millie and Franz were going to drop off Jimmy and his things at the cottage the day they left for Canada. As it turned out, I had some shopping to do so I told them it would be easier if I picked up Jimmy at their place." Kathie took a deep breath.

"It was awful, just awful. Jimmy opened the door and the place was an absolute mess—bottles, ash-trays, uneaten food from room service. Franz finally came out, all

Continental charm and excuses and that buttery Austrian accent. He carried Jimmy's suitcase and some odds and ends out to the car. I tried to pretend that I hadn't seen the disorder, that I hadn't heard Millie wailing in the bedroom."

"When we left, Jimmy looked straight ahead as if he somehow were apart from all that shame, and I drove off and when I finally tried to put him at his ease by asking some idiotic question, like was he enjoying Casquacum, he answered me in such a quiet voice, so politely—so politely—"

Her voice fell away and then at last Kathie was weeping, releasing the sobs she'd tried so hard to hold back. For a while I held her close, silently smoothing her hair with my hand, until slowly the quivering of her body subsided. She raised her stained face, gave me a little smile. Her hand reached for the handkerchief in my breast pocket. She blew her nose soundly, then leaned back against the seat.

I kissed her forehead lightly.

"Thanks, darling," she said. "Thanks very much."

We said little as we drove the rest of the way to Casquacum. When we got back to the cottage, Kathie went in to brew a pot of tea while I closed the garage and took my bag up the back stairs to our bedroom.

AFTERWARDS I looked into the twins' room. In the nearest bed, Barnaby lay asleep with an open copy of a sports magazine on the covers beside him. I listened to his quiet, steady breathing and then drew back the covers to look at his bandaged shoulder. I was in the hall, about to start down to the kitchen, when a small sound made me turn.

There in the dark doorway of the extra room stood Jimmy, a much different figure from the coolly confident boy I knew. In his thin cotton pyjamas he seemed smaller, somehow frail and vulnerable.

"Jimmy — why aren't you asleep?"

He shrugged his shoulders vaguely. Then with sudden firmness he said: "It was my fault, Mr. Thomas. I made Barnaby fall."

"Why, Jimmy?" I asked evenly. "Didn't it occur to you that such a fall could be dangerous?"

"I guess I wasn't thinking. It was a game."

His eyes watched me uncertainly, even anxiously. It occurred to me quite suddenly that Jimmy had expected anger and punishment from me, and that he had stayed awake to have it over quickly. "Come here, Jimmy," I said. As he moved slowly forward I put my arm about his shoulder. "We're going to have a cup of tea. Would you like a hot chocolate with us?"

"I'd like that."

Together we went down to the kitchen where Kathie cheerfully warmed milk for his hot chocolate. He sipped it solemnly, listening to our exchange of trivial weekend gossip, speaking only when Kathie or I asked him a direct question. Later, we took him to his room, waited until he was settled in bed, then Kathie bent to kiss his forehead. As I turned at the door, his gaze still followed us, as if he found us rather odd and puzzling.

To be concluded

Modelling career for girl who can't speak or hear

● Although she has the face, the figure, and the poise to reach the top, modelling has presented a far greater challenge for beautiful Juanita Holloway than for a much plainer girl. Juanita can neither hear nor speak.

BUT, judging by the instant success she's found with the photographers, I'm sure Juanita's handicap will not stop her from becoming one of Australia's top models someday," said Miss June Dally-Watkins, head of a Sydney model agency. "She has a slim figure, lovely legs and hands, a wonderful long slender neck, and a beautiful face," she said. "In fact, as a model, Juanita is quite perfect. "Her looks are a combination of the features of quite a few leading models. She has the soft, gentle, feminine look of Margo McKendry and Willy Koppman's classical, high cheekbones.

"She can be elegant and sophisticated, and will be wonderful in high fashion."

Juanita, 20, who has been modelling in Sydney since April, comes from Hendra, Brisbane.

She has been deaf since she suffered from meningitis when she was 10 months old, and has never been able to learn to speak because of her deafness.

"But please don't say I'm deaf and dumb," Juanita wrote to me when I was

interviewing her recently. "Although I'll never be able to hear, I'm not really dumb (in medical terms), because I can make some sound.

"Some days, especially when I am happy, I can say some words, too, and people seem to understand me."

In fact many people who meet Juanita don't realise at first that she cannot hear or speak. For, as well as the few words she can sometimes manage to say, she lipreads perfectly and communicates quite confidently and successfully with actions and expressions.

"And that's why she's

won a beauty contest at the factory where she had worked as a machinist since she left school, and a family friend paid for her to do a course at Miss Dally-Watkins' Brisbane modelling agency.

"I loved it," Juanita remembered. "I hoped that I could become a model, but I never thought it would be possible."

But the agency was so impressed with Juanita that they arranged for Miss Dally-Watkins to meet her when she was visiting Brisbane last December.

"After years of talent scouting I can usually pick a potential top model at a glance," she said. "And when I saw Juanita I knew a t

Teenagers' WEEKLY

made such a marvellous photographic model," said Miss Dally-Watkins.

"She has always had to 'talk' with expressions and in an effort to make herself understood she has developed a wonderfully animated face. And, of course, her great range of delightful expressions make her very versatile—a very important quality for a model."

Juanita first decided she wanted to become a model at the end of last year. She

once that she had the makings of one.

"Juanita was a natural," she said. "With a few lessons on how to stand, walk, and pose as a model and how to apply photographic make-up—following the classes by lipreading—she was ready for a modelling career."

High fashion

Miss Dally-Watkins suggested to Juanita's parents that she should do some modelling in Brisbane and if she found success—and enjoyed the work—she should go to Sydney.

"And after her first few modelling assignments they found Juanita loved it," said Miss Dally-Watkins. "They let her come to live here last March."

Juanita worked mostly as a teenage model until Miss Dally-Watkins recently decided to launch her as a high-fashion model.

"From the first time I saw her I thought Juanita would be great in high fashion," she said. "I knew she would be wasted as just another pretty model."

"Then one day I was looking through some French fashion magazines when I noticed a really fabulous, elegant French model and I thought—Juanita could be like her."

And the next day she was!

Juanita is thrilled with her

AT LEFT: In another elegant, feminine pose, Juanita shows that she can compete well for modelling honors.

AT RIGHT: Juanita, as she was before she changed to a more sophisticated style. BELOW: The new Juanita in an elegant brocade cocktail suit, well set off by her new hairdo and elegant appearance.



new look, and no wonder. For since her change she's really begun to establish herself in the modelling world.

And Miss Dally-Watkins sees no reason why she shouldn't reach the top. "Just look at Jean Mailey, who is also deaf and dumb," she said. "She came over from Perth to model about ten years ago and she was a great hit in Australia, and Europe, too."

"Of course, there will be a few more problems for Juanita than for most young girls starting off in a modelling career, but so far she seems to be managing fine."

"A friend used to have to bring me to town from Strathfield, where I live, and then pick me up at night," Juanita told me. "But now I catch the train and come to the agency by myself."

"Juanita has become so much more independent since she's been here," said

Miss Dally-Watkins. "When I first met her, Mrs. Holloway did all the talking for her, but now that she has to communicate with others herself she's learnt to do so quite successfully."

Miss Dally-Watkins finds that at first photographers are quite hesitant about using Juanita for fashion work, thinking it would be too difficult to make contact with her and direct her for different shots.

Dreamy expression

"But most have found she is very good to work with, and apart from falling naturally into poses before the camera she seems to instinctively understand their directions for the different looks and moods they're trying to achieve in their photos."

"And as she's never disturbed by noise she can hold the same position for long

intervals—a great help to photographers."

Miss Dally-Watkins was not surprised when a photographer told her recently—"Juanita is fabulous for those dreamy, far-away shots."

"Those expressions are so natural to her," she said. "I often notice her face when she's in a room with a crowd of people—she looks so peaceful, placid, and undisturbed she could be a thousand miles away."

While she's in Sydney, Juanita stays at a hostel for the deaf and dumb and spends most weekends with Miss Dally-Watkins, who in private life is Mrs. John Clifford, the mother of four young children.

"I guess we have 'adopted' her," Miss Dally-Watkins said. "As she misses her mother and father, I wanted her to have some family life, and we all adore having her to stay with us at weekends."

—KERRY YATES



Take this simple way to a lovelier skin

Let Mercolized Face Cream bring out the deep-down beauty of your complexion by preserving and restoring skin tissues. You'll find your complexion smoother, younger-looking, more alluring after even a few nightly applications. . . . Mercolized Face Cream works wonders while you sleep.

5/6 at chemists and stores.



WAS42/A

SORE THROATS NEED Sucrets

LOZENGES



A PHARMACEUTICAL PRODUCT OF MERCK SHARP & DOHME (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LIMITED
*TRADE MARK MC/AN/1.54

CAKE DECORATING

Send postal note or cheque to the value of 5/- for a very informative and new book on cake decorating.

FREE

With this book you will receive entirely FREE equipment valued at 9/-, which will enable you to decorate a birthday cake with real professional skill. No experience what ever is required to use this equipment.

CAKE DECORATING SCHOOLS OF AUST. 5th FLOOR, MUTUAL STORE BUILDING, FLINDERS STREET, MELBOURNE, VICTORIA.

KIDNEY AID FOR RHEUMATISM

If your back aches like sin and Rheumatism kills your work and fun, take New Improved CYSTEX to wash away the acids and pain. Feel young and fit again. Get Scientific. Laboratory-tested and Certified CYSTEX from your chemist for fast help. Only 4/6.



Superfluus Hair Killed Quickly

by "EXHAIR." Perfectly harmless. Guaranteed. Send stamped, addressed envelope for particulars. Confidential.

Janet Glanville, 247 W Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

ARE YOU BUILDING A HOME?

Our Home Planning Centres throughout Australia will help you with every aspect of planning your new home.

For details, see the coupon in this issue.

Page 76

Letters

Four kinds of fathers

AFTER making a study of my and my friend's father, I have decided that there are four main types of fathers who will refuse to grant you a request. I have analysed them and come up, I believe, with a counter-attack.

Firstly, there is the "Possessive Parent" or family man. He wants to keep all his brood under his wing and shelter them for as long as possible from the snares of the world. He likes to manage all his family's affairs. **Solution:** Subtle psychology is needed here so that after you have been working on him he will suddenly come up with the marvellous idea that you should go to football on Saturday. "No, it's no use protesting — you really should go." So you've succeeded and he is so proud

that the football was his idea.

Then there is the "Hen-pecked Husband," or maybe he is just tired. He knows already that you will go, anyway, but he says "no" because it is a smaller word. **Solution:** Phrase the question so that "no" will mean consent.

For example, "Dad, you don't want me to stay at home instead of going into town, do you?"

The "Domineering Father" makes it his job periodically to refuse requests, to show that he really is lord of the house and capable of giving orders. **Solution:** Intermingle with your real requests a few ludicrous and incredible ones. For example, "May I have a packet of pumpkin seeds?" "Can I fly to Singapore for the weekend?" "Could I have the moon painted a nice cherry-red, please?" so placed that they'll hit his "no" bouts.

The fourth father is the "Shy Type" who sits firmly

BEATNIK



"You're an impartial observer. What do you think of the human race?"

THE CLASSICS

BEETHOVEN: First Piano Trio.

BEETHOVEN'S "Opus 1" (which seems literally "first work") was far from being the first work that he wrote. It was the first work that he had published, at the age of 24, and he obviously chose it with care from a fairly large selection of compositions he already had in hand at that stage.

So there is no need to be patronising about Beethoven's "Opus 1, No. 1," the first of a set of three "piano trios" grouped together as the composer's first "Opus," and given a virtuoso performance by violinist Jascha Heifetz, cellist Gregor Piatigorsky, and pianist Jacob Lateiner on a new RCA recording.

This trio naturally enough shows the strong influences of Mozart, and particularly of Haydn, with whom Beethoven had taken lessons a couple of years before. But the gruffly humorous third movement, a Scherzo, is true Beethoven, and the whole work is attractive and accomplished.

The recording is entitled *Heifetz-Piatigorsky Concerts, Volume 3*. It is a new release—not part of the earlier boxed set with this title.

The second side carries two curiosities: a pleasant Divertimento which Haydn wrote for an obsolete instrument called the baryton, arranged here for cello and small orchestra; and a movement from a double concerto for violin and cello by the contemporary Hungarian-American composer Miklos Rozsa. The latter sounds like Bartok-and-lemonade.

—MARTIN LONG

wedged in his corner at home and thinks all his family are as scared of the big world as himself. **Solution:** Play up to his shyness. Sit in the opposite corner, and very, very shyly introduce your request, "Please, father, may I go and sit in solitude in a corner at Sally's place while she has a party?" — "A Daughter," Cannington, W.A.

Too much "self"

DON'T be an ostrich. Don't bury your head in the sand and ignore the life that goes on around you. Even if you don't like what you see, keep an open mind and be prepared to concede the other point of view.

Too many people in this world are so one-eyed and dogmatic that they have become impervious to the feelings of other people. "Self" has become the dominant factor in their lives and the necessary art of compromise has been lost forever to them.

The best way to overcome this attitude is to express interest in other people. Become a listener instead of the talker and you will find that the other point of view often has more merits than you originally gave credit for. — "Broadminded," East Malvern, Vic.

Articulation

MANY people have complained of inarticulation among the younger generation. Where this fault lies is debatable. The following paragraph, by the poet Gilbert Austin, would be well to remember:

"In just Articulation, the words are not hurried over, nor precipitated syllable over syllable, nor, as it were, melted together into a mass of confusion; they are neither abridged, nor prolonged, nor swallowed, nor, if I may so express myself, shot from the mouth! They are not trailed, nor drawled, nor let to slip out carelessly so as

Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use a pen-name. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. We pay £1/1/- for each letter used.

to drop unfinished. They are delivered from the lips as beautiful coins newly issued from the mint, deeply and accurately impressed, perfectly finished, neatly struck by the proper organs, distinctly sharp, due succession and of due weight." — S. Hickey, West Ryde, N.S.W.

Long hair

WHY should I, a growing college student, be criticised for my long hair? I like it, and what's more, it saves my money:

1. Here in Tasmania the weather is really cold, so I have my hair over my ears to defrost them. This saves 13/6 for a pair of ear muffs.
 2. A haircut only every 6 months saves £1/12/6.
 3. I don't need to buy a hat, this alone saves 18/6.
- But I mainly like my long hair because I can listen to my transistor through my earphone during the long, tiring lectures from adults. — "Rat-fink," Gowrie Park, Tas.

School paper

I WOULD be most appreciative if some other readers could give their ideas as to how a school paper should be run and what should — or should not — be put in it. Such a paper has just begun at our school and I think that most pupils, like myself, were rather disappointed with it. These are some of the queries I have: How much should the teachers have to do with it? Should the class reports be humorous, with references to various characteristics of well-known students, or should it be a cold, hard report of the progress of the class as a whole?

I'm asking for the opinions of other readers, as I hope to make a few recommendations to the school paper and these opinions will help me. — "Angry," Echuca, Vic.



THE TEENAGE UNIFORM



(even rebels wear one)

● I used to dream of the day I would leave school and never have to wear a uniform again. But after four years of trying to keep up with the latest teen fashions, I'm convinced I'll never stop wearing one.

FOR the past four years or so I've fallen for all the "looks" of the season — the Beat Look, the Bardot Look, the Cleopatra Look, The Beatle Look — unaware that two million other teenagers fell for them, too!

And if I hadn't gone to see Cilla Black when she visited Sydney, I might never have realised it.

You see, I was sitting up there at the Stadium thinking how mod and marvelous I looked with my new swinging Cilla Black hairdo, my leather "gear" (unfor-

tunately, only imitation), the latest leather shoulder-bag, and pink ankle-strap shoes when my boyfriend happened to say: "Hey, that girl in the next row looks like you."

I looked and it was true. That girl in the next row did look like me. But then so did the girl next to her, and the one next to her and so on . . . in fact, nearly every other girl in the audience looked like me!

My boyfriend thought it was a riot. I could have cried.

But then I should have known I was wearing the teenage uniform of today.

I remember I did go through a crazy "copying" phase when I was about ten years old. My best friend and I wore everything the same right down to purple bobby socks, but I thought that phase had passed.

Now I'm not so sure.

Just a quick look back at a few fashion fads over the past couple of years — black stockings, bermudas and long socks, baby-doll shifts, sneakers and bobby socks, boots, velvet jockey caps, and Tom Jones bows — and I wore them all.

And if you're a teen, I bet you did, too.

It seems teens are the same all over the world.

Take American teenagers, for example. Now you may have envied them because they don't wear uniforms to school over there.

Sure, they don't wear uniforms — just the same colored bobby socks, sneakers, tartan skirts, and purple jumpers — or whatever the fashion fad is that season.

Keeping in "teen uniform" is much more difficult and expensive than most other uniforms, be-

cause it changes so completely, so often.

One thing I've learnt is there's no use buying bargain clothes at the end of one season to put aside for next year.

By the time next year comes around, something completely new will be in vogue and you won't wear your bargains. You'll be out of that uniform and into another.

Last winter I decided I wanted to dress differently, so Mum made me five outfits of corduroy.

I saved and bought a pair of imported pale blue T-bar chunky-heeled shoes "like you'd never see anywhere in Australia" (the saleslady convinced me). For a few months I felt like a teen in a million — dressed in something every other teenager wasn't wearing.

But what's happened this winter? Everyone but everyone is wearing corduroy. All the stores are featuring corduroy clothes — coats, hats, dresses, slacks — everything I own. And my "exclusive" shoes are in every size and color, selling for almost half the price I paid.

Yes, it had to happen. I'm back in uniform.

A Sydney psychiatrist gave this reason for teenagers dressing alike:

"It's an example of what we call in-grouping, when people in all walks of life think they must conform to be accepted by others in their age group. If teens dress and act too differently from their friends it sometimes builds up various stresses and tensions. They all want to live up to the teenage image."

— KERRY YATES

A HARD DAY'S KNIGHT

ROUND ROBIN

● The award of an MBE to each Beatle has caused a stir.

I KNEW that an OB(o)E could be an ill wind, etc. — but an MBE?

Actually, the other MBE recipients who have sent back their awards in protest aren't the only people worried.

I hear that the Beatles' recording people, EMI, are fearful that the order of chivalry will go to the mop-tops' heads — and they'll switch to Coronet!

Of course, there are precedents for Royalty honoring entertainers.

There are the cases of Count Basie, Duke Ellington, the late King Cole.

Ask your parents, too, about a famous English pop singer Donald Peers.

And, let's face it, until the Beatles arrived the young pop field was pretty barren.

It all had to happen, anyway.

Ever since long-haired male entertainers appeared on the scene, people have suggested they be given the Order of the Bath!

I ALSO see that to push petrol sales in a British service station "war" an oil company is using pretty girls.

The girls parade fetchingly outside the stations to draw male customers. There's truly no fuel like an old fool's. Knowing the talking ability of girls, I suppose the oil company advertises that its petrol offers tell-you-all, too.

I don't like the idea. I hear enough feminine chatter now.

As we say in the petrol game, it's ample for me.

Robin Adair

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 7, 1965



There's never been a fragrance as romantic as Carmen.



a fabulous perfume with a spanish accent



CARMEN

Romantic Carmen Skin Perfume 7/6, 11/6.

Matching Talcum 6/6. Perfume Concentrate 7/6, 13/6.



PM1943.24VVV

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Follow the others?

I AM a 15-year-old girl in love with the boy across the street from where I live. Everyone says he is immature and I am very ashamed to admit my love for this boy. I must agree that most of his schoolfriends are very childish but I think that the boy I like is an exception. What do you think I should do? Forget about this boy and follow the general opinion or say that I like him?

"Desperate," Qld.

The important thing is how you feel, not what "everyone says." There is no reason to be ashamed of loving anyone, but at 15 there is no reason to tell the world of an emotion quite as big as that. If people ask, say that you like

him, and show him that you like him. Then take everything absolutely naturally from there.

She wants to marry

I AM 19 and going steady with a 16-year-old girl. She wants to get married soon so that I won't get called up for National Service. Although I love her I would rather wait for two years before I marry her. How can I explain this to her as I know she will be very upset? Our parents say we can get married whenever we like.

"Confused," W.A.

It would be very silly for you to get married just yet, and you would be downright stupid to let yourself get forced into it. Be firm about waiting two years, and take

your chances on National Service. If she won't accept your decision and see the wisdom in it she is too immature to be married. In fact, at 16, she is too young to be married, anyway.

Girlfriend's husband

I AM a girl of 18 and the other night I was asked to go to a friend's house for tea. My friend's husband said he would pick me up after work. On the way home he pulled up near the lake and we sat there for a while and he told me my eyes were like stars. I told him to take me home. He said he would give me a goodnight kiss first, and he did. When I told one of my friends she said he was in love with me. He asked me to go out with him again one night. I like him very much, but I also like my girlfriend. Do you think he is in love with me? If so, what do you think I should do?

"Worried," N.S.W.

I'm quite sure he doesn't love you. You should tell him very firmly to stop all his silly talk, and ignore his advances. If this doesn't make him see what a fool he is, you will have to stay away from him and his wife until the situation resolves itself.

Beauty problem

I AM almost 14, but I have such a lot of freckles. My eyebrows are very thick and I have a thin layer of hair growing between them. I also have hair growing around the top of my mouth. I look terrible. I feel more conscious of my looks when people remark on my friend's beautiful complexion. Is there any way you could help me to get rid of these freckles and hair?

"Messy," Vic.

You are rather young to start plucking your eyebrows or to use a depilatory cream, but if you are really worried about it ask your mother to go with you to a beauty salon where you will be advised by a trained expert on the best thing to do at this stage. A light touch of powder when you are going out will make the freckles less obvious — but many people think they look charming.

Choosing a career

I AM doing the matriculation this year and will turn 17 just before the exams. I have absolutely no ambition in mind, and consequently I have nothing to work ahead for. I know I could get a very good pass if I tried, but I have become very lazy. I do not wish to repeat next year, but I do not know what job I could take. I had almost decided to do something with cooking (e.g., demonstrating), but my mother wishes me to do something more academic. She says that I should do an Arts course at university, as then I will have many jobs I can take, but a university course does not appeal to me. This is beginning to worry me. Can you please help me?

"Undecided," Vic.

It does seem an awful pity not to try for a good pass if you have the chance and the ability. It is not only lazy—it is stupid. You will limit your choice of career tremendously if you don't get that pass. Work hard toward that for the next few months, and then get an appointment at a vocational guidance centre, where you will be tested and advised on what kind of work you are most suited for, and most likely to be happy doing. The answer may not be a university course, but at least get your pass so that you have the choice. Concentrate on that now, and then worry about a career after the exams.

Go for
that Old
Colonial
Gusto

37 GOLD MEDALS AWARDED
KEEN'S
WILL HEAD
Double Superfine
MUSTARD
WATERPROOF PURE

Add Zest!
Add Richness!
Add Keen's
**Keen's Famous
Dry Mustard**

Cut 2½ lbs. chuck steak (trimmed of fat) into 2" squares and toss in a mixture of 1 tspn. * mustard, 2 tspn. flour, 2 tspn. salt, ¼ tspn. pepper, pounding it into the surface of meat with a knife blade. Heat 3 tspn. fat or oil in a large pan, add 6 small onions, peeled, 6 small carrots, scraped, and 2 rashers bacon; cut into 2" strips: brown

HERE'S HOW THE "OLD COLONIALS" MADE GUSTO BEEF STEW.

lightly. Remove; set aside. Add meat pieces to pan and brown all over. Pour in 3 cups beef stock, cover with lid; simmer 1 hr. on low flame. Return onions, carrots, bacon to pan, stir lightly, re-cover and simmer ½ hr. more. Blend remaining flour-mustard mixture with 2 tspn. malt vinegar, 1 tspn. tomato sauce, 1 tspn. Worcester sauce. Stir

into meat and vegetables, cover, simmer ½ to 1 hr. more until meat and vegetables are fork-tender. Season further to taste. Sprinkle with 2 tspn. parsley before serving.

* All spoon measures are level. Get old Colonial Gusto the easy, modern way — write for FREE recipe leaflet, to Keen's Mustard Recipes, P.O. Box 80 West Ryde, N.S.W.

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

TWO MEN are out hunting in Iceland. They see a bear near an iceberg and fire at it. They race to the berg where they make a discovery. NOW READ ON ...



TWO HUNTERS-- ON AN ICEBERG--



HALLO--YOU MISSED THE BEAR--IT WAS AN EASY SHOT! WHAT'VE YOU FOUND? --CAN'T YOU HEAR ME? I SAID--WHAT'VE YOU FOUND?

ONE OF THEM SEEMS STUNNED--



WHAT IS IT? WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND?



UH--UH--



ARE YOU LOSING YOUR MIND?--THERE IS NOTHING THERE--JUST ICE--

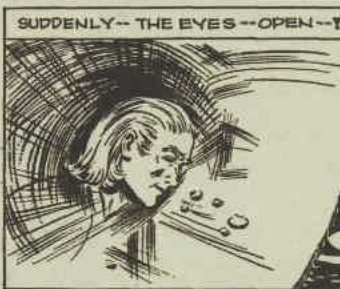


NO--LOOK CLOSER--UNDER THE ICE--



A--MAN?

SUDDENLY--THE EYES--OPEN--?



ALIVE? INSIDE AN ICEBERG--IT'S--AN EVIL--SPIRIT?

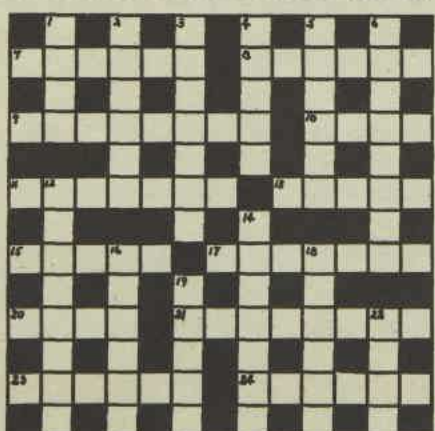


CONTINUED NEXT WEEK--THE TRAVELLER'S TALE

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

7. Food is kept there, where a doctor turns with an earl (6).
8. Town on Puget Sound, Washington State, U.S.A. (6).
9. This joins two non-adjacent angles of a rectilinear figure (8).
10. French department in Normandy (4).
11. Bent the body downwards as poets do (7).
13. According to "H.M.S. Pinafore," do this close to your desk to become the ruler of the Queen's Navy (5).
15. Intuitive perception in Essen (5).
17. Tar's sin (anagr., 7).
20. Boat of famous adventurers (4).
21. Members of an English University (8).
23. Tiny thing in a steamer comes with force (6).
24. Shaped like a sword (6).



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Island of Indonesia off Java (4).
2. Slowly (6).
3. He who studies hard has a red grin (7).
4. Took feloniously an ecclesiastical vestment (5).
5. Stress on a syllable (6).
6. He comes from God's own country (8).
12. Smote her (anagr., 8).
14. The person who does this annoys, if he does it the wrong way (7).
16. Salmons in second year (6).
18. It's mad in the middle (6).
19. In this alphabet a broken rose joins a thousand (5).
22. Distinguishing feature in Eton (4).



Solution of last week's crossword.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - July 7, 1965

BUTTERICK PATTERNS



3177. — Slightly A-line, semi-fitted dress with swallow collar and cuffed sleeves. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 6/- includes postage.

2949. — Easy-to-wear suit coordinates. Box jacket with away-from-neck collar, short-sleeved overblouse, and darted skirt. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36in. bust. Price 5/9 inc. postage.

3455. — Young junior and teen two-piece suit, with unlined jacket and panel pleated skirt. Sizes 30, 30½, 31½, 32, 33, 34, 36in. bust. Price 5/- includes postage.

2717. — Attractive maternity dress (below), cone-shaped with cowl collar. Alternative necklines provided in pattern. Sizes 31, 32, 34, 36, 38in. bust. Price 5/3 includes postage.

3445. — Semi-fitted, princess seamed dress (below) with raglan sleeves, fly front, and fake pocket flaps. In larger sizes 33, 35, 37, 39, 41, 43in. bust. Price 6/- inc. postage.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT LEADING STORES.



3230. — Warm, front-buttoned, sleeveless A-line dress (below) with centre-front pleat, and long-sleeved blouse with Bermuda collar. Sizes 2 to 6X (21, 22, 23, 23½, 24, 25in. chest). Price 5/- includes postage.

Send your order and postal note to: PATTERN SERVICE, P.O. BOX 4, CROYDON, N.S.W. (N.Z. readers: P.O. BOX 11-084, Ellerslie, S.E.6.) BE SURE TO STATE SIZE.

NAME _____	DESIGN _____	SIZE _____
ADDRESS _____		

**"This is
the one!"**



**FAST, POSITIVE COUGH RELIEF BECAUSE
NEW IMPROVED FORMULA NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' HAS
60% More decongestive activity!
25% More cough suppressant activity!**

Even persistent coughing, heavy chest congestion and bronchitis are relieved with improved formula NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir. It works faster; relief lasts longer because its active ingredients are **substantially** increased. You benefit with **increased effectiveness** without increase in price! 6, 12 and 16 fl. oz. bottles: 6/9 (68c); 11/6 (\$1.15) and 14/9 (\$1.48).

Special age adjusted dosage strengths for children; babies.

Breathe Freely in 2 Minutes

Get wonderful relief from "stuffy" head colds—anytime, anywhere with NYAL 'Decongestant' NASAL SPRAY. A fine mist of relief-bringing medication penetrates high into nose and sinuses. Relief lasts for 4 hours. Soothing and gentle to delicate nasal tissue... 7/- (70c)



**Nyal
'DECONGESTANT'
NASAL SPRAY**

Pain Relief without Stomach Upset

You can get wonderful relief from pain with DOLAMIN without stomach upset. Gets to centre of pain faster; gives rapid, long-lasting relief from headache, nerve pains, muscular aches, feverishness of colds and 'flu. Tablets

24's 3/9 (38c).
36's 4/9 (48c).
50's 6/- (60c).
100's
11/6 (\$1.15).



Clear Head Colds with a Tablet!

COLDREX acts immediately to reduce nasal and sinus congestion; ease pain and reduce fever; build resistance to infection; helps speed recovery. 12 tablets, 4/6 (45c); 24 tablets, 8/- (80c).



Build Resistance to Winter Ills

with NYAL PLURAVIT Multi-Vitamin Capsules. One capsule daily supplies 21 essential vitamins and minerals your body needs daily. 30 days, 22/6 (\$2.25); 90 days, 52/6 (\$5.25).



4-Way Throat Medication

Infected, inflamed throats need Coldrex antiseptic throat pastilles' 4-way medication to relieve soreness... stop coughing! Coldrex Pastilles are antiseptic, decongestive and expectorant. 30 pastilles in a handy flat metal can—7/6 (75c). 20 pastilles—5/9 (58c).



NYAL COMPANY Division of Sterling Pharmaceuticals Pty. Limited, ERMINGTON, N.S.W.
(plus 16-page liftout)